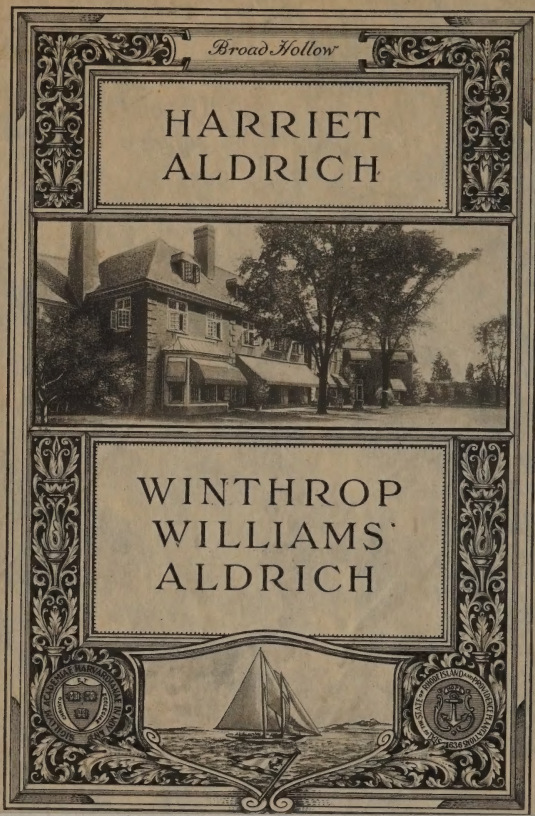

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THE

VISION OF RUBETA.

VISION OF ROBERTA.

Laughton Osborn

Henry M. Alexander

THE

VISION OF RUBETA,

AN EPIC STORY

OF THE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, DONE ON *STONE.*

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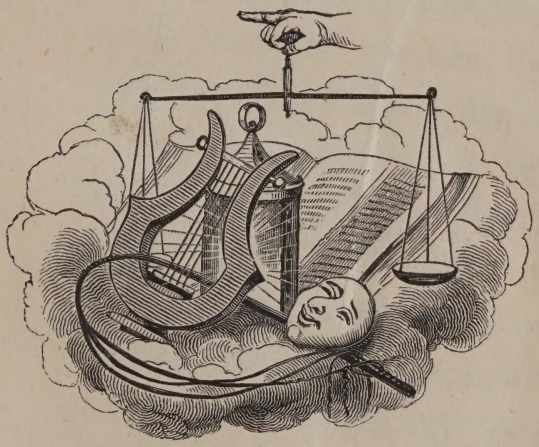

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THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

I ADVISE nobody to attempt to find me out. The endeavor can end only in disappointment, after bringing perhaps upon many innocent persons the annoyance of temporary suspicion. There are but three ways which can lead to any probability of discovery, where an author is determined to remain concealed: first, the carelessness or treachery of confidants; secondly, certain circumstances, in the course of his labors, that can with difficulty be made to apply to more than one person; thirdly, a known style. The two first ways are effectually closed, in the present case. As for the third, I would observe that there is no author, in any era of literature, who stands

absolutely alone in his manner of composition: for, though he were the originator of a style, yet would he, almost ere his book were dry from the press, have imitators in abundance. There is a degree of resemblance among all the writers of any particular epoch in letters. For example, take those of the time of ANNE, in ENGLAND; they have all a certain family likeness in their respective classes, which would enable you at once, after having seen any one of them, to know where with probability to place the date of the others' existence. They are distinguishable from one another only by the degrees of excellence, good, better, best, — as are the writers of the present day by their respective worthlessness, bad, worse, worst, or their relative inferiority, little, less, least. I might tell you a story here, to prove that the judgment of an author's personal identity by the features of his style is about as hazardous as swearing to the characters of his handwriting; but the author of the *Pursuits of Liter-*

ature has saved me the trouble. Thus he writes: —

"Julius Scaliger wrote and published an oration, without his name, against the celebrated tract, by Erasmus, called *Ciceronianus*. Erasmus, having perused it, immediately (and upon conviction, as he thought,) fixed upon Hieronymus Aleander, who was afterwards made an Archbishop by Leo the Tenth, and a Cardinal by Pope Paul the Third, as the author of the whole, or of the greatest part of it, by signs which he conceived to be certain and infallible. These signs were strong indeed: his phraseology, his manner of speaking, his peculiar diction, his habits of life, and even the very intercourse which Erasmus had daily with him. Nay, his genius and disposition were so evident, that Aleander could not be more intimately known to himself, than he was to Erasmus. YET ERASMUS WAS MISTAKEN ENTIRELY. His judgment and sagacity will not be questioned. But hear his own words; for, on such an occasion as the present, they are particularly remarkable. 'Ex phrasi, ex ore, ex locutione, aliisque compluribus, mihi persuasi HOC OPUS, maximâ saltem ex parte, esse Hieronymi Aleandri. Nam mihi genius illius ex domestico convictu adeo cognitus perspectusque est, ut ipse sibi non possit esse notior'!! (Erasmi Epist. 370. c. 1755. Op. Fol. Ed. opt. Lugd.)"*

I repeat. I myself defy discovery from any circumstances in a poem, where I do not once appear in my individual character: its style, as I have said before, no man can

* *Purs. of Lit.* 9th ed. Lond. pp. 1, 2. **

pronounce upon with any degree of certainty: and, for my secret, there are but two or three persons in the world that know it, and I should not have intrusted it to them, had I not had confidence in their honor and discretion. But, while I make this declaration, let it be noted distinctly, that it is no motive of personal fear, which induces me to wear a mask. They, who are so rash as to assume the contrary, will one day find their mistake. I could even now, with all my heart, say with Icilius:

Tutto il periglio io veggio:
Perciò lo affronto: *

but it is not my cue. When the poem shall have obtained that measure of success which is thought necessary to promote its object, I shall drop the veil; and a hearty indignation will keep warm till then. I therefore advise all such persons to spare their invectives till the proper season, assured that no abuse, however noisy, nor any

* Alfieri. *Virginia.* Atto Vo. Sc. 1a. * *

insinuations, however pointed, can rouse me from my covert till it shall be my pleasure; while, to those who may derive amusement from my labors, I add, with that reviver of the foolery, without the wit, of STERNE, *Doctor DANIEL DOVE*, that, if any of them shall have my offspring laid at his door, I hope he will take it up for pity, and in silence, nor deny the parentage, as, in so doing, while he cannot actually harm himself, he will help to thicken the mystery which it is my present interest to gather round me.

The quantity of notes, towards the close of the volume, may be thought excessive; but the characters of the poem are persons of so respectable a standing, that it is a duty I owe to myself, and to my fellow-citizens, to justify the severity of the censure passed upon them, which I am much deceived if I shall not be found to have done *in every particular*.

The long note,* on Mr. WORDSWORTH'S

* Page 283, and *Appendix*. * *

pretensions to distinction as a poet and a critic, will need no apology with those who may happen to be convinced by its arguments, or who are, already, of a similar opinion with the writer. Had Mr. WORDSWORTH remained where BYRON laid him, I should not have thought to write the epitaph of his muse, which, in that case had been impertinent, because superfluous; but he has had a resurrection, and is now so radiant in the apotheosis of popularity, that men's eyes are dazzled, and they deem it profanation to consider whether the deification be rational, or have its origin in the grossest of delusions. I share a satirist's prescriptive privilege, and am troubled with no such scruples.

PREFACE OF THE EDITOR.

THE singular circumstances, under which the *Vision of Rubeta* came into the hands of its present proprietor, cannot be now recounted; for, though the recital would not indeed endanger a secret which the Author has not chosen to reveal, yet would it compromise the security of the Editor, by exposing him to suspicions with which he is too humble to desire to be honored. It is sufficient to say, that, when the manuscript was conveyed to him for publication, permission was accorded to add, provided he effaced nothing, such comments as he might deem proper. Of this indulgence, it will be seen, he has liberally availed himself. His principal efforts have been confined to giving to the heroic characters of the Author's muse a reality, if they be but shadowy creations of the brain, or the advantage of a modern reflection, if (as he rather thinks) they are the gigantic beings of a past epoch, and of per-

haps an extinct race of humanity; for who ever heard of a *Rubeta?* and though indeed a *Petronius* and a *Margites* have both been known, yet very different were they (at least the former) from the PETRONIUS and MARGITES who give such relief to the brilliancy of RUBETA, and with him form the grand effect of this solemn poem. Not that the Editor by any means vouches for it, that his conjectures will be found correct; but, in the absence of all certain information, he presumes that his efforts to illustrate the characters and actions of the poem, by parallels drawn from real life and contemporary events, will be found acceptable, and perhaps useful.

The parts he has contributed to the volume are indicated by a couple of stars. * *

Κόσμον ἐπὶ στεφάνῳ χρυσίας ἐλαίας
Ἀδυμελῆ κελαδήσω, τῶν Ἐπι —
ζεφυρίων Λοκρῶν γενεὰν ἀλέγων.
Ἔνθα συγκωμάξας, ἐγγυάσομαι
Μή μιν, ὦ Μοῖσαι, φυγόξενον στρατὸν,
Μήδ' ἀπείρατον καλῶν,
Ἀκρόσοφον δὲ καὶ αἰχματὰν, ἀφίξεσθαι. —

PIND. Olymp. xi. 13—19. Heyne. *Lond.* 1823.

Hoc ego opertum,
Hoc ridere meum tam nil, nulla tibi vendo
Iliade. Audaci quicunque afflate Cratino,
Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum sene palles,
Aspice et hæc, si forte aliquid decoctius audis.
Inde vaporata lector mihi ferveat aure,
Non hic, qui in crepidas Graiorum ludere gestit
Sordidus, et lusco qui possit dicere *Lusce*,
Seque aliquem credens, Italo quod honore supinus
Fregerit heminas Areto ædilis iniquas;
Nec qui abaco numeros, et secto in pulvere metas,
Sat risisse vafer, multum gaudere paratus
Si Cynico barbam petulans Nonaria vellat.
His mane edictum, post prandia Calliroen do.

PERS. I. 121—134. Casaubon. *Lond.* 1647.

Thus much it has been judged requisite to lay before the world in relation to [RUBETA]; not with any view of exalting his character higher than it deserves, which is quite needless; but of making its real value more generally known, and of rescuing it from the misrepresentations of a few misinformed or malevolent men. To some, no doubt, the portrait here drawn of him will appear a very flattering one; but it will be much easier to call than to prove it such. Nothing has been advanced but what is founded on the most authentic evidence, nor has any circumstance been designedly strained beyond the truth. And if his [Eminence] did really live and act in such a manner that the most faithful delineation of his conduct must necessarily have the air

of a panegyric, the fault is not in the copy, but in the original. *Review of the Life and Character of Archbishop* Secker, by Dr. Porteus. (p. 67. N. York. 1773.)

Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I. *Job* xv. 6.

— the gentlemen of the press, whose livelihood is lying. — Sir W. Scott's Diary. *Memoirs*, by J. G. Lockhart, Esq. (Vol. IV. p. 249, Galignani's Edition.)

For daily bread the dirty trade they ply,
Coin their fresh tales, and live upon the lie.
Crabbe. *The Newspaper.*

They 'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What 's done i' the Capitol; who 's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such, as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. *Coriolanus*, A. I. Sc. 2.

You have neither feelings nor opinions of your own; but, like a glass in a tavern, bear about those of every blockhead who gives you his; and, because you mean no harm, think yourselves excused, though broken friendships, discords, and murders, are the consequences of your indiscretions. *Belle's Stratagem*, (Mrs. Inchbald's Stage-edition,) A. ii. Sc. 1.

Far be from me the uncharitable presumption, that these sanguine persons are destitute of principle, or void of right intentions. Doubtless, in many instances, they persevere in error for no reason, but because they believe it to be truth. There is even much that is right in them; but are they not too easily satisfied with a low measure of that right, without examining accurately the quality of the practice, merely because it is not disreputable? *Christian Morals*, by Hannah More, Chap. xviii. (p. 216, 1st Amer. ed.)

Bacch. Δέομαι ποιητοῦ δεξιοῦ.
Οἱ μὲν γὰρ οὐκέτ' εἰσὶν· οἱ δ' ὄντες, κακοί.
Herc. Τί δ'; οὐχ Ἰοφῶν ζῇ;
Bacch. Τοῦτο γὰρ τοι καὶ μόνον
Ἔτ' ἐστὶ λοιπὸν ἀγαθὸν, εἰ καὶ τοῦτ' ἄρα.
Οὐ γὰρ σάφ' οἶδ' οὐδ' αὐτὸ τοῦθ' ὅπως ἔχει.

* * * * *

Herc. Οὔκουν ἐτερ' ἔστ' ἐνταῦθα μιρακύλλια,
Τραγῳδίας ποιοῦντα πλεῖν ἢ μύρια,
Εὐριπίδου πλεῖν ἢ σταδίῳ λαλίστερα;
Bacch. Ἐπιφυλλίδες ταῦτ' ἐστὶ, καὶ στωμύλματα,
Χελιδόνων μουσεῖα, λωβηταὶ τέχνης,
Ἃ φροῦδα θᾶττον, ἢν μόνον χορὸν λάβῃ,
Ἀπαξ προσουρήσαντα τῇ Τραγῳδίᾳ.
Γόνιμον δὲ ποιητὴν ἂν οὐχ εὕροις ἔτι,
Ζητῶν ἄν, ὅστις ῥῆμα γενναῖον λάκοι.

Aristoph. *Ran.* 72—77, 89—97. ed. Br. *Arg.* 1783.

[Exilibus racemulis, succo carentibus, comparatos adolescentulos illos, qui, nondum maturo ingenio, tragœdiæ componendæ se pares esse rentur, ait Bacchus statim *arescere*, *evanescere*, si, accepto choro, semel tantum in Tragœdiam minxerint, *etc.* De Tragœdia, tanquam de meretrice, loquitur, quæ amatoribus poetis copiam sui facit. Bruncku *Annotat.*]

Je vois les Briguants, les Bourreaulx, les Adventuriers, les Palefreniers de maintenant plus doctes que les Docteurs et les Prescheurs de mon temps. Que dirai-je? Les femmes et les filles ont aspiré à ceste loüange et manne céleste de bonne doctrine. Rabelais, Liv. ii. chap. 8. *Amst.* 1741. in-4to.

Is there a boy, at the present day, who fancies himself in love with his nurse, or has been kissed by the ladies that visit his mama, but straightway writes Sonnets to Hope, Odes to Despair, and Lines to Blank? *etc.*

* * * * * — is not this the age of brass? Does not that most dictatorial of literary dictators, *etc.*: does not that most republican of papers, which would have all poets Byrons, and all novelists Sir Walter Scotts: does not the L——y G——e tell us, that indiscriminate praise (or puffing) is, and shall be, the order of the day? —— Alas for the days that are gone! when genius was as sure to produce critics, as a hot sun to breed maggots; when, *etc. etc.* *Sixty Years of the Life of Jeremy Levis*, Vol. I. p. 213.

Oh, parbleu! interrompit le chevalier de Saint-Jacques, nous ne sommes pas si timides que vous. Nous n'attendons point, pour décider, qu'une pièce soit imprimée: des la première représentation nous en connaissons tout le prix. Il n'est pas même besoin que nous l'écoutions fort attentivement: il suffit que nous sachions que c'est une production de don Gabriel pour être persuadés qu'elle est sans défaut. *Gil Blas*, Liv. x. Chap. 5.

Pravi favore labi mortales solent,
Et, pro judicio dum stant errores sui,
Ad pœnitendum rebus manifestis agi.

Phædr. *Fab.* Lib. V. 5. Burman. *Amstel.* 1698.

Etenim tam varia sunt palata mortalium, tam morosa quorundam ingenia, tam ingrati animi, tam absurda judicia, ut cum his haud paulo felicius agi videatur, qui, jucundi atque hilares, genio indulgent suo, quam qui semet macerant curis, ut edant aliquid, quod aliis, aut fastidientibus aut ingratis, vel utilitati possit esse, vel voluptati. Plurimi literas nesciunt, multi contemnunt. Barbarus ut durum rejecit, quicquid non est plane barbarum. Scioli aspernantur ut triviale, quicquid obsoletis verbis non scatet. Quibusdam solum placent vetera, plerisque tantum sua. Hic tam tetricus est, ut non admittat jocos : hic tam insulsus, ut not ferat sales. Tam simi quidam sunt, ut nasum omnem, velut aquam ab rabido morsus cane, reformident : adeo mobiles alii sunt, ut aliud sedentes probent, aliud stantes. Hi sedent in tabernis, et inter pocula de scriptorum judicant ingeniis, magnaque cum autoritate condemnant utcunque lubitum est, suis quenque scriptis, veluti capillicio vellicantes, ipsi interim tuti, et, quod dici solet, ἔξω βέλεος, quippe tam leves et abrasi undique, ut ne pilum quidem habeant boni viri, quo possint apprehendi. Sunt præterea quidam tam ingrati, ut quum impense delectentur opere, nihilo tamen magis ament autorem : non absimiles inhumanis hospitibus, qui, quum opiparo convivio prolixe sint excepti, saturi demum discedunt domum, nullis habitis gratiis ei, a quo sunt invitati. I nunc, et hominibus tam delicati palati, tam varii gustûs, animi præterea tam memoris et grati, tuis impensis epulum instrue. Thomæ Mori *ad Petr. Æg. epist.* p. vii. ex libelli *de Utopiana repub.* edit. Glasg. 12mo. 1750.

Mais le fait est que la multitude de livres inlisibles dégoûte. Il n'y a plus moyen de rien apprendre, parce qu'il y a trop de choses à apprendre. Je suis occupé d'un problème de géométrie ; vient un roman de Clarisse, en six volumes, que des anglomanes me vantent comme le seul roman digne d'être lu d'un homme sage : je suis assez fou pour le lire ; je perds mon temps et le fil de mes études. Puis, lorsqu'il me fallut lire dix gros volumes du président de Thou, et dix autres de Daniel, et quinze de Rapin Thoyras, et autant de Mariana, arrive encore un Martinelli, qui veut que je le suive en enfer, en purgatoire, et en paradis, et qui me dit des injures parce que je ne veux pas y aller ! Cela désespère. La vue d'une bibliothèque me fait tomber en syncope.

Mais, me dit M. Gervais, pensez-vous qu'on se mette plus en peine dans ce pays-ci de vos Chinois et de vos Indiens, que vous ne vous souciez des préfaces du signor Martinelli ? Eh bien ! M. Gervais, n'imprimez pas mes Chinois et mes Indiens.

M. Gervais les imprima.

Voltaire. *Lettres Chinoises*, &c. xii.

CANTO FIRST.

THE CONVENTION.

ARGUMENT.

THE subject proposed. The invocation. The scene of the action of the poem. The members of the solemn convention in a state of great despondency, caused by the want of coals and the absence of their chief. DULNESS, concerned lest her darling should arrive too late for the great business of the night, makes a bargain with CAUTION, whereby the latter engages to relieve the hero from the difficulty into which ENVY and VANITY have plunged him. Awful entrance of the rescued monarch. He is hoisted (not without mischance) to a temporary throne, amid the acclamations of his subjects. He begins to recount the perils from which he has escaped; and by a necessary digression hurries off his hearers with him to MONTREAL, to the prime source of his recent troubles. RUBETA relates his arrival at the convent of the *Hôtel-Dieu;* his reception by the sisters; his interview and parley with the abbess and the green father; and how the abbess told her dream. **

THE

VISION OF RUBETA.

CANTO FIRST.

I SING RUBETA, who in vision dread
Saw tipp'd like MIDAS' own his solemn head,
When met, with other rogues, in grave debate,
To prop the throne of Folly's ancient state,
By virtue rais'd he rul'd it, and still rules,
High-Priest of Hypocrites and King of Fools.

Say, goddess! thou who chalk'st th' unsettled score
On the blurr'd slate at Memory's hostel-door,
How, flogg'd by Fate, the newsman at full trot
Jokes left behind, and broken wind forgot,

Ver. 6. *High-Priest of Hypocrites and King of Fools.*] The titles conferred upon him by the united divinities in the last Canto. So the 3d and 4th lines allude to the actions and events of the five first Cantos; and the first division of the 5th line to the 7th Canto. The 1st and 2d lines indicate the general subject and grand event of the poem.

7–12. *Say, goddess!* etc.] **

Musa, mihi caussas memora, quo numine læso,
Quidve dolens, regina deûm tot volvere casus
Insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores,
Impulerit: tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?

VIRG. *Æn.* i. 8–11. (Hunter, 1799.)

10. *Jokes left behind* —] Nothing but very superior jockeyism could have forced the hero to this sacrifice; for "gentle DULNESS ever loves a joke:" and, as it will be seen, joking is a passion of RUBETA's.

**

O'er Prudence' five-barr'd gate achiev'd the leap:
Through hackney's veins can such high mettle creep?
An old blind lane there is (if there be such
In the New World); a colony of DUTCH
Once litter'd there, so runs the vulgar fame,
And gave it doubtless some good old Dutch name;
Since lost to WEBSTER: haply this dull tale
May godsire stand where city records fail,
And one rare scene, S****'* wit's most brilliant sally,
Rechristen it Hedge-row or blind Toad-alley.
Here, on that snug and duly-number'd spot
In BLEECKER'S auction-bills advertis'd "Lot,"
Stood an ag'd roof: the Council puff'd it down,
To ease their bristled sheep and air the town:

Ver. 13, 15. *An old blind lane there is — A colony of* DUTCH *— Once litter'd there,*]

Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrii tenuere coloni.
Æn. i. 12.

17. *Since lost to* WEBSTER —] The lexicographer.

19. — *S****'* *wit's most brilliant sally,*] Commentators generally conclude that it is the name of the hero which is here set in stars: yet certainly there is no *S* in *Rubeta*. It may be some familiar title under which he is known in vulgar life. We should prefer, however, to read *of*, when the verse will stand thus:

And one rare scene, of *wit most brilliant sally!* * *

20. — *Hedge-row, or blind Toad-alley.*] In allusion perhaps to the name of the hero. Consult thereon *Canto* iv.; *note to v.* 537. *Hedge* is also a prefix of contempt to the name of any thing particularly low: thus we say, *hedge-priest*, *hedge-poet*, *hedge-newsman*, etc. See JOHNSON, at the word. * *

22. — BLEECKER —] The *Mr. George Robins*, or, in cant phrase, "*crack* auctioneer," of MANHATTAN. * *

But then, when sane, these righteous overseers
Brought neither bricks nor lime on orphans' ears,
If chanc'd improvement-whims to get astride
The public brain, or Lucre cockhorse ride,
It rear'd secure a front of sober gray,
Like Parson S—— too solemn for display:
Yet a broad sign, the Philpot far before,
Bright as a Mirror, capp'd the curtain'd door.

Ver. 25, 28. — *when sane, these righteous overseers — Brought neither bricks nor lime on orphans' ears*, etc.] For very obvious reasons, we cannot illustrate the text by any case of wrong done to private individuals, by this growing abuse of municipal power; but the papers of this very day (*March* 26, 1838) furnish a very sufficient commentary, in the appeal to the public of the "New York Dispensary." This charitable institution, which, as the directors state, vaccinates annually, without charge, more than 17,000 of the poor of the city, was obliged by the Corporation to remove its offices, that the street in which they stood might be widened. The expense was $8,000, and the "damages allowed to the institution" were $3,600! This statement is signed by some of the first names in MANHATTAN.

27, 28. *If chanc'd improvement-whims to get astride — The public brain,*] Doubtless on the *sella Turcica;* an excellent accommodation to be found, we suppose, as well with that thorough-going hackney, here termed "the public brain," or the soul general of the Corporation, as in the organized pulp of individual humanity. * *

31. — *the Philpot* —] In Dey-street, where *Toby*, in all weathers, is exposed to the gaze of his many admirers, yet never changes countenance.

We regret to state that this sign is no longer in its original situation; for, having made a pilgrimage to the hallowed spot but a month ago, our longing eyes could no more discover the jolly visage and the jug of nut-brown ale, which were so lovelily conspicuous in Dey-street, but a footlength from Broadway, at the time we first received the MS. Ah! thought we, with a sigh: Ah! we are all passing: even honest Toby must give place to modern innovation. * *

32. *Bright as a Mirror* —] Whether a glass mirror, or the Mirror Magazine, the author has not made it appear. Both are equally showy, equally ornamental to a breakfast-room or boudoir, both blank, equally

Here, sable on a field of or, was seen
A journal-printing, editing machine,
So like the truth you look'd to see in folio
A Galen's Head struck off, or STONE's best olio:

attractive to misses, and to misses' men, and both equally reflect all sorts of images. * *

Bright as a Mirror —] The compositor is permitted, by the courtesy of the editor, to enter a protest against the application of the verse to the *Mirror Magazine*, to which he has been long a gratified subscriber, and thinks he can in no way do it better than by here setting up the commencement of the publisher's modest advertisement, which is as follows:

"THE NEW YORK MIRROR: A popular and highly esteemed Journal of elegant Literature and the Fine Arts: embellished with magnificent and costly engravings on steel, copper and wood, and rare, beautiful and popular music, arranged for the pianoforte, harp, guitar, etc., and containing articles from the pens of well-known and distinguished writers, upon every subject that can prove interesting to the general reader, including original poetry — tales and essays, humorous and pathetic — critical notices — early and choice selections from the best new publications, both American and English — scientific and literary intelligence — copious notices of foreign countries, by correspondents engaged expressly and exclusively for this Journal — strictures upon the various productions in the Fine Arts that are presented for the notice and approbation of the public — elaborate and beautiful specimens of art, engravings, music, etc. — and an infinite variety of miscellaneous reading relating to passing events, remarkable individuals, discoveries and improvement in science, art, mechanics, etc. etc."

The remainder of this simple announcement is of the same ingenuous character; for which see any of the Manhattanese newspapers. Now, if its account of itself be true, stands not the Mirror the mightiest magazine that is, has been, or ever will be? and certainly what better proof of its preëminence can be adduced than these its own assertions; for do men ever boast of virtues which they do not possess? or do not their actions always keep a just ratio to their words? and are not magazines the works of men?

35, 36. — *you look'd to see in folio — A Galen's Head struck off, or STONE's best olio:*] Certainly an anachronism. Though both these respectable handbills are of some standing in the anarchy of letters, yet neither the old Galen's Head, instituted to prevent the abuse of mercury, nor the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, made facetious to exemplify the misuse of common sense, could have been running their parallel course at that distant day. * *

A trull stood proper by, with bosom bare,
And set the types whose cells were painted there.
Not therefore deem it symbol to express
That pleasant thing a prostituted press;
The place was what the vulgar ginshop call,
But tavern we, and clep'd *Convention-Hall.*

'T was here, that night whose prodigies august
Shake from my Muse and best steel point their rust,
To chronicle sublime th' unborrow'd glory
Of him, the Ulysses of this brave old story,
'T was here assembled, on that night of awe,
Ten puissant names whose canons give the law,
In party-politics and bastard rhymes,
To all who pay for them in these cheap times,
These times when judgment moves by engine-pow'r,
And wit 's roll'd off two thousand sheets per hour;
Great publishers of advertisements, where
For thirty cents one buys himself a square,
And sees his privy ills, like verse, made famous
With Saponaceous Cream and soaps of Camus,

Ver. 37. — *proper* —] *Proper*, in blazonry, is where the object is painted in its proper colors. Perhaps we should have noted on v. 33, that *or*, in the same jargon, denotes the color of gold. **

54. *For thirty cents one buys himself a square,*] This is misrepresentation; for we do assure the reader it is actually fifty cents a "half-square," and is so stated in the "advertisement rates." Read therefore:

For fifty cents one buys him half a square. **

56. — *Saponaceous Cream* —] I suppose the *Ambrosial Saponaceous*

Each day renew'd, as each condemns, ere past,
To uses vile the paper of the last:
Ah, meanly sure the Muse's bow must fail,
From alehouse-fiddle, such as serves this tale,
To scrape your praise! Her hand the horsehair reaches,
The cross'd coarse catgut shrilly squeaks and screeches.

The parlor-clock, renown'd for birdlike note,
Had chanted seven through the cuckoo's throat;
The sand, fresh-sprinkled on the floor that night
In fairy hills, from gray was turn'd to white;
Venus' old cuckold spouse, his rites unpaid,
Down on the shrine his flaccid bellows laid;
The starveling candles redden'd at the wick;
The pictures on the walls look'd dull and sick,
(A gafted cock crestfallen seem'd and tame,
His dunghill cousin might be thought the game;)

Compound so advertised; which is doubtless the identical paste the son of Maia uses when he cleans himself, according to MOLIÈRE:

Je lui donne à présent congé d'être Sosie,
Je suis las de porter un visage si laid;
Et je m'en vais au ciel, avec de l'ambrosie
M'en débarbouiller tout-à-fait.
MERCURE *dans l'*AMPHITRYON *de cet auteur* (A. iii. Sc. 10).

* *

16. — *Camus,*] A well known perfumer at PARIS. * *

66. — *fairy* —] An epithet given now-a-days to every thing that is diminutive or delicate; and surely, while fairies and all that appertains to them are objects of such nightly observation, no image for the nonce

The newsmen's horde, all gather'd to a man,
(All but the dark-brow'd sachem of the clan,)
With skirts dissever'd, group'd about the hearth,
As their hose cool'd grew languid in their mirth,
The mercury descending dropp'd ev'n joke,
And only of the great man's absence spoke:
Why comes he not? 'T is time we should begin:
God grant no Jezabel have lur'd him in!
Then trimm'd the tapers some; while others near
Rais'd the gilt watch to each alternate ear,
And dubious shook the wheels, and gap'd to aid them
hear;

could be used with more advantage. To say, of a lady's little digits, her *fairy fingers*, or of her quail pipe, her *fairy voice*, conveys directly, like "fairy-like music," ideas which, to use the editorial phrase, "come home to the bosom of every man"; every man having seen, felt, and heard, the fingers, voice, and fiddling of a fairy. Therefore we would call the Reader's attention to this fine illustration of our Author's exquisite and ready adaptation of modern improvements. * *

77. — *ev'n joke*,] The prerogative, as we have seen, of Dulness, and of these her children. * *

79. *Why comes he not?* etc.]

> Why comes he not? Such truths to be divulg'd,
> Methinks the accuser's rest is long indulg'd.
>
> *Lara, Canto* ii.

80. *God grant no Jezabel have lur'd him in!*] We are not to suppose that the monarch is at all given to the love of strange women. On the contrary, chastity, as we have elsewhere shown, is a conspicuous feature of his character. The sons of Dulness, being regular jokers, sometimes offend against propriety. Not but that a Jezabel, or rather a pair of Jezabels, did, on this particular evening, draw the newsman in; this is matter of history. They were the direct occasion of his temporary absence. But then it was all in the cause of God and of justice.

* *

Or captur'd thieves that pirate in the grease;
Or scribbled on the walls some fulsome piece;
Cawing like crows, their work betwixt at times,
Songs sweet as LYTTON'S epithet-chok'd rhymes,
Which jumbled up of divers sorts of things,
One wonders what the devil 't is he sings.
A gentle set, each worthy Folly's throne;
Yet fourteen such it takes to make one Stone.
Alone the treasurer his ample croup
Held to the fire, nor join'd the impatient troop,
But shivering, with a sigh which rent their souls,
Mutter'd of funds, and cry'd aloud for coals.
So when, sore-pinch'd, the mother-hound for food
Steals from the kennel and her blue-ey'd brood;
While warm the straw, the milk-fed litter play,
And tumble o'er each other feebly gay,

Ver. 87 – 89. *Songs sweet as LYTTON'S epithet-chok'd rhymes*, etc.]

"CHAPELAIN veut rimer, et c'est-là sa folie." *

These verses were intended to apply to those purple things with which Mr. BULWER has thought proper to patch his glittering novels. But many months after the first canto of the Vision was written, the Author came across a larger metrical composition of this popular writer's, entitled *The Rebel*, which he found to have rather more of the features of regular rhyme. Only it surprised him much, that any man should have chosen to mimic *The Corsair*, the poem of an author whose strong mannerism, however delightful in itself, must make his imitators always appear in the plight of a little serving-man whose ill-proportioned and diminutive members have recently tumbled into the long-tailed coat and capacious breeches of his strapping master of six feet.

* BOILEAU. **

But, when their flanks grow chill, and palate dries,
Her absence moan with weak and plaintive cries.
The wit-hounds yelp'd dry sorrow for the treat
Of pipes and drams, the puppies mourn the teat.
But 'mid the heroic group, unnotic'd, stood
Two beings whose veins not purple ran with blood,
But pulseless essence, such as fits a god;
Coeval with creation; still the same
Till the last thunder wrap the world in flame:
DULNESS and CAUTION. This, to mortal eye,
Might seem an emmet; that, a great blue fly,
Such as in winter, curs'd with lengthen'd doom,
Buzzes all lonely through the tepid room.
Midway the table stood the ethereal pair,
And thus began the seeming child of air:
See! goddess, pale-ey'd mother of DISTRUST!
Believ'st thou now? Or is the number just?
Not these the MUSES; nor so scant my crew.
GERRO is here, and PUPA; CAUDEX too;
PETRONIUS' grace; lo, where gigantic HALE!
My son, my joy, is wanting to the tale.

Ver. 115. *See! goddess*, etc.] This is proved, from v. 134–136, as well as from the fact that her goddesship and DULNESS appear to be on sufficiently good terms to trade together, to be not the CAUTION, synonymous with PRUDENCE, the daughter of EXPERIENCE and WISDOM, but a very different deity, sometimes mistaken for her, and whose province, in part, may be easily conjectured from the verses just referred to, while her profitable influence is to be seen daily testified in most journals, whether political or otherwise. * *

O Caution! though apostate from thy shrine,
Save the dull chief; for my sake, ah, for mine!
Envy and Vanity both goad him on;
With banded foes the hero copes alone:
What do I say? e'en now the toil is set!
Now, now, the lion struggles in the net!
Are not his foes thy own? Go, snatch him thence;
Bring here his glad vacuity of sense;
Without whose aid all wasted runs the hour,
And the act sleeps should consecrate my pow'r.
Look on these peers, tall pillars of my throne;
Yet choose the best, that best is hence thy own;

Ver. 127. *Are not his foes thy own?*] To wit, *Bruno & Co.*, as appears from v. 150, and from the hero's own account presently given. Bruno's passion blinds him even in the pulpit. * *

130. — *the act — should consecrate my pow'r.*] This is the act for which Rubeta is elevated to the throne in Canto vii., as alluded to in the proposition:

"When met with other rogues in grave debate,
To prop the throne of Folly's ancient state,
By virtue rais'd he rul'd it," —— * *

131 – 144. *Look on these peers*, etc.]

——— Ἐγὼ δέ κέ τοι Χαρίτων μίαν ὀπλοτεράων
Δώσω ὀπυιέμεναι, καὶ σὴν κεκλῆσθαι ἄκοιτιν,
Πασιθέην, ἥς αἶψα ἐέλδεαι ἤματα πάντα.
Ὣς φάτο· χήρατο δ' Ὕπνος, ἀμειξόμενος δὲ προσηύδα·
Ἄγρει, νῦν μοι ὄμοσσον ἀάατον Στυγὸς ὕδωρ,
Χειρὶ δὲ τῇ ἑτέρῃ μὲν ἕλε χθόνα πουλυβότειραν,
Τῇ δ' ἑτέρῃ ἅλα μαρμαρέην· ἵνα νῶϊν ἅπαντες
Μάρτυροι ὦσ' οἱ ἔνερθε Διὸς Κρόνον ἀμφὶς ἑόντες·
Ἦ μὲν ἐμοὶ δώσειν Χαρίτων μίαν ὀπλοτεράων
Πασιθέην, ἥς τ' αὐτὸς ἐέλδομαι ἤματα πάντα.

Hom. *Il.* xiv. 267 – 276. Clarkii. *Edin.* 12mo. 1794.

To thee shall dedicate his future days,
Toil in thy mask, and serve thee divers ways,
Become a very Proteus for thy sake,
And ev'ry humor at thy bidding take.
  Swear by thy mother NIGHT, the ant replies;
Swear by thy son, most like thee 'neath the skies;
Swear by thyself, all changeless as thou art,
Dash'd by no shame, excited by no smart,
To me the youth shall dedicate his days,
Toil in my mask, and serve me divers ways,
Become a very Proteus for my sake,
And ev'ry humor at my bidding take.
  The dark-wing'd Power took the oath impos'd;
And the staid emmet thus the compact clos'd:
  Remember, goddess of the wilder'd eye,
'T is but for once if CAUTION deign comply:

Ver. 132. — *is hence thy own;*] Not entirely; for they were born sons of DULNESS, and the ETHIOP cannot change his skin. But when taken under the supervision and protection of CAUTION, they lose their flippancy and pertness, as their general mother herself says, v. 174, and become henceforward slower-paced and more sure-footed. * *

137. — *thy mother NIGHT* —] According to the genealogy established by POPE (DRYDEN not having ascended to her origin):

Daughter of CHAOS and eternal NIGHT.
Dunciad, i. 12. * *

147. — *goddess of the wilder'd eye,*] A very able critic, who confesses he does not understand this figurative phrase, proposes to read *drowsy eye;* very rashly, as it seems to us. DULNESS is not so much marked by drowsiness, which though habitual is not constant with her, as by a peculiar, unsettled, twinkling glimmer of the eyes, which gives her an appearance as though she fancied she had just lost the wits she never

Known is thy son no votary of mine,
And when red BRUNO's meshes I untwine,
Take him the powers to whom his altars burn,
And VANITY and ENVY serve his turn.
She said, and crept to PUPA's head, then past
To LORA, GERRO, so on to the last;
While on the wing NIGHT's daughter hovering near,
Still caught the sounds unheard of mortal ear:
First will I naught, (thus spake the emmet-queen,)
Of this blown dunce, of self-sufficient mien.

possessed, and were in search of them. Those who have the rare felicity of knowing our hero, her undoubted progeny, have seen in his orbits of vision the maternal feature perfect, and the maternal expression (especially when he lectures) ethereally fine: those who have not, will derive some information on the subject from our note to v. 192 of Canto iv. * *

150. — *red* BRUNO —] We know not whether in allusion to the ordinary complexion of that reverend gentleman, or to a particular heightening of the sacerdotal color, by the united heat of polemical zeal and literary fury. Probably the latter, in this instance. * *

152. — *VANITY and ENVY serve his turn.*] And accordingly these deities resume possession for the rest of the evening. * *

158. — *blown dunce, of self-sufficient mien.*] It may be wondered that she should not choose PETRONIUS, who, it will be seen in Canto iv, is a very weathercock;* but *Troni's* vacillancy arises not from any motive of speculative cautiousness, (though *he stands accountant for as great a sin,*) but from puerile rashness, lightheadedness, and the feminine unhappiness of never knowing his own mind. And moreover this very inconstancy, instead of benefiting him as his more cunning mates, gets him into difficulties that are the very abomination of CAUTION, who never acts at random, however various her movements. * *

* Except in party-politics, where he loses his pivot. * *

Look, how his beak snuffs up the vulgar air!
His eyes twin berries in a bush of hair.
Strut, peacock! for the fowls wherewith thou 'rt
match'd
Care not a grain what goose their mothers hatch'd.
Nor yet of him, yon ribald spawn of dirt,
Dully despiteful, pitifully pert;
So like, in tongue, the beast for whom he stands,
The first green ditch would take him off my hands.
All look but frail: I know not where to fix;
But, to make sure, will take some five or six.
PETRONIUS, HALE, MARGITES, still be thine:
The rest may make one man; that man is mine.
What! said the fly: these six to grace thy lap?
Thou 'lt jar the sweetest bells in all my cap!
A lively fool 's a fool above all cost:
Once make 'em thine, and half their virtue 's lost.
I deem'd this post might serve thee. CAUTION then:
Thou hast MARGITES, and the king of men.

Ver. 161, 162. — *the fowls wherewith thou 'rt match'd — Care not a grain what goose their mothers hatch'd.*] PETRONIUS has the credit, with his contemporaries, of being not a little vain of the respectability of his birth; for an account of which, see Canto iv. * *

163. — *yon ribald spawn of dirt,*] COPRONES, the representative of MARGITES in that convention. For MARGITES' character see Canto iv. * *

169. — *MARGITES* —] MARGITES for COPRONES, the principal for the proxy, the master for the man. So, in line 176. * *

175. — *post* —] All the older copies write this word with a capital letter. CAUDEX is supposed to be the journalist indicated. * *

176. — *the king of men.*] *Codd. ant.* "the KING of men." PETRONIUS, of course, is intended by the periphrasis. * *

Say these should fail, is not thy son a host?
Not more thine own than LEVITY's proud boast.
Sweet to the ear the glory of one's child:
DULNESS buzz'd pleasure, and (in heart) she smil'd.
Bent on her task, the ant weighs first of all
Ten different plans to issue from the Hall.
When lo! coal-bearing SAPPHO trundled in.
CAUTION takes passage on her sable shin.
Once clear'd the door, she took another form,
Crept to the chief and drew him from the storm.
But, waiting for her child, from head to head
Buzz'd the blue fly, and swallow'd all they said;
Delighted, thought such wits were never born,
And griev'd already for the oath she 'd sworn.

Ver. 178. *Not more thine own than* LEVITY's *proud boast.*] That is, Who is not less the true child of his father than the heir of his mother; for LEVITY, it will be seen in the genealogy of RUBETA, bears the same honorable relation to the hero in the male gender that DULNESS does in the female. **

185. — *she took another form,*] Namely, of BRUNO's cook, as the hero himself supposes, who could not however have that certainty of the divine nature of the aid he received, which the Poet enjoys in the inspiration of his art:

> "I must have dy'd; but HEAV'N sent up the cook,
> Or some kind deity her likeness took,
> Who by the neckcloth drew me from their rage,
> Dragg'd through the hall, and open set the cage,
> Then kicking me, releas'd my torn cravat,
> And sent me down the steps without a hat."
>
> *Canto* iii., 632–637. **

And now the half-hour rung with startling sound.
One solemn *Damn!* prolong'd its echoes round.
Then, swift as light, by Boots' or Satan's aid,
The whitewash'd door wide open stood display'd,
And curs of both degrees, from Paul to Peter,
Broad base and little treble, yelp'd RUBETA!
Then shook the dramshop, thrill'd each window-frame,
And all the privies echo'd back the name.
So when Azazel, cherub tall, unfurl'd
Satan's broad ensign in the brimstone world,
The gather'd host's wild triumph of delight
Hell's concave tore, and pierc'd the realm of Night.
The great man inward row'd his solemn state;
Bland smiles as ushers of the presence wait:

Ver. 195. — *curs of both degrees* —] "And curs of low degree."

196. — *Rubeta!*] For an explanation of the name according to the notions of the Author, see our note to v. 537 of Canto iv. * *

197. *Then shook the dramshop*, etc.]

> Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
> From all her caves, and back resounded *Death*.
> *Par. Lost*, ii. 788, 789.

198. *And all the privies echoed back the name.*] Doubtless, as being certain shrines of certain Muses. * *

199. *So when Azazel*, etc.] See Milton's *Paradise Lost, Bk.* i., 534 – 543. * *

203. *The great man inward row'd his solemn state;*] "Row'd her state" is a borrowed * expression of Milton's, applied to another

* Virgil applies the metaphor to the more rapid motion of flight:

> ——— Volat ille per aëra magnum
> Remigio alarum ——— ———. *Æn.* i. 300.

Whence perhaps Thomson's elegant and happily descriptive line,

"The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings." *Autumn*, 129. * *

Though blue the fount where life goes in and out,
Freely he scatters much sweet breath about,
Naming with graciousness a favor'd few:
Petronius? bless me! *Hale!* ah, how do' do.
They led him onward, mincing all the way,
With sweet, reluctant, diffident delay,
Where bronz'd by service stood a three-legg'd throne,
Such as exalts the puppetshow of Joan,
Then heav'd him stiffly up the steep ascent,
His breeches giving way with awful rent.
O, in that hour, had they who bore thee up,
O'ercome with mirth, but let thy carcass drop,
No muse, alas! had sung thy Vision dread,
And this thy installation were as dead,
Through criminal backsliding of thy breeches,
As thine own *Masonry*, or *Tales and Sketches!*

graceful creature: (*Par. Lost*, vii. 439.) It is imitated by Pope, (*Dunc.* ii. 67:) "Bernard rows his state."

205. *Though blue the fount where life goes in and out,*] From this circumstance and the burning of a fire, we gather the time of action to have been winter, or the cold season; a point of some importance to the historical accuracy of the narrative, and which will be duly appreciated by future chronologists. **

208. *Petronius? bless me!*—] The astonishment of Rubeta at seeing the delicate Petronius in such company is easily understood from what is said by the prudent goddess in v. 159. **

210. *With sweet*, etc.] And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
Milton, *of* Eve, *P. L.* iv. 311.

211, 212. — *a three-legg'd throne,* — *Such as exalts the puppetshow of Joan,*] Doubtless similar to the lofty stool used occasionally by compositors in a printing-office. **

But CÆSAR might not sink, nor THOU descend!
The monarch rose, with emptiness to friend,
And pleas'd look'd down the height with aspect bold,
Yet felt the rent, and wish'd his seat less cold.
He wanted but a cap and bells, to look
As very a fool as ever fumbled book!

Then wav'd his people's hands, and one loud cheer
One moment thunder'd on his happy ear.
Like as when sudden rains come rattling down,
On market-day, to catch some market-town;
With coats tuck'd up, the bare-legg'd wenches scour,
And hucksters yield their bagpipe to the show'r;
When o'er, the crowd their draggled steps retrace,
And the old bustle murmurs through the place.
So rose, so ceas'd, the transport of applause;
Ceas'd, when the monarch spread his lion jaws.
Thus, when an engine is prepar'd to spout
Whose jetting stream puts conflagrations out,
First all is tumult with th' encircling crowd,
And boys delighted shout their rapture loud;
Hush'd is the din, in mute expectance laid,
When the pipe 's pointed and the arms are sway'd.

The monarch hitch'd his trowsers, look'd around,
And squar'd the throne with harsh and pompous sound;

Ver. 244. — *harsh* —] This epithet probably alludes to the floor's being sanded.

Then hemm'd, and cough'd, and made his eyelids close,
And furrow'd deep the skin above his nose,
And strok'd the paps which graceful flank'd his chin;
Rhetoric flourish ere he should begin.
O spirit of departed GARCIA, tell
What sounds enchanting from the newsman fell!
Thy pipe alone, or tenor of RUBINI,
Would serve, or barytone of TAMBURINI.
With eyes and mouth wide open, stood the clan.
Then from his lofty stool the chief began:
O comrades, friends, the griefs I 've travaill'd through,
Your lips, which speak not, bid to swell anew:

Ver. 253–267. *With eyes and mouth wide open stood the clan.— Then from his lofty stool*, etc.]

Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant;
Inde toro pater Æneas sic orsus at alto:
Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem;
Trojanas ut opes et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danai; quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui. Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssei,
Temperet a lacrymis? et jam nox humida cœlo
Præcipitat, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos.
Sed, si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros,
Et breviter Trojæ supremum audire laborem;
Quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit,
Incipiam.

VIRG. *Æn.* ii. 1–13.

255. — *the griefs I 've travaill'd through,— Your lips, which speak not, bid to swell anew:*] Mark with what wonderful acuteness RUBETA penetrates their wishes. They needed not to call upon him to excuse

How graceless ministers, and Monks as bad,
Detain'd me late, and all but drove me mad;
Till anchor'd here, for mighty projects spar'd:
What things I saw, and what in part I dar'd.
Who telling, hearing which, could hold from tears?
E'en BRUNO's self would weep, or stop his ears.
But night grows old, yon sooty tapers wink,
Your pipes are yet claycold, unserv'd your drink:

his tardiness: they rear him on the stool; they group themselves around; they set their eyes wide open and their mouths apart, and fix them on the chieftain: the hero comprehends their silent interrogatory, and with the graciousness of true majesty deigns at once to answer it. How inferior the penetration and the breeding of ÆNEAS! he waits until the queen expresses verbally her longing: "*jubes* renovare."

* *

257. — *and Monks as bad,*] As there are no monks to be found in his story, this must be an hyperbolical plurality of one MARIA of that ilk, or a term generic for her and her younger sister-virgin, who were a conspicuous cause of the monarch's delay in opening by his presence the solemn council; and thus *pater Rubeta* may be supposed to run a quibble between *ministers* and *monks*, a species of wit which it will be seen hereafter he aims at, however unsuccessfully, on all occasions. He is already said to *ever love a joke.* * *

260. *What things I saw, and what in part I dar'd.*] Very many months after the scene at the Convention, RUBETA is found repeating this expression in his journal, which shows how deeply imbued is this truly great man with the spirit of classic lore.

"We have written," he says, (*Commerc. Adv. of Sept. 4th*, 1837; article, *Animal Magnetism*,) "We have written a narrative of the circumstances, comprising some fifty or sixty pages of *foolscap*; and we venture to say, that *nothing hitherto published* upon that subject *is so wonderful by far*, as the facts of which *we* were witness, — *all of which we saw*, AND PART OF WHICH WE WERE." * *

Ver. 261. *Who telling, hearing which, could hold from tears?*] The peculiar tenderness of the hero's disposition (of which many instances in the course of his most wondrous narrative will be brought before the reader) allows us to conjecture, that, at this particular point of his discourse, he *suited the action to the word.* * *

Still, if your hearts would follow where I 've
been,
Though my hair bristles to retrace the scene,
Attend. At that soft hour when capons roost,
But mortal crops expand to tea and toast,
I, whose tir'd mind can never relish sleep,
Nor palate souchong, while my brothers weep,
Was begging through the streets, with box in hand,
For Northern pills to purge the Southern land,
Stupendous work! through grace divine begun,
To free some hundred thousands one by one,
When, — mark how HEAV'N rewards our good
deserts!
Sudden black CATO plucks me by the skirts:
Not glossy black, as when I set him free,
But pallid, gaunt; a child's thrice-turn'd coatee,

267. *Attend.* —] It will be wonderedat first how the chieftain could enter the house with so much cheerfulness after so many trials undergone, "tot labores," as he here intimates; but it will be seen that the consciousness of duty well performed, as he himself makes known at the conclusion of his story, is oil to the fluctuations of a troubled mind:

So "blest the man who always keeps
The pure and perfect way." * *

271. *Was begging through the streets* —] See "N. Y. Comm. Advertiser," *passim* for the last two years.

273, 274. *Stupendous work! through grace divine begun, — To free some hundred thousands one by one,*] An ingenious project, well worthy of the enlightened philanthropist and hero of this poem. Some thousand of years hence I hope to live to see this great work accomplished, provided the men and women whom RUBETA, a verse or two above, calls his *brethren*, will only show a little of the public spirit which animates this apostle of emancipation, and not come together. * *

Tailless, disclos'd a hideous gape behind,
Whose shirtless breech let in and out the wind.
No man he seem'd, but pickled-hide and bones,
And his long heel smote leatherless the stones.
Not Cato's self, when Hector stripp'd him bare
On Troy's green bank, look'd less in want of air.
Yet Fortune sunn'd her cheerly at the rents:
For Freedom's wealth; her cap adorns our cents.
But mark, I say, how Heaven repays the just!
Reprieving from his gums a spotted crust,
The spiritous imp of freedom, shuffling near
His fragrant mummy, dropp'd this in mine ear:
How the veil'd doves, late fled the spital's wall,
Sat cooing loud in rev'rend Bruno's hall:

Ver. 283. *Not Cato's self,* etc.] Rubeta's classical knowledge has long been familiar to the public. In such a man learned allusions can never be deemed pedantic; while, to all true lovers of the poet Ilias, the recollection of the famous duel between Hector and the elder Cato, by the river Troy, must be truly refreshing. * *

287. *But mark, I say, how Heaven repays the just!*] Observe how modestly Rubeta distinguishes between the obligations of humanity and the favors of a generous spirit. He does not call himself kind, or charitable, as perhaps any other man had done in similar circumstances, but *just*, as one who had done to his fellow what he would have him do to him, should their lots be interchanged. So too, as he allows nothing to himself that he does not deserve, neither does he fail to exact what is his due, and recollecting that, though a duty to humanity, yet the office he had done the slave was a loan unto the Lord, he says with pardonable, "evangelical," pride, *repays*, and not, as before, *rewards*. Where else shall we find such equity! such delicacy of moral distinction! * *

291. — *the veil'd doves* —] Who these may be, will be seen in a subsequent note. * *

There Molcus flutter'd round them; what to do,
Wise Cato said, the Devil only knew.
'T is Heaven's own call! I cry'd: I 'll seek the foe!
Tremble, great pouter! Cato, ere I go

Ver. 293. *There Molcus flutter'd round them* —] See the second note from this. * *

295 – 297. *'T is Heaven's own call! I cry'd*, etc.] Rubeta has already been compared in the text with Cæsar: his resolution on this occasion may be likened, here, in the notes, to that of Coriolanus; who makes it his boast that like an eagle he fluttered his enemies in their dovecot: "Alone I did it!" says Caius Marcius: "I 'll seek the foe!" says Rubeta; that is, *I alone*.

Yet, to pursue our commentary, even with these words of defiance on his lips, he neglects not an occasion of doing good, and reproves his dingy brother's profaneness: Cato, he says, — his voice at once losing its military *sostenuto*, and assuming as the verse denotes, a time *larghetto maestoso*, and a tone *mezzo piano*, — Cato, he says, Don't swear, my lad! What bewitching piety! *Quis, talia fando, temperet*, &c. And the influence of this religious disposition in our hero is so great as even to extend its softening balm ("porrigine porci"*) to his follower and client; as is seen in the next verse. What a moral and soothing lesson! * *

296. *Tremble, great pouter!* —] The *Pouter* is a species of pigeon with inflated breast. Rubeta, therefore, (who is a great ornithologist, as the Reader, before he is done with him, will find him to be every thing else,) probably means to signify the reverend fowl who gave up part of his dovecot to the *Canada Turtles* above named. The allusion is probably to some personal peculiarity; for further down the hero will be found to say of him:

"Where in his book his swollen breast is seen." v. 333. Anon.

Ib. — *great pouter!* —] Some pretend that in this personage is shadowed out the writer of the following compliments:

"Col. *Rubeta* has been repeatedly requested to publish articles confirmatory of the 'Awful Disclosures,' but has always declined; assigning as his reason the opposition of Mr. H——, his partner, together with the fact that they had a large number of subscribers in Canada, many of whom would be displeased. Some time since, while

* Juvenal, ii. 80.

One word: The Devil never name in vain.
He wept; he vow'd his wanton spleen to rein:
Then ask'd for threepence. Scornfully I frown'd;
But, drawing from my hat *Matthias* bound,
Take that, I cry'd, and think on him who said,
Man was not born to live alone by bread.
Was it, lean son of HAM, that thou might'st dine,
We taught our modest press to lie and whine?
Avaunt! Yet stay — ingratitude's a vice;
Go, beg an axe, and clear my door of ice.

Mr. H—— was in Canada, the Colonel penned and published a few sentences which implied strong confidence in the truth of the 'Disclosures.' It produced considerable sensation in Montreal; so that three Protestant subscribers came to Mr. H——, and requested that their paper might be discontinued. What was the result? Mr. H—— returned to N. Y., and soon the Commercial informed its readers that the 'Awful Disclosures' were all a 'humbug.'"

Letter in the N. Y. Journal of Commerce of Oct. 15, 1836, *headed* "Interview of [*Rubeta*] with the ex-nuns, Maria Monk and Frances Partridge."

MOLCUS is supposed to be one of the three reverend gentlemen who subscribed the above amiabilities. Some will have it that the name (*Molcus*) is an anagram! **

300. — *Matthias* —] His work entitled the *Impostures of Matthias*, which, it will presently be seen, is a great favorite with its immortal parent. **

301, 302. — *and think on him who said, — Man was not born*, etc.] The explanation of the seeming profaneness, but real piety, of this allusion, is reserved till a future occasion in the poem. We will only anticipate matters so far as to inform the reader that the allusion is characteristic, and that RUBETA is in thought, word, and deed, an angelic personification of the full beauty of holiness. **

303. — *lean son of HAM* —] RUBETA 's at his jokes again. **

305, 306. — *ingratitude's a vice; — Go, beg an axe, and clear my door of ice.*] This good as well as great man never permits sin when he can help it. How admirably does he remove from the fortunate object of his charity even the plea of a want of occasion to evince his gratitude, by putting it into his power to repay by the labor of his hands part of

I said, and flew, not waiting for his thanks,
Where bristled, dire in gowns, swoll'n BRUNO'S ranks,
His cassock waving o'er them, flag defil'd!
'Gainst popes ungelt, and vestals great with child:
But brandish'd first the terrors of my wand;
Whose worth now learn, nor deem RUBETA fond.
O thou, who once, in likeness of a fowl,
Taught'st me to screech and hoot like any owl,

the obligation he was under! To the pure hearts of some men even the thought of sin is horrible. **

309. *His cassock waving o'er them, flag defil'd!*] How shall we reconcile this imitation of MOHAMMED with the character of a Christian minister; unless we are to take the language of RUBETA as metaphorical? Though perhaps the reproachful epithet which the hero bestows upon the cassock of his enemy may save the latter from the grosser imputation of following the practice of a false prophet; a kind of character to which RUBETA is known to have a mortal antipathy: we say that this reproach may save him; for we never heard that the ARAB was accused of defiling his breeches — even by wearing them, which is doubtless the imputation of our too severe, though pious hero. **

310. *'Gainst popes ungelt* —] See verse 332. **

310. — *and vestals great with child:*] Allusion to the part which BRUNO played in a matter with which nobody had any thing to do.
**

313. *O thou, who once, in likeness of a fowl.*] Commentators are at fault here. Some suppose it was the genius of Dulness in the form of the bird which is described as accompanying that divinity in the Dunciad:

——————— "a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a HEIDEGGRE and owl:" *

a construction at best illnatured. Others think it was a veritable bird, known as the turkeybuzzard, which RUBETA, when exalted, as he de-

* *Bk.* i. 289.

When, perch'd in attic through the livelong night, 315
As morning broke I caught the notes aright,

scribes himself to have been, both in body and mind, might easily mistake for the genius mentioned in the preceding conjecture, or for his own especial muse. A very reasonable supposition is that which would make it be the god of sleep, perched on his favorite fir, in the shape of the bird

——————— ἤν ———————

Καλχίδα κικλήσκουσι θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δὲ Κύμινδιν.*
Which Caprimúlgus gods, men Nighthawk call.

Others affirm it was a peacock, and with much plausibility, since the notes of this bird are pitched very much to the same key as the air and recitative in the Sketches alluded to: while others, again, assert, that the object of the hero's invocation was nothing less than the goddess of wisdom herself. This deity is known to have lighted on a beech tree in the form of a vulture, to enjoy the contest of HECTOR and AJAX.† Now, as on that occasion she chose a metamorphosis which might be called appropriate, so in the present she would consistently assume the likeness of some bird of night, and of none so fitly as of the feathered symbol of wisdom. The second and the fourth conjecture have this objection, that we cannot conceive what should put a turkeybuzzard, or a peacock, up to such a freak as serenading. We therefore incline to the third opinion, while we decide for the last of all, and the more readily, as RUBETA, from his known erudition, would be very likely to make such an apostrophe; which being granted, it is easy to conclude from the text, that the nature of the bird, whose form ATHENA honored on this particular occasion, was actually that of an owl, it being very unlikely that any other 'fowl' would give lessons in the peculiar music of that venerable evening editor.

If it should be objected to this supposition, that RUBETA, as an "evangelical Christian," and "professor of the Protestant faith," (see his *Visit to Montreal,*) would never condescend to solicit inspiration at the polluted source of heathenism, we adduce the example of SOCRATES. If this philosopher, whom men will have a practical if not "evangelical Christian," could order a cock to be sacrificed to ÆSCULAPIUS, through the force of habit, or to teach his disciples the prudence of an outward deference to established customs, why may not the *pius Rubeta*, governed by the habits of early scholastic education and daily reference to the poetical models of antiquity, have so far forgot himself, as to pay the homage of gratitude, or of filial piety, to an owl? * *

315. — *perch'd in attic through the livelong night,*] As the worldly

* HOM. *Il.* xiv. 289. † *Ib.* vii. 58 – 61.

And prick'd them down, so eager, in my *Sketches*,
That overcome with joy I wet my breeches,
Muse, aid me now! and when I next play antic,
I 'll howl till cats and dogs shall deem me frantic.
'T was in the month when leaves begin to fall;
Sick of NEW YORK, I flew to MONTREAL:
There standing at the monastery-gate,
To the sad Mother thus deplor'd my fate:
Mother unwed, who sleep'st secure from rape,
Why should these walls let recreant MARY scape?
Till then our wharves made merry with my name,
And prophet MATTHEWS shadow'd BELOE'S fame:

circumstances of the hero are not such as to force him to such elevations, it is to be supposed, to his credit, that he resorted thither, as to a known temple of the Muses, to lift himself as far as possible above this lower world and gather fancy from the rafters; or perhaps, (as NUMA, when he descended to the grot and valley of EGERIA,) to meet the owl his mistress, or to hold sweet converse with her through the skylight; an interpretation which the preceding verses favor.

**

322. *Sick of New York, I flew*, etc.] "In the course of a recent flying excursion through, *etc.*" *Visit to Montreal: N. Y. Spectator, Oct.* 8.

Throughout the next forty verses of the episode, the fable of Aristæus is at times imitated from Georg. iv. 317:

"Pastor Aristæus fugiens Peneïa Tempe, *etc.*"

327. — *our wharves made merry with my name,*] His meaning is, doubtless, that the hawkers of newspapers and penny ballads, (who are known to take their station at the steamboat-landings,) found a great profit in bringing his evening jokes before the public. Thus in Canto ii., the Lady Superior, speaking of RUBETA'S return to NEW YORK, says:

"Behold MANHATTAN pouring forth her sons:
Her Wit returns, — her evening prince of puns!

All pedlers hawk'd me ; little girls at school
Delighted spelt where knave was writ by fool.
Now, woe is me ! with MONK what dunce may cope ?
In foulmouth'd Scotch fell BRUNO dares the Pope ;
Where in his book his swollen breast is seen,
While a green veil preserves the picture clean.
Mother, I cannot live, and live unknown !
Make me a nun, or make thy case my own :
Show me those holes where nymphs their playthings keep,
I 'll write such stuff shall put the dogs to sleep.
In her sick chamber heard the plaintive sound
The mother-nun. Her daughters, rang'd around,

> Hark ! the green wharves his *Visit* hawk for sale ;
> The *Visit*, gin and oyster shops retail :
> ERIN in ELM-STREET toasts the darling boy,
> And CHATHAM'S orangewomen sob for joy." v. 152–157.
> * *

328. *And prophet MATTHEWS shadow'd BELOE'S fame.*] BELOE, the author of a book called HERODOTUS, printed by the HARPERS, and reviewed by RUBETA. As this BELOE was the father of history, and very popular among scholars from the grateful peculiarity of his style, the celebrity of the history of MATTHIAS, *alias* MATTHEWS, may be gathered from the verse. * *

332, 333. *In foulmouth'd Scotch fell BRUNO dares the Pope ; — Where in his book*, etc.] What book this may be we cannot even imagine. There is a book on Popery, which bears in the front a clerical figure with chest protuberant, while a bit of green tissue-paper throws a grateful coolness on the subject and keeps the print and title from collapsing. But the author's name is not *Bruno*. * *

339. *In her sick chamber — The mother-nun —*] "She was suffering from an attack of rheumatism." — *Visit*, &c.

340, 341. *— her daughters, rang'd around — With ointments crown'd*, etc.] — "Arranged in a manner that would *gladden the sight* of the N. Y.

With ointments crown'd rich vases, (pleasing sight!)
Deep-blue the print upon a field of white:
Noirœil and Grisœil, Plainchant and Serin,
Their fair necks modest muffled to the chin:
Chlorosis, Leucorrhea, Boiteuse lame,
Pale Hydropique, Carotte with locks of flame,
Putain, and plump Pucelle; this last a maid,
The other once had blest a Bird's soft aid;
Both clad in black, a strap their foreheads bind,
And their long tails turn graceful up behind;
Clystera, angel pow'r in time of need,
And Phlebotemna, taught to cup and bleed.
Mid these Fretille, with dewy eyes and lip,
Told how the snow-girl made St. Francis trip,
What time, as Hudibras, sweet poet, sung,
The saint upon his staff a garland hung.

College of Pharmacy. *The jars and gallipots are all of the ancient translucent dark-blue and white* china, of the same size and pattern, rendering the shelves perfectly uniform." — *Exam. of the Hôtel Dieu: N. Y. Spect. Oct.* 8.

348. — *a Bird's soft aid;*] A Mrs. Bird advertises in the New York papers as a midwife. * *

349, 350. *Both clad in black, a strap their foreheads bind,* — *And their long tails turn graceful up behind;*] "The dress is of *black bombazine*, with ample skirt, and bishop sleeves; the neck dress consists of a large square white linen collar, reaching up to the chin; to this is attached a strap passing across the top of the head, to which the bandeau is fastened. *This is a white linen band bound round the forehead*, etc. *The skirts are turned up*, etc." — Rub. on "the costume of the Black Nuns." *Visit*, &c.

Charm'd with the lay, the pale nymphs urge their toil,
Flake the firm wax, and drop the liquid oil:
When hark! again a faint and distant moan
Amaz'd they hear: ST. FRANCIS, shield thy own! 360
(This told CLYSTERA once, please understand,
While colic-rack'd I bless'd her ready hand.)

Ver. 360. — *ST. FRANCIS, shield thy own!*] It is by no means to be attributed to the ignorance or carelessness of RUBETA, that he makes the nuns affirm themselves to be of an order to which they could not belong; he describes the scene precisely as it was related to him, (as he declares in the next couplet.) The terrified sisters, having their heads full of ST. FRANCIS and his snow-girl, just at the moment they were thrown into confusion by the moaning of our hero at the grate, probably fancied for the time that they were really under his protection, and called upon him instead of their patroness, or some other saint; or perhaps they were willing, in consideration of his purity, to invoke his aid against any danger which might threaten their own; a contingence which is always the first to occur to the imagination of elderly maiden ladies, on the slightest alarm from any unknown cause. Let us observe, once for all, RUBETA never is ignorant, never makes mistakes; he is not more the *pius Æneas* than he is the ΠΟΛΥΜΗΤΙΣ ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ; and the Reader, before he has done with him, will cheerfully add to these distinctions the honor laid on VARRO, "vir *Romanorum* eruditissimus." * * *

361, 362. *This told CLYSTERA once, please understand, — While*, etc.] This explanation the prince appears to make, lest his friends or subjects should suspect him of invention in a detail of circumstances which he could not know from his own observation. So the king of ITHACA to his brother island-king and the PHÆACIANS, in the 12th book of the Odyssey. It is not improbable, indeed, that our hero had in mind the precaution of his fellow sage. The fitness of the occasion which the ministering sister took to communicate these particulars, like the curtain-

* *Plurimos hic*, says QUINCTILIAN, (X. 1,) *Plurimos hic libros et doctissimos composuit*, (Matthias, Maria Monk, etc.,) *peritissimus linguæ Latinæ*, (see Motto to *Tales and Sketches;* hear him in his speeches, lectures, etc.,) and so on with the rest of the sentence, which with but little change may be applied not less to THE MOST LEARNED OF AMERICANS, than to *the most accomplished of the Romans.* * *

Then Boiteuse first with step uneven came,
Gaz'd on my face, and while I blush'd for shame,
A saint! she cry'd, — despite his heathen clothes.
He weeps like Job; just such St. Joseph's nose:
Lo, Judas' mouth! and chaste Susanna's eye!
Now God be prais'd! Good father, touch my thigh.
Haste! lead him in! I heard the Mother scream:
'T is he! the ass foretold me in my dream.
Quick at the sound the portal opens wide;
Pour forth the nuns, and range on either side.
Lo, in their midst, our saintly presence spread!
Mark the staid sisters smiling as we tread!

conferences of Calypso and Ulysses, reflects great credit on her clinical judgment, as nothing we should suppose could be more salutary, or at least more grateful, than keeping the head amused while operating elsewhere. * *

367. *Lo, Judas' mouth!*] The simplicity of the poor nun, or the confusion of her joy, must have made her canonize a figure in the Lord's Supper, that was never intended for such Catholic honor. So, above, she misuses *heathen* for *profane*. * *

367. — *Susanna* —] Probably she of that name known as *the chaste*. This famous woman being of the file of Catholic saints, her picture, like those of St. Job and St. Joseph, doubtless adorned the convent. The sister's comparison shows us another point wherein our hero is decidedly superior to his archetype: Dido found to her sorrow no such eye in Æneas; nor does the Roman poet anywhere characterize him as *Castus*. * *

368. *Now God be prais'd! Good father, touch my thigh.*] The simplicity of the poor recluse is quite affecting, when, judging from the evangelical air of our new Æneas, that he could be nothing less than a saint from Heaven, she requests him to touch her crippled limb, with full confidence he would restore it whole. * *

So ebb'd the flood when MOSES stretched his rod,
And ISRAEL march'd amid the surge dryshod.
Then clos'd their ranks behind me, two abreast,
Their tails let down in honor of their guest:
Secure as PISA'S belfry, on one side,
Sails BOITEUSE in the van, delighted guide:
And thus the black procession took its way,
Like corpse and train, to where the abbess lay.
And as that train, when reach'd the place of pray'r,
Spread their long file, and leave the coffin bare,
Its tainted dust unfit for worms to eat
Till some big BRUNO sanctifies the meat;

Ver. 378. *Their tails let down in honor of their guest:*] "While in the nunnery, I observed that the skirt is always turned up, and *fastened under the waist behind with a hook and eye.* We saw them afterward" (not the hook and eye, but the nuns) "*going in procession* to the cathedral, *and then the skirts*, I believe, *were not thus turned up*,— but," adds the cautious witness, with that particularity which the importance of the case demanded, "BUT AM NOT QUITE CERTAIN." *Visit, &c.*

Two of the old commentators, GULIELMUS BRUNOLÆSIUS, and the venerable TARDIVENTUS, remarking upon this and similar passages of RUBETA'S illustrious composition, very illnaturedly observe, that the historian must have been born a ladies' dressmaker, or a man-milliner! Why not a *sage*? *Sapiens operis optimus omnis est opifex solus.**

* *

385. — *unfit for worms to eat — Till some big* BRUNO *sanctifies the meat;*] This seeming pleasantry, when speaking of one of the most solemn, and, with those of the Episcopal faith, most beautiful and touching offices of our religion, is not to be translated into forgetfulness of character on the part of the pious RUBETA, nor does it argue his character to be not really pious. When, at the conclusion of this story, the causes shall be discovered which he had to hold in hatred the reverend BRUNO, it will

* HOR. *Serm.* I. *Sat.* iv. 132, 133.

So wheel'd the sisters to the left and right,
Thus set me naked in the abbess' sight:
But first these orbs, which nothing scapes, had seen,
Turn'd up again those tails of bombazine!
Then from her couch the pensive mother rose;
A fine old lady, with a Roman nose.
A comely bird sat on her dexter thumb,
Which, marvel new! was nothing less than dumb,

be seen, that he speaks on this occasion from the bitterness of his hostility to a particular individual, not from levity. Hence, the ὃ δηλοῖ τὴν προαίρεσιν ὁποῖά τίς ἐστίν* is nothing forgotten by our serious† poet. Besides, supposing the pleasantry real, it is to be remembered that the hero, though pious, and chaste, and prudent, and dignified, is not the less a man of wit; and wit is a sore tempter. * *

388. — *set me naked in the abbess' sight:*] Not to be interpreted literally: for, supposing the sisters could have been guilty of so unmaidenly decorum as to strip RUBETA to his nature, and supposing that the Lady Superior were so tolerant of indelicacy as to look upon a sight so grim, yet we have, in the known purity of the hero, "a sure guarantee" (as the American's advertisers say) of the propriety of the exhibition. He would have resisted to the utmost such an attempt upon his delicacy. — Doubtless RUBETA is speaking with poetic license; for, as he had before said that the coffin was *left bare* to express that the company withdrew from its immediate neighbourhood, so he might with perfect propriety declare, of himself, that he was *set naked* in the sight of the abbess, when sexton BOITEUSE no longer hid his front, and the mourners covered up no more his rear. Seriously, we do not believe that RUBETA was ever seen naked by any thing in his life, except one old midwife and a nurse.‡ * *

390. *Turn'd up again those tails of bombazine!*] See first part of the annotation on v. 378. * *

* ARIST. *Poet.* cap. 15, ed. Tyrwhitt. Oxon. 1794.

† Ἡ μὲν οὖν ἐποποιϊα τῇ τραγῳδίᾳ, μέχρι μόνου μέτρου, μετὰ λόγου μίμησις εἶναι σπουδαίων ἠκολούθησεν. *Ib.* cap. 12.

‡ The Editor appears to forget that in the 4th Canto RUBETA is said to have had *two* midwives, and *two* nurses: therefore he should have said, *except two old midwives and a couple of nurses.* — PUBLISHERS.

But said his creed, and chanted aves high,
Devout as thou, psalm-singing HALE, or I.
This to CHLOROSIS' wrist she now transferr'd:
Go, Father RICHARDS, go then, minion bird!
Then stroking down his green but rev'rend head,
She kiss'd his bill, and turn'd to me, and said:
Hail, holy man! for though no saint I trow,
As BOITEUSE deems thee, (this thy breeches show,)
Yet purer ne'er rapt RAPHAEL drew, or GUIDO,
Than thou I think— Said Father RICHARDS, *Credo*—
So meek those angel eyes! and if Hope's pow'r
Smile not to mock us in this pregnant hour,

Ver. 395, 396. *But said his creed, and chanted aves high,— Devout as thou, psalm-singing* HALE, *or I.*] This is not the first green friar recorded in history, *Par son caquet digne d'être en couvent:** the great *Ver-Vert* precedes him,

Qui "n'était point de ces fiers perroquets
Que l'air du siècle a rendus trop coquets;
* * * * *
VER-VERT était un perroquet dévot,
Une belle ame innocemment guidée;
Jamais du mal il n'avait eu l'idée,
Ne disait donc un immodeste mot:
Mais en revanche il savait des cantiques,
Des *Oremus*, des colloques mystiques;
* * * * *
Finalement VER-VERT savait par cœur
Tout ce que sait une mère de chœur."†

398. *Go, father* RICHARDS *!* —] The reverend father is mentioned also in the prose *Visit to Montreal:* "Father Richards is a short fat personage, has a mild blue eye, and is exceedingly fair-spoken." The green coat, long tail, and a deeper color of the eye, are mere trifles, which doubtless RUBETA could not attend to in his "Visit." **

* GRESSET. *Ver-Vert*, Chant I. † *Ib.* Chant II. **

Thou art— Thou art indeed! O blessed sight!
The long-ear'd cow that low'd to me last night.
Speak! Who art thou? Thou canst not be profane?
Yet never saint bore iron-pointed cane.

Mother, (I said,) thy beak proclaims thee grand:
Mark then this rod; feel; touch it with thy hand.
Naught upon earth but has a value given:
This paltry stick has brush'd Jove's belt in heaven.

Jesu! and hath no hair? . . . . . None, as you see. . . . .

Cry'd father Richards, *Benedicite!*

Ver. 408. *The long-ear'd cow that low'd to me last night.*] Strange ignorance of nature and natural history this, which metamorphoses an ass into a cow! But what should a poor secluded vestal know of beasts and sexes? Perhaps, however, it was the confusion of her joy at having found, as she thought, the explication of the wonderful dream she afterwards recounts; for we see that the excited Mother even forgets her age, her rheumatism, and her dignity, and grows earnest: "Speak! Who art thou? *etc.*" And, indeed, she had already specified the beast of the vision as a regular ass:

"Haste! lead him in! I heard the mother scream:
'T is he! the ass foretold me in my dream."

We may observe, to those inclined to laugh, that the ass is a very sacred animal. Not to mention Balaam's, Homer has compared Ajax with one of the kind, and Rubeta compares himself presently, (in the 2d Canto,) with the same patient creature; while it is noticeable, that, as the abbess seems to intend no disparagement to her visitor, by resembling him to such an animal, so Rubeta imagines none; while the hero at once resents, as far as his native mildness and cultivated gallantry will permit him, the apparent slight upon his *cane*, of whose wondrous properties he has given the world so astounding a description in his *Visit*. * *

415. *Jesu!* —] One of the ordinary exclamations of a Catholic devotee, and quoted as such by the hero. Therefore he does not here depart

Yes, (I resum'd,) this staff which shagg'd with broom
Help'd LABOR'S hand to reach ARACHNE'S loom,
A mighty witch swept on it through the sky,
And touch'd those things which LOCKE could only spy.
When the young THAMES receiv'd her in his bed,
My grandsire from its stall in secret led
The wooden steed, — 't was stabled in a shed, —
And bound him, with a horseshoe, o'er the hatch,
To guard from evil power his mother's thatch.
But when my sire was born, the times were chang'd;
Horseshoes were iron, hags at pleasure rang'd;

from his character, though, like Mother NEEDHAM,* he always rejects such words from his own use. * *

420 *And touch'd those things which* LOCKE *could only spy.*] *Sc.* in the moon. Mr. LOCKE is the author of that very ingenious and well-written fiction entitled "Discoveries in the Moon, &c."; a story which has been more generally and deservedly popular than any thing of the kind in the present century. * *

421 — *Thames* —] A river in NEW ENGLAND: *Young*, I suppose, as the titles of *Father* and *Old* are appropriated to the THAMES of OLD ENGLAND.

We may as well observe here, that the account of RUBETA'S family-broomstick appears to have been suggested by the derivation of the sceptre of AGAMEMNON in the Iliad:

——————— Τὸ μὲν Ἥφαιστος κάμε τεύχων.
Ἥφαιστος μὲν, κ. τ. λ.
Αὐτὰρ ἄρα —

and so on. ii. 101–108. * *

* "A matron of great fame," (in the days of POPE,) "and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was, that she might get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with GOD." See the 324th line of the 1st Book of the Dunciad. * *

The steed no longer from the lintel swung,
But danc'd the loins whence afterward I sprung.
Myself next sat him; with such infant grace,
Tears of delight bath'd either parent's face;
My father strain'd my mother in his joy,
And sobb'd, Ah! let our next be like this boy!
  Such my ancestral staff. Its iron round
Our well-pole's spiral hook once trimly bound:
Then, wroth black BELLA nick'd thy belt of brick,
Thou, chill CISTERNA, broke the ashen stick!
  What present honor waits this rod divine
Yourself shall witness, Mother, ere you dine:
Behold RUBETA! whose facetious name
Keeps six-and-twenty of the tongues of Fame

Ver. 439. *Behold* RUBETA *! whose facetious name — Keeps six-and-twenty*, etc.] It has always been permitted to great men to blow their own trumpets occasionally, without any misapplication of wind. Thus, when RUBETA couples his patrician name with facetiousness, and tells the Lady Superior, that his glory is daily sounded through the 26 states and territories of the Union, he does no more than the son of LAERTES, who boasts that everybody knows his tricks, and tells ALCINOUS that his glory and the stars are quite intimate:

Εἶμ' Ὀδυσεὺς Λαερτίαδης, ὃς πᾶσι δόλοισιν
Ἀνθρώποισι μέλω, καὶ μεῦ κλέος οὐρανὸν ἵκει. *

or than he whom the hero more particularly resembles:

Sum pius Æneas, ——————
—————— fama super æthera notus: †

or than, in fine, the most spirited of all animals, whose gallant *Cock-ee-doodle-doore-e!* heard at all hours by his admiring dames, were it translated from the Gallic into English, would read thus:

* *Odyss.* ix. 19. Oxon. 1797.

† *Æn.* i. 378.

Wagging incessant: on each daily mail
The fowl rides cockhorse and sings out the tale.
From NEPTUNE's darling town, (whose yet green charms
Pout on his breast and swell within his arms,)
Dower'd with fleets, array'd in current gold; 445
Whose bricks, through fools and fires, wax never old;

Lo CHANTICLEER! whose throat all mortals know,
And heav'n-rais'd tail tells how the winds should blow:

while on the other hand it may be cited as a trait of modesty to which neither ULYSSES, nor ÆNEAS, nor ALECTRYONIDES, can lay any claim, RUBETA's appropriating so small a number of the tongues of a creature who is known, by the testimony of VIRGIL, to have as many as she has feathers. * *

443, 444. — *whose yet green charms — Pout on his breast and swell within his arms,*] NEW YORK lies on a broad and beautiful bay, which spreads two magnificent, we had almost said unrivalled, rivers, one on either side of the growing city, embracing as it were this buxom nymph, whose bulk swells out fuller and fuller to the margin of the waves which fold her in. — The metaphor, by the by, is quite in character: the gallant RUBETA is a great admirer of what Pompey calls the fair sex. Thus he daintily compared the polar lights, (*January 14th*, 1837,) *to the blushes on a maiden's cheeks.* He and the amorist BENNET, we are afraid, will yet come to fisticuffs:

"Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins:
Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix:
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage." * * *

445. — *in current gold;*] A very illnatured reflection on the part of RUBETA, and but little consistent with his gentle character. What though the toilette of MANHATTAN is still kept in her pocket, or glitters in a circulating medium, shall not Time transfer it to her neck and bosom, and set it out to sparkle in her ears? Thou art too impatient, generous hero: when men shall have lost the habit of acquiring, and

* THOMSON's *Spring*, 800 – 805.

Where princes, paper-crown'd, drive divers trades,
And half the women, TAPPAN says, are jades,

shall have grown disgusted with the care of hoarding, when boys shall be sent to school to get imbued with a love of literature and science, and not to learn the pence-table, you shall have in modern Tyre one or two domicils that would not do discredit unto BOSTON, and see great public edifices rising from your walks as thick as mercers' and linen-drapers' shops are now.* * *

* To be serious, there are greater evils attending on this absorbing avarice, which characterizes the exclusively mercantile community of NEW YORK, than merely a neglect of good taste, whether in literature or in architecture. Every generous quality, all that elevates the soul, is fast merging in the bottomless gulf of covetousness. I shall be excused, I know, by at least one class of readers, for quoting the following superb passage from a well-known teacher of excellence, where, leaving his less important subject, the sublime in writing, he deviates for a moment, (though not widely, as the two are intimately connected,) to correctness and elevation of moral sentiment. No overdrawn picture does he present of evils which are rankling at this very day, especially in our social system; and like all, the little all, alas! that we have left of that great and philosophic spirit, the instruction which it gives us cannot be too often or too diligently meditated. Thus it is:

'Η γὰρ φιλοχρηματία, πρὸς ἣν ἅπαντες ἀπλήστως ἤδη νοσοῦμεν, καὶ ἡ φιληδονία δουλαγωγοῦσι, μᾶλλον δὲ (ὡς ἂν εἴποι τις) καταβυθίζουσιν, αὐτάνδρους ἤδη τοὺς βίους· φιλαργυρία μὲν νόσημα μικροποιὸν, φιληδονία δ' ἀγεννέστατον. (Could any thing be more apposite to the moral condition of our commercial metropolis, even were it written but yesterday, than this vigorous and beautiful sentence? But to continue the *sublime*, though for us, to whom, for many reasons, NEW YORK is almost as dear as though we were born there, melancholy citation:) Οὐ δὴ ἔχω λογιζόμενος εὑρεῖν, ὡς οἷόν τε πλοῦτον ἀόριστον ἐκτιμήσαντας, τὸ δ' ἀληθέστερον εἰπεῖν ἐκθειάσαντας, τὰ συμφυῆ τούτῳ κακὰ εἰς τὰς ψυχὰς ἡμῶν ἐπεισιόντα μὴ παραδέχεσθαι· ἀκολουθεῖ γὰρ τῷ ἀμέτρῳ πλούτῳ καὶ ἀκολάστῳ συνημμένη καὶ ἴσα, φασὶ, βαίνουσα πολυτέλεια, καὶ ἅμα ἀνοίγοντος ἐκείνου τῶν πόλεων καὶ οἴκων τὰς εἰσόδους, εἰς ἃς ἐμβαίνει, καὶ συνοικίζεται· χρονίσαντα δὲ ταῦτα ἐν τοῖς βίοις, νεοττοποιεῖται, κατὰ τοὺς σοφοὺς, καὶ ταχέως γενόμενα περὶ τεκνοποιΐαν * * * * * a γεννῶσι καὶ τύφον καὶ τρυφὴν, οὐ νόθα ἑαυτῶν γεννήματα, ἀλλὰ καὶ πάνυ γνήσια. Ἐὰν δὲ καὶ τούτους τις τοῦ πλούτου τοὺς ἐκγόνους εἰς ἡλικίαν ἐλθεῖν ἐάσῃ, ταχέως δεσπότας ταῖς ψυχαῖς ἐντίκτουσιν ἀπαραιτήτους, ὕβριν καὶ παρανομίαν καὶ ἀναισχυντίαν. Ταῦτα γὰρ οὕτως ἀνάγκη γίνεσθαι, καὶ μηκέτι τοὺς ἀνθρώπους ἀναβλέπειν, μηδὲ πέρα φήμης εἶναί τινα λόγον· ἀλλὰ τοιούτων ἐν κύκλῳ τελεσιουργεῖσθαι κατ' ὀλίγον τῶν βίων τὴν διαφθοράν, φθίνειν δὲ καὶ καταμαραίνεσθαι τὰ ψυχικὰ μεγέθη, καὶ ἄζηλα γίνεσθαι, ἡνίκα τὰ θνητὰ ἑαυτῶν μέρη κᾀνόνητα ἐκθαυμάζοιεν, παρέντες αὔξειν τ' ἀθάνατα. Οὐ γὰρ ἐπὶ κρίσει μέν τις δε-

a Though using the edition of Bishop PEARCE, as the reader will have observed, I have not hesitated to omit the vicious interpolation or corruption which that excellent editor retained in his text; to wit, ἀνάλεξον ἔν τι, which means just nothing in the place where it occurs, and is in all probability what PEARCE suspected it to be, a mere gloss by some grammarian. For this, TOLLIUS indeed has given us a substitute ἀλαζόνειάν τε; a very good conjectural emendation. But the text is sufficiently complete without it. * *

(*Arthur*, you know, — that shirt-and-trowsers MONK,
Who loves cross-breeding, but abhors a punk;) 450

Ver. 446. — *fools* —] Namely, the municipal council. See, back, v. 25–28. * *

447. *Where princes, paper-crown'd, drive divers trades.*] The *N. Y. American* terms the merchants of MANHATTAN *merchant-princes!* (See one of the numbers of that journal, somewhere in the first or second week of January, 1837.) This misapplication of a title which was properly enough applied to the traders of a city where they were indeed princes by birth and rank, though merchants by occupation, is, we are aware, merely the result of ignorance, — being, no doubt, the KING'S English for *princely merchants;* yet it is not so inconsequential as one might at first suppose, who knew not to what extent the citizens of these UNITED STATES are governed by the editors, bad, worse, and worst, of their multitudinous papers. To confine ourselves to NEW YORK: What right has the name of prince to be applied as a commendatory title of dignity to trading citizens? It is such indiscreet coaxing, the nursery-dialect of grown children like PETRONIUS, which pampers the pride already too big for leadingstrings. Men whom we remember to have seen, thirty or five-and-thirty years ago, be it more or less, with scarcely a rag to their back, now drive their carriages; much to their honor, did they do it modestly; but it really makes the

κασθεὶς οὐκ ἂν ἐπὶ τῶν δικαίων καὶ καλῶν ἐλεύθερος καὶ ὑγιὴς ἂν κριτὴς γένοιτο· ἀνάγκη γὰρ τῷ δωροδόκῳ τὰ οἰκεῖα μὲν φαίνεσθαι καλὰ καὶ δίκαια. Ὅπου δὲ ἡμῶν ἑκάστου τοὺς ὅλους ἤδη βίους δεκασμοὶ βραβεύουσι, καὶ ἀλλοτρίων θῆραι θανάτων, καὶ ἔνεδραι διαθήκων, τὸ δ' ἐκ τοῦ παντὸς κερδαίνειν ὠνούμεθα τῆς ψυχῆς, ἕκαστος πρὸς τῆς φιλοχρηματίας ἠνδραποδισμένοι, ἆρα δὴ ἐν τῇ τοσαύτῃ λοιμικῇ τοῦ βίου διαφθορᾷ δοκοῦμεν ἔτι ἐλεύθερόν τινα κριτὴν τῶν μεγάλων, ἢ διηκόντων πρὸς τὸν αἰῶνα, καὶ ἕκαστον ἀπολελεῖφθαι, καὶ μὴ καταρχαιρεσιάζεσθαι πρὸς τῆς τοῦ πλεονεκτεῖν ἐπιθυμίας;[a] * * * * * *Ὅλως καὶ δαπανὸν ἔφην εἶναι τῶν νῦν γεννωμένων φύσεων τὴν ῥᾳθυμίαν, ᾗ, πλὴν ὀλίγων, πάντες ἐγκαταβιοῦμεν, οὐκ ἄλλως πονοῦντες ἢ ἀναλαμβάνοντες, εἰ μὴ ἐπαίνου καὶ ἡδονῆς ἕνεκα, ἀλλὰ μὴ τῆς ζήλου καὶ τιμῆς ἀξίας ποτὲ ὠφελείας.*

LONG. *de Sublim.* xliv.: *ex ed. Pearcii.*

If any person of the class we have alluded to shall have derived from the reading of this long quotation, so deserving to be writ in characters of gold, as much melancholy satisfaction as we have found in transcribing it, we are amply repaid for the labor it has cost us. * *

[a] We copy the homely, and, as it seems to us, somewhat misplaced, remark of TOLLIUS upon this clause; for the same reason for which we have given the entire passage from LONGINUS, its sad applicability to the subject of our note: — "Proprie est largitione, ab iis qui magistratum in comitiis petunt, et pecunia quidem, corrumpi; ita ut Catones repulsum ferant, Vatinii verò et Nonii Strumæ in sellis sedeant curulibus." * *

From this new Tyre, which bounteous HEAVEN has
blest
Above all good with journals, (mine the best,)

decrepid genius of monarchy laugh, to see them ducking through republican streets in an open jaunty vehicle, (apt representative of their fortune's frail creation and existence,) with a negro on the box in tinselled livery. Were this decoration worn that one might tell the man from the master, it would doubtless be serving a useful purpose; but, alas! the heart, the heart, — there is no republicanism there! Those, who in that goodly city have most the cant of democracy on their lips, would barter soul and body to lord it for an hour over their poorer fellows. Hence many, who cannot do it there, live abroad.

This rampant pride, moreover, engenders a bitter spirit of envy in the less fortunate members of the same class of society. I declare to GOD, I have been the unwilling hearer of more detraction and petty defamation, within these three or four last years, than I have ever heard in all the rest of my life put together. Miserable worms! when to-morrow shall see you in your coffin, and he, the humble friend you pass unrecognised to-day, may void his spittle on your livid cheek, and not a pulse throb at the indignity!

448. — *half the women, TAPPAN says, are jades.*] See the impartial favors of the notorious *Magdalen Report* of Mr. ARTHUR TAPPAN, who, it seems, is no friend to monopoly in bad reputation. NEW YORK, good ARTHUR, is, in one respect, as licentious as any city in Christendom; and, in the same respect, as nakedly so as any in GREAT BRITAIN: * and that is quite enough for the present, without damning by anticipation the souls of our wives and daughters.

* — *as nakedly so as any in GREAT BRITAIN:*] It is only LONDON or LIVERPOOL can present such a scene as our modern *Suburra*[a] does from sunset until nearly after midnight. AMERICA and GREAT BRITAIN may make it their peculiar boast, that, in their favored seats of freedom, Impurity is permitted to hunt down her victims, while elsewhere the position is reversed. And this is said for what? That the police may earn their wages. Little does it matter indeed whether rogues and strumpets pursue their nice vocation in the lighted promenade or in an alley; but it is of very much matter that our sons and daughters should not witness it. Much of the goodness of one half of the world depends upon its being ignorant of the wickedness of the other.

[a] BROADWAY.

——— *totaque impune Suburra*
Permisit sparsisse oculos jam candidus umbo.
PERS. v. 32. *ed.* CASAUB. *Lond.* 1647. **

Rapt on the wings of steam, for promis'd fame
A new goldfinder in your sinks of shame,
I come! Prepare. Dead babe hope not to hide,
Nor friar's sandal, where this wand is guide!
Aided by which, shall pierce your very stones
My eagle eyes, and find those little bones!

Ver. 450. *Who loves cross-breeding* —] ARTHUR, though he advocates association of the whites and the blacks on equal terms of fellowship, denies that he is for direct amalgamation by marriage. It is of no consequence, ARTHUR; the latter would be sure to follow, could the former ever take place; as, to be serious, HEAVEN never meant it should. There seems to be a prohibition set by nature on the mixture of the two races: for, whether it be that, with the present notions of society, none but the debauched or degraded of either sex among the whites will cohabit with the opposite color, it is very certain that the offspring of such a union is usually marked by every vicious propensity. The mulatto, wherever found, is almost invariably worthless; remarkable indeed for personal comeliness, but, on the other hand, as conspicuous for moral deformity.

454. *A new goldfinder* —] As successor to MONK, the original contractor. * *

458. *My eagle eyes* —]

"We now reëntered the convent, and ascended to the next story, examining every apartment with the most deliberate and eagle-eyed attention." *Visit*, etc.

The second member of the verse alludes to those monstrously absurd as well as infamous stories, which, it appears from RUBETA's published visit, are told by Monk and Company,

"Infantum, ————————————
Quos dulcis vitæ exsortes, et ab ubere raptos,
Abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo:" *

the truth of which the luminous RUBETA thought it worth while to investigate; though the book, it was very evident, could be only such as a salacious imagination would put together, or a licentious curiosity would read. Although the filthy publication, which RUBETA and his reverend coadjutors at MONTREAL amused themselves with reading at breakfast, (see *Visit*, &c.,) we have indeed not seen, having a suf-

* VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 427. * *

Out spake the abbess then: Thou canst not mean
To wreak such wrong! thou art not so obscene.
What, thou! so pure! so soft! can MONK'S bad page
Inspire thy breast with more than TAPPAN'S rage?
Heed him not, daughters; women's things he loves.
O sir! not eagle's are those eyes, but dove's.
Nymph of the cells, (thus gravely we reply'd,)
Measure not wholes by marking one slant side.
Is 't not our journal's patent? Touch it not.
Nor see men's eyes in glances they have shot.
Like the loose sands on ocean's hither verge,
Which shift their surface with each beating surge;

ficiently good appetite for our morning's meal without the stimulus of such a viand, we can safely assure the reader it is only fit to be burned; common sense, and a knowledge of nature, equally pronouncing it absurd. The sexual vices of communities of women living under the peculiar restraints of conventual life are, for very sufficient reasons, confined in all ages to those which DIDEROT thought fit to make known, in one of his filthy novels. (The *tribades* of ancient times, of whom ST. PAUL speaks in his epistle to the ROMANS,* sufficiently illustrate my meaning.) They are among the secret execrable indulgences which will defile many in every age, and which, as they can never be prevented, it were better never to mention. We only add, that none but a man utterly regardless of the moral consequences of his actions, or, what is as bad in the conductor of a public press, incapable of foreseeing them, would have taken notice of such a book in a newspaper, whose columns are as often spelled over by the young and uninstructed, as by the imbecile and aged. But the gage of this person's moral capacity will be further seen in the course of the poem.

* Διὰ τοῦτο παρέδωκεν αὐτοὺς ὁ Θεὸς εἰς πάθη ἀτιμίας· αἵτε γὰρ θήλειαι ἀντῶν μετήλλαξαν τὴν φυσικὴν χρῆσιν εἰς τὴν παρὰ φύσιν. — Cap. i. 26. **

A host of little shells now greet the day,
Which the next billow, refluent, bears away;
So, varying still, th' inconstant eyes but show
Passion's, or simple feeling's, ebb and flow.
But the hoar cliffs which beetle o'er the deep,
Firm-bas'd and huge, immortal horror keep:
What though their sides give back the sun's broad glare,
The wear of wave, the waste of time is there;
Jagged and grim, they heave a frightful form,
Frown o'er the flood, and seem to dare the storm.
Such be the lips: there grave the passions' rule
And habit of the thoughts man knave or fool.
Yes, mark these lines: here PISTOL'S courage lies;
And NYM'S decision here, though blink the eyes.

Ver. 481, 482. *Such be the lips: there grave the passions' rule — And habit of the thoughts man knave or fool.*] RUBETA says this in pure modesty, as he is speaking of the stone which guards his own capacious orifice, and that of men of equal grandeur. For ordinary mortals, the comparison of their lips to a couple of wave-eaten cliffs would be more sublime than illustrative. * *

By permission of the Editor, the Corrector would remark, that the application of the morality of this figure is scarcely worthy of the hero. If we were to qualify the phrase concerning the tyranny of the passions by adding the epithet *petty*, or *vulgar*, or *mean*, and for *habit of the thoughts* read *the habit of not thinking*, the comparison would be spoiled indeed, but the likeness would be better. Let us try our hand at it:

So on these lips the pettier passions' rule,
And driv'lling dulness, stamp both knave and fool.

Yet fear not, madam, therefore: what though brave?
RUBETA wars not to destroy, but save;
(Women at least, — except bald BRUNO's gang;
For Sense and Learning, let them ware my fang!)
For, while they pay, I love my fellow-men.
My gods are glory, money, and the pen.
Those drove me here, to feed my purse and pride;
And so I write, I care not on which side.
As the same river floats both ships and logs;
As the same physic purges men and dogs;
As the same fly his lithe proboscis dips
In ordure or in dew of ladies' lips;

Ver. 490. *My gods are glory*, etc.] In his passion for glory, and the perils he endured by land and by water to gratify it in this particular instance, RUBETA is a very Cyrus. The passage of the historian and philosopher, which marks in brief the qualities personal and mental of the son of CAMBYSES, is so perfectly applicable to our own greater hero, the reviver at once and concentrated essence in his own person of ancient virtue, that we copy it for the gratification of the readers of the Vision, who will think the honey of the Attic bee is well bestowed on this darling of the Muses, this *bud of VENUS and nursling of the Graces.** Φῦναι δὲ ὁ Κῦρος (RUBETA) λέγεται, καὶ ᾄδεται ἔτι καὶ νῦν ὑπὸ τῶν βαρβάρων (*i. e. in his journals,*) εἶδος μὲν κάλλιστος, ψυχὴν δὲ φιλανθρωπότατος, καὶ φιλομαθέστατος, καὶ φιλοτιμότατος, ὥστε πάντα μὲν πόνον ἀνατλῆναι, πάντα δὲ κίνδυνον ὑπομεῖναι, τοῦ ἐπαινεῖσθαι ἕνεκα. — XEN. *Cyrop.* i. 2., *ed. Weise:* 12mo. *Tauchnitius.*

491. *Those* etc.] *Those*, the former deities, ambition and avarice, urged me on to this adventure, and "the pen," the love of scribbling, will put me up to describing it; and little does it matter which side I take, for "As, *etc.*" * *

* Expressions of ARISTOPHANES.

So when my need requires, to gull the town,
Both truth and falsehood equally go down.
Madam, the meaning of which Latin is,
Rubeta's cause is yours and yours is his:
Search you he must; this honor bids him do;
But whether he shall find depends on you.

Ver. 497, 498. *So when my need requires, to gull the town, — Both truth and falsehood equally go down.*] See, for *some* examples, the note to v. 260, 261, of Canto iii., and the note on v. 715, of Canto iv. They are all, however, mere *Ex uno disce omnes:* his paper, like most others in America, will furnish daily illustration of the text.

499. *Madam, the meaning of which Latin is,*] A verse of Dryden's, in the *Tale of the Nun's Priest.*

501. *Search you he must* —] "I remarked to them that I presumed, from what had been dropped at our former visit, they were fully apprized of the object of our call, — being, if possible, to test the truth or falsehood of Maria Monk's publications in New York. I informed them, that I should be satisfied with nothing short of a minute examination of any and every part of the institution, etc. etc. *And there was not an apartment, in either story, which I did not examine with the closest scrutiny, from floor to ceiling*, etc. etc. We visited the cells of the nuns and examined their furniture (!!!) etc." *Visit*, &c.

If one only reflect for a minute on the above intelligence, the exquisite impudence of a man's presuming to search a religious house of females, (or any house whatever,) not under his control, and that too in as it were a foreign country, will make him stare. Upon my word, I know nothing that can equal in effrontery, as nothing can surpass in absurdity, this chivalrous expedition of Rubeta, — except it should be himself. The women should have crammed the fool into one of the "carboys" he speaks of, and made water on him.

This note I am inclined to think is spurious, as the Author would hardly have rendered so illustrious for every virtue and endowment of mind a creature he despised. It was probably written by some person to whom he had lent the poem previously to putting it into our possession. Of Rubeta's right to search the convent, and examine the nuns' chambers, I think there can be but one opinion. The voice of religious duty, of philanthropy, and of honor, urged the hero on, and nothing called him back, but common sense and common decency. **

For though my heart persuades me MONK is sound,
I 'd give the world the wretch were sack'd and
drown'd!

Ver. 503. — *my heart persuades me MONK is sound,*] "I am constrained in candor to confess," (says RUBETA in his *Visit,*) "that, although at times a partial believer, and at others a skeptic as to the truth of her fearful revelations of hypocrisy, lust, and blood, I was rather a believer than otherwise during the earlier part of my Canadian visit."—The meaning of the opposition between *although at times a partial believer,* and *I was rather a believer than otherwise,* is not very obvious; yet the natural conclusion would be, that RUBETA was a thorough believer by the time he got to MONTREAL, only we find, by the text, that he explains it himself into a *persuasion of his heart,* doubtless against his reason. And here there have not been wanting commentators to assert, that it was the foulness of his own heart which induced the otherwise clear-seeing *Ruby* to believe these *fearful revelations:* but they evidently err in malice; for, though we are indeed told that the imagination of man's heart is always evil, (*Figmentum cogitationum cordis hominis tantummodo malum est omni tempore,**) what but an innocent, unspotted soul could believe in such monstrous guilt without the most direct and undeniable evidence? Understand it therefore, *For though the simplicity of my own honest heart would lead me to believe that MONK told the truth,* etc.

"Tam sæpe nostrum decipi Fabullum, quid
Miraris, Aule? semper bonus homo tiro est." † **

504. *I 'd give the world the wretch were sack'd and drown'd!*] *Spietata Ambizione!* Bowelless Ambition! Even the gentle RUBETA forgets his nature, and grows tiger-toothed at thy infernal instigation.

"Comprendi
Che l'uomo ambizïoso è uom crudele.
Tra le sue mire di grandezza e lui
Metti il capo del padre e del fratello;
Calcherà l' uno e l' altro, e farà d' ambo
Sgabello ai piedi per salir sublime." ‡

Even so says ARISTODEMUS. And if a king, thus prompted, can make a footstool of his father's head, what wonder that RUBETA, greater than a king, a sage, should wish to see MARIA bagged and sinking. **

* *Gen.* vi. 5. † MART. *Ep.* xii. 51. ‡ MONTI: *Aristod. At.* 1°, *Sc.* 4ª.

For, Mother, — oh! — I choke for very spite, —
My child is dead, since MARY'S saw the light!
My lov'd *Matthias!* he, my last! my best!
So AARON'S serpent swallow'd up the rest.
Therefore this staff shall rake your Cato's den,
T' outramp lewd MONK, and saliant make our pen.
For as the beetle, which in roses dies,
When wrapp'd in dung is known again to rise,

Ver. 505–507. *For, Mother, — oh! — I choke for very spite, — My child is dead*, etc.] This is telling the truth to put SATAN to confusion. *Rub's* ingenuousness in pleading guilty to envy cannot be too much admired.

We know not who wrote the above note, which is traced with a lead pencil, but it is certainly made without due reflection. Emulation is not envy; literary rivalry might agitate the breast of an ADDISON. *Rub* writes a book on religious imposture: being by a known and distinguished hand, it reaches a second edition: up starts MONK'S, upon the same subject, and, like AARON'S serpent, as *Ruby* says, swallows the unfortunate *Matthias* whole. Has not then the hero a reason to abhor MARIA?

* *

508. *So AARON'S serpent*, etc.] It appears to have escaped the Author that this entire verse belongs to POPE:

And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like AARON'S serpent swallows up the rest.
Essay on Man, ii. * *

509. — *Cato's den.*] VIRGIL writes the name *Cacus:* but that is of no consequence: RUBETA must have his reasons for deviating from received authority: and besides, what is VIRGIL to RUBETA? * *

510. — *saliant make our pen.*] *Saliant:* a term in heraldry applied to animals in a leaping posture. Some impertinent grammarian, commenting on the passage, has presumed to give the word an equivocal meaning, notwithstanding the companion-phrase *ramp* sufficiently indicates its sense, and is moreover applied to an animal said to be of the feminine gender. * *

511. *For as the beetle, which in roses dies, — When*, etc.] "Quando sepelis scarabæum in rosis, moritur; et, si sepelis in stercore, vivifica-

So, though I mince, the town's dull taste to please,
And piddle any way like vulgar REESE;
Yet nastiness in petto forms my joy,
Gives me new life, and cures where dainties cloy.

tur." — ALBERT. MAG. *de Mirab. Mun.* (*in eodem libello quo de Secretis*, etc.) *Lugd.* 1582.

514. — *vulgar* REESE;] DAVID MEREDITH REESE, M. D. — This very wise Doctor in Medicine has his fat little finger in every dish. Thus: a book is published on *Phrenology*, (a doctrine, by the by, Dr. JOHN AUGUSTINE SMITH, which, however inexact its superstructure, is based on incontestable truth,) Dr. REESE, without knowing any thing about it, rumbles away at it, as though all the thunder of the church were concentred in his single belly to fright the demon of this new heresy. Does the *Temperance Cause* want a strong advocate, out pops Dr. REESE, like MINERVA, ready-armed. *Ecce signum:*

"*High Price of Provisions.* — A public meeting for the consideration and discussion of the above important subject will be held at the Tabernacle, in Broadway, on Friday evening next, the 20th inst. In Paris bread is 2 cents a pound, in London 3, — in America, the greatest grain-growing country in the world, 6. Why is this? Thousands of bushels of grain, *etc.* Who eats this food? What has become of it? The distilleries of this city alone annually consume 1,200,000 bushels, and the breweries destroy many thousand bushels more. For this wanton and sinful perversion of the bounties of Providence, is there no help? *etc.* The Rev. Dr. ———, David M. Reese, M. D., and the Rev. Thomas P. ———, are engaged to address the meeting. Services will commence at 7 o'clock." *Adv. in the N. Y. papers.*

What! does the little Doctor think, because his name is DAVID, he was born to make a Psalter?

514. *And piddle any way like vulgar* REESE;] A book has just appeared, (*March*, 1838,) the title of which will illustrate very clearly this verse in the text: to wit, "Humbugs of New York, being a Remonstrance against Popular Delusion, whether in Science, Philosophy, or Religion. By David Meredith Reese, M. D. New York." Where, as the editor of the N. Y. American tells us, "Animal Magnetism, Phrenology, Homœopathia, Ultra Temperance, Ultra Abolitionism, Ultra Protestantism, and Ultra *Sectarianism*, are in turn discussed with much ability." (By the by, it is rare that so good matter finds so good a judge.) * *

515, 516. *Yet nastiness in petto forms my joy, — Gives me new life, and cures where dainties cloy.*] See, for one example, the N. Y. Comm. Adv. of May 20th, 1835, where some hypocritical old woman's pedantic and puritanically indecent gossip, of *the outrageous conduct of the vaga-*

Nay! weep not ladies, nor your entrails vex:
Our cause is one; RUBETA loves your sex:
And as to save you serves my own great end,
Reach me your hands; I stand your convent's friend. 520

bond boys, who, every evening, perpetrate unmolested the vilest outrages upon the persons of young and defenceless females, in the streets of NANTUCKET, is industriously copied from the "Inquirer" of that place, and ushered in with appropriate flourishes in equally pure English, headed, in editorial capitals, TROUBLE IN NANTUCKET; of which, take this specimen:

"We should as soon have expected, from all previous information, to hear of a sedate elephant *playing off* the tricks and *capers* of a restless monkey, as of any thing in the shape of wickedness perpetrated among the sober Jethros and Pelegs of Nantucket, even though it were by the youngest proprietors of those euphonious appellatives; *etc.* What is our friend the Editor about that he tolerates such enormities? *etc.*"

It is probable, that the mighty *trouble* was nothing but the usual ribaldry of schoolboys, who, despite the poets, are everywhere wanton: but, whether exaggeration, or simple fact, a man must love the prurience of concupiscence when he takes the trouble, gratuitously, to put before us dirty anecdotes, and chuckles facetiously over them by way of commentary:

"Because he seems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text too plain;
And teaches more in one explaining page
Than all the double-meanings of the stage." *

However, see note to v. 714 of Canto iv., for an account of other specimens of purity, still more edifying to the young idea than this, and equally worthy of the nice gentleman who "*devoted*," to use his own language, *part of a morning*, "to the *study* of the latest edition" of MONK'S beastly narrative.

519. — *to save you serves my own great end,*] *Sc.* by enabling him to incur the expense of sundry additional pairs of breeches for its comfort and protection. — *Vet. Schol.*

We see no need of giving this simple phrase such substantiality of

* DRYDEN'S *Cymon and Iphigenia.* **

Give me but ground to swear MARIA lies,
I 'll squirt your spital even to the skies.
As when two friends meet sudden, far from home,
In HAROUN'S walks, or PETER'S church at ROME:
They start, embrace, repeat each other's name; 525
Eyes, lips, and hands, one mutual joy proclaim:
Or as when swan-legg'd PHYLLIS, in her path,
Spies, HALE, thy darling bristling up in wrath;

meaning. Understand by his "great end," *money*, or *notoriety*, or *money and notoriety*. In v. 468, 469, he has said:

> "My gods are glory, money, and the pen.
> Those drove me here, to feed my purse and pride." **

521, 522. *Give me but ground to swear MARIA lies, — I 'll squirt your spital even to the skies.*] So, or something like this, said ARCHIMEDES of his lever and the world. It is wonderful how often great men think and speak alike! **

Ib.] Accordingly, at the tail of his prose *Visit* RUBETA enters this solemn declaration; which we print in the same style as there found:

"I will therefore now close this protracted narrative, by expressing my deliberate and solemn opinion, founded not only upon my own careful examination, but upon the firmest convictions of nearly the entire population of Montreal, — embracing the body of the most intelligent evangelical Christians, THAT MARIA MONK IS AN ARRANT IMPOSTOR, AND HER BOOK, IN ALL ITS ESSENTIAL FEATURES, A TISSUE OF CALUMNIES." *Etc.* "RUBETA."

"Postscript. * * * * * How melancholy to see grave theologians and intelligent laymen, thus pinning themselves to the aprons of such women! But enough. "RUB." **

524. *In HAROUN'S walks* —] That is, *in Bagdad*. The readers of the *Arabian Nights* will not have forgotten the Caliph HAROUN. **

528. — *HALE, thy darling* —] GERARD HALE, editor of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce. The canicidal propensities of this modern reviver of the Cynophontis are well known.

The baptismal name of the dog-queller is *David*, and not *Gerard;* which belongs to his partner. **

Then sees, as on with fluttering heart she goes,
CARLO down tail and only smell her clothes:
Or like who treads some plashy road by night,
And takes for mire veil'd CYNTHIA'S partial light,
But setting down one timid foot to try,
Feels the spot hard, delighted finds it dry:
So show'd the abbess joy, surprise, to see
Friend, quiet cur, sure ground, all met in me.
Then clear and loud was heard that lady's throat,
And from her rivell'd lips these accents float:
O dear delight! O joy which saints might share!
I see my ass! my dream is Daniell'd there!
O that it might with hood and wimple suit
To give that pleasant mouth one chaste salute!
But Father RICHARD'S bill must serve instead.
Now hear what vision bless'd my virgin bed.
Bolt upright on our spital's highest wall
Methought the apostate sat; so hugely tall,
Her shadow gloom'd thy towers, dun MONTREAL!
In man's attire indecent, straddled wide,
Her long limbs spurn the ground. On th' outer side,
Drawn by a team of monstrous geese, a cart,
Fresh from the sinks, now play'd no vulgar part.
Books were its load; and in their midst a pole
Bore high a petticoat and friar's cowl,
Stitch'd crosswise; where this legend met the eyes:
MONK'S Stool of Pray'r, or Spiritual Spanish Flies.

A man half priest, in surplice wrong side out,
Sat in the front to rein the feather'd rout.
From time to time he thunder'd out these words:
Damn morals! flout old Babylon, my birds!
Whereat, with clanging wing, these spread the bill,
And hiss, harsh-straining, silly discord shrill.
Meantime this demi-priest, his right arm free,
Takes singly up the books with seeming glee,
And reach'd them, redolent of filth, to MONK:
Then much they seem'd to joy that honest punk:
Ah, DWIGHT! she sigh'd, and pitch'd them, echoing *Dwight*,
Down in the yard: where lo! a novel sight.
A swarm of fœtuses, of such strange looks
As figure on the leaves of doctors' books;
(I 'm told they keep 'em bottled too, on shelves!
I wonder if they pickle 'em themselves?)

Ver. 559. "*Damn morals! flout old Babylon, my birds!*"] Whatever the mischiefs of the Catholic faith, (and the compiler of MONK's *Disclosures* cannot know them as well as the writer of this note,) they never can sanction the burning of convents,* and the aspersing of the reputation of innocent women by indecent pictures, which are read universally only for the solitary titillation of a lustful fancy. It must be truly gratifying to the moral feelings of Mr. DWIGHT, to have made thousands of women whores by stigmatizing some score or two as such.

* As lately, by certain of the rabble, in this very State,

Ausi quod liceat tunica punire molesta;[a]

that is, for which they deserved the *san-benito;* yet an atrocity which really seemed to give high satisfaction to certain persons, such as RUBETA calls *gentlemen of true Christian piety,* κατ' ἐξοχήν, and *professors of the Protestant faith.*

[a] JUV. *Sat.* viii. 235.

We deem they do; are not quite sure, I said.
(Jesu Maria! what a shocking trade!)
Of these, instinct with infant life, a swarm
Crawl'd from the earth, of every size and form.
Thick as the fluttering, tottering, tailless brood,
By cottage huswife cluck'd to matin food,
When, standing at the door with heap'd-up pan,
She strows impartial round the moisten'd bran.
Or as you see the black ants busy run
Tow'rd some dead insect drying in the sun
On your stone window-sill: from crack and seam,
Beside, beneath, the restless creatures stream:
Gather'd in knots these seem to hold debate;
Those scour the plain, the envoys of the state;
Ant jostles ant; till one more apt to toil
'Mid the vain bustle carries off the spoil.
So dense, confus'd, encount'ring without sound,
Swarm the rude fry and glisten o'er the ground.
Fast as imprison'd turkeys gorge their food,
The blind, long-navell'd, fungus-headed brood

Ver. 572. *We deem they do; are not quite sure* —] In matters of importance, as we have seen, (note to v. 378,) Rubeta always qualifies his opinion with some such negative phrase: a tautological modesty eminently graceful in a man of his universal knowledge, who might well be allowed not to doubt any thing. * *

591. *The blind, long-navell'd, fungus-headed brood*] *Blind,* because the eyes of *fœtus* are always represented as closed. The succeeding epithets appear to refer to the appendage of the umbilical cord, and the monstrous size of the head, which in these subjects bears some such

Lift in their tiny hands, nor seem to strain,
The printed excrement of Monk's gross brain,
And pile it 'gainst our wall. Then flash'd the pyre
With sudden blaze; the eddying flames aspire;
Tome catches after tome and feeds the rav'ning fire.
As when in populous cities, in the streets,
Some old straw-bed with funeral honors meets,
The sudden flame gilds ev'ry dwelling nigh,
And the thick smoke rolls crimson to the sky:
A youthful rabble gather round with cries,
Stir the red mass, and watch the sparks arise.
To distant passer-by no irksome sight
The scene's bold shadows and its shifting light;
But he who fronts it where the night-wind blows,
Curses old straw, and, coughing, stops his nose.

proportion to the neck and body as a mushroom to its stem. But the curious in such matters may consult the superb work of Dr. Hunter: *Anat. Uteri Hum. Grav. tabulis illust.* * *

593. — *Monk's gross brain,*] Should be *Dwight's pure brain,* if Rubeta and report say rightly; for it would seem, that Maria merely furnished the matter, while this theological gentleman digested it. * *

600. — *crimson* —] The last sad office to mattresses defunct is usually performed by night, with a view to the greater pomp and solemnity of the ceremony.

601 – 606. *A youthful rabble,* etc. — *But he who fronts it where the night-wind blows — Curses old straw, and, coughing, stops his nose.*] The good lady would seem to have been in Manhattan at some period of her more worldly life; for though Montreal may at times witness such funeral-piles, like other cities, yet it is the glory of New York to abound in them, from the latter end of April to the middle of May, (or in *moving-time* as it is locally and appropriately called,) to the manifest delight of horses and of persons with tender eyes.

At these holocausts of old straw, all the little blackguards in the

Pretty ! (methought,) as far as the mere sight goes ;
But, Heav'n ! the rogues 'll roast us in our night-clothes !
Judge then my fright when, sudden from the ground,
Two forms, in surcingle and cassock bound,
One like a dumpling, delicately round,
Shot into life, and squatting by the pyre,
Fann'd with foul breath the smoke-encircled fire !
But chief the dumpling-belly'd parson blew ;
Such blasts, the flame a mimic ETNA grew.
MONK clapp'd her haunches guiltless of a gown,
And faster pour'd the hail of volumes down.
Then did it seem GOD'S hallow'd roof must fall,
And one red ruin whelm saints, salves, and all ;
When a harsh sound, that woke more mirth than fear,
Like ungreas'd grindstone grated on my ear,
And lo ! a creature of a hue stone-gray,
Of mouth sedate and eyes of temper'd ray,
Came trotting up, with neck extended proud,
Prick'd his long ears and stood amid the crowd,

street assemble shouting, and leap through the smoke, like the Roman boors at the *Palilia*. (And it is an amusing coincidence by the by, that the festival of the goddess of shepherds was celebrated about the same time.) * *

Spread wide his beauteous jaws, and braying twice,
Th' unclouted bantlings vanish'd in a trice.
Not so Geneva: puffing like a toad,
Fearless the swollen navel matchless stood,
Gather'd fresh fuel and fed the surging flood.
His silken brother skulk'd within his shade,
And boldly clapp'd him when the jackass bray'd.
So coward schoolboys second with delight
Their bolder mates, and prompt the closing fight.
Then rag'd the war: here swell Sir Dumpling's cheeks;
There the brute's windpipe whistles, sobs, and creaks;

Ver. 635 – 638. *Then rag'd the war: here swell Sir Dumpling's cheeks;— There the brute's windpipe*, etc. — *At every blast the girdled belly blew,— Longer*, etc.] The Author has here taken his privilege as poet to make the abbess foreshow the newspaper-contest which afterward arose between BRUNO and RUBETA. ANON.

The above remark is one of the examples of a misapplication of ingenuity so often furnished by commentators. Though by special providence the abbess might well have dreamed of the coming event, yet such a particular dispensation would surely have been noticed by the exact *Rubeta;* for, be it observed, it is not the Poet who speaks, as the above interpreter would have it, but RUBETA, who here recounts precisely what he had heard, and it is hardly to be imagined that the Poet would interfere with a person of RUBETA's accuracy. The dream is simply a dream. * *

We cannot refrain from slily expressing our dissent at the tail of this decision. The whole dream is so perfectly descriptive of events which have since taken place; the fire of BRUNO, and the passive courage of his bottle-holder MOLCUS, are so little to be mistaken; that no doubt can remain of the correctness of the anonymous commentator. The Reader will decide. *A compositor.*

At ev'ry blast the girdled belly blew,
Longer his ears, his bray diviner grew.
But to the outward wall the round priest laid
A stair of LEAVITT'S publications made,
Clumb up the height, and leaping over twitches
His bottle-holder with him by the breeches.
MONK saw, and toppling headlong in despair,
Burst into two, and vanish'd, GOD knows where!
Still blaz'd the pyre; but now, our valiant ass,
Meek satisfaction mantling o'er his face,
Gaz'd round the field, gave one prodigious bray,
And listen'd till its echoes dy'd away,
Then, in a mode ill fits a maid to name,
Turn'd briskly to the wall, and quench'd the flame.

Ver. 640. *A stair of LEAVITT'S publications made,*] In NEW YORK Messrs. LEAVITT, LORD, & Co. are the chief publishers of theological works for the Presbyterian church, as Messrs. SWORDS & Co. for the Episcopal. * *

643, 644. *MONK saw, and toppling headlong in despair, — Burst into two, and vanish'd, GOD knows where!*] When the braying of the Commercial at last overpowered the pulmonary vigor of BRUNO, and the backclapping of MOLCUS, the house of Monk, formed by the two Canada pigeons, as celebrated in the earlier part of the Canto, split into its component parts, and exit. The last that was heard of the fair MARIA was, if we mistake not, of her arrest by her bookseller on a plea of debt, just as she was going off (according to the newspapers) with some reverend gentleman, — we believe with BRUNO'S identical bottle-holder.

ANON.

Conclusion of the Canto.] Perhaps it may not be superfluous to remark, for some readers, that this dream of the abbess has nothing to do with the title of the poem. The *Vision of Rubeta* is a very different thing altogether, and its "prodigies august" are not recounted, it will be seen, till the final Canto. See the first note in this volume, on *the proposition* of the poem. * *

CANTO SECOND.

THE NUNNERY.

ARGUMENT.

The hero continues his narration. — The refection. Savory and sage conversation which Rubeta held with the nuns thereat. The augury. The abbess is seized with a fit of prophetic inspiration. She promises canonization to the hero. Grand march of the exploring army of the Veils. Address of its commander. Examination of the dormitory. The troops are reinforced by the novices, and with this accession of strength descend to the vaults. Awful trial of the magic wand. Retreat and reascent. The room of the spinners. The hero scales the wall. Disastrous consequences of this perilous exploit, and the precipitous flight of the sisterhood. The heroic chief in his lonely and distressing situation and condition finds solace in the bosom of philosophy. His prayer to Venus. Its success. He is only lifted out of one predicament to fall into another still more painful. His shrieks bring back the sisterhood. The awkwardness of Fretille. Unabated fire of the hero. His speech to his forces : their reply. The adventure of the jars. The exhausted sisters would return : but their great commander rouses up their courage, and leads them to the craven. Arrival at the iron door, and encounter with the Cyclops. The hero, in danger of annihilation, is rescued by the interposition of Boiteuse. The Cyclops opens the iron door, and bares the passage to the cave of enchantment. **

THE

VISION OF RUBETA.

CANTO SECOND.

The Abbess ceased. Fir'd by the scene she drew,
To arms! I cry'd; the work is yet to do:
Delay breeds languor; courage! onward set!
Stay, said the Mother; first your whistle wet.
Valor has entrails, and the mettled soul,
Like duller spirit, lives by bread and bowl.
And hark! where happily chiming with our need
Sonnette's clear signal summons us to feed;
Roll me, my maidens, forward in my seat:
We quit our ease to see Rubeta eat.

Ver. 5, 6. *Valor has entrails, and the mettled soul, — Like*, etc.] So the Ithacan tells the fiery son of Peleus:

——————— Τὸ γὰρ μένος ἐστὶ καὶ ἀλκή.
Οὐ γὰρ, κ. τ. λ. *Il.* xix. 161.

Killey, says he, no man is worth a tittle,
Unless his belly 's bolster'd well with victual;
But when the paunch is lin'd, with scant ado
He 'll rout whole hosts, and cut their chiefs in two.

A remarkable coincidence: for when Ulysses talks thus sagely to the grandson of Æacus, this chief is hot for action, and about to drive his rascals straightway against the troops of Hector, just as the prince here, furious for the fight, cries Courage! to his comrades, and wants to march at once to the field of destined glory. **

Nay sir! your greatness must not stoop, — yet
thanks!
Boiteuse, lead on; Noir, Grisœil, guard his
flanks.
Now when we came, a graceful gliding group,
Where the starv'd sisters swallow meagre soup,
Two nymphs brown towels of British fabric bring,
Two more shed water of the sacred spring,
Then spread the board, add sugarplums for me,
With the goat's milky store, and crown the bowls
with tea.
And Take, the Mother said; we drink to thee,
Darling of dames! sweet ass that is to be!
And we to you, by obloquy obscene,
Nymphs six-and-thirty, black in bombazine.
Gray sisters thirty-four, though gone your veils,
Ye too we pledge, divine in turn'd-up tails!

Ver. 13, etc. *Now when we came*, etc.]

Postquam est in thalami pendentia pumice tecta
Perventum, ——————————
—————— manibus liquidos, &c. &c.
Georg. iv. 374–386.

20. — *sweet ass that is to be!*] Not prophetic, as *Mad.* Dacier would have it, but simply in allusion to the fulfilment of the Mother's vision.

* *

23, 24. *Gray sisters thirty-four, though gone your veils, — Ye too we pledge, divine in turn'd-up tails!*] We may gather Rubeta's meaning from this passage in his prose Visit, where he speaks of the black nuns: "To the black veil is attached, *etc. etc.* The skirts are turned up like those of the gray nuns. The *tout ensemble* is dignified, becoming, and rather graceful." As he does not say this of the gray nuns' *tout*, we

Then, thrice three times, I fill'd the china high,
Thrice three times rais'd it level with my eye.
One hand then on my glowing paunch I laid,
Undid a waistband-button, cough'd, and said:
Ladies, I might look round me with surprise,
Had I, like BRUNO, better ears than eyes;
For, saving HYDROPIQUE, where shall we see
One of your choir in womb a match for me?
Yet Roman Lucrece solemnly declares
Your house prolific as the race of hares!

may presume this latter did not please him so much. Yet did they wear their skirts turned up; which was a redeeming trait. Therefore, these absent friends — *Though gone their veils, Them too he pledg'd — for why? divine their tails.* * *

34. *Your house prolific as the race of hares!*] Lest it be supposed that the Poet's peculiar chastity has feigned the style of the discourse which here commences, we append the following extract from RUBETA's *Visit*, as published in his newspaper for the edification and amusement of youths and misses, whose parents debar them from more private sources of wholesome instruction:

"Now, as I have already said, there are but thirty-six nuns: more than one half are 'past age.' Certainly not more than fifteen of them could 'in the natural course of human events' become mothers. Taking [Take] Maria's statements, therefore, as correct data, and each of those fifteen nuns — striking the average — must give birth to two and a half children every year!!"

It will be seen from this elaborate calculation, and nice specimen of *Obstetrico-physiological* knowledge, that the Author in the text has merely acted the part of an humble historian.

N. B. Desirous, at once to benefit society, and to do a service to modest professional merit unworthily confined to small practice, we add of our own instigation, that if any lady, "in the natural course of human events," should stand in need of a skilful and delicate person, we here, on the score of his great theoretical attainments above shown, most strongly recommend RUBETA as a safe hand. Any communications for the doctor will be gladly received, and shall be published in our next edition of the poem. * *

As throng the ragged idlers of the street
Round barrel-organ dolorously sweet,
And barefac'd little ape much lov'd of boys,
So the nymphs gather round to hear my noise:
And PUTAIN said, while sought her eyes the ground,
O father! speak! is any here too round?
Daughter, I said, that needs not. To be bold,
(With pardon hear it,) you are all too old;
Save here and there a pullet like FRETILLE.
Yet novices nor pullets hatch at will.
Have we not read ALBERTUS, and PINÆUS;
HARVEY, SORANUS, NOORTWYK, and COSTÆUS;

Ver. 39. — *while sought her eyes the ground,*] Not to be attributed to a sense of guilt, as TURNEBUS supposes, but to her extreme modesty.

* *

45–52. *Have we not read,* etc.] How RUBETA contrived to string together these names, and whether they occurred to him on the occasion, or had been duly prepared for the sake of effect on the women, is past our simple comprehension. However, we incline to the latter supposition, as being more consonant with the character of the man; for we find him, at the Bookseller's Dinner, reading extracts from some translation of Cicero, after giving out, that he had come there without any preparation other than the collection of some statistical matter, though he was heard, but a short time before, quoting the identical passages in one of his lectures at Clinton-Hall! and the poor devil is as ignorant of Latin, and of any thing else beyond the forms of his printing-office, as my double-soled winter-boots with cork welts.

We cannot believe that our Poet is the author of the above foolish and malicious note, notwithstanding that it comes to us most legibly in ink. Even could there be any doubts of the vast erudition of RUBETA, this were not the place to advance them: for what more amiable, than when his sole wish was to console the abbess and her flock under the afflictions which MONK's effrontery had heaped upon them, what, I say, more amiable, than to show he understood their case perfectly, and knew, without examination, that they were innocent, simply from his extensive reading in the matters of which MONK had treated? And then we find that it is not

Bonetus, Needham, Fuchsius, Fernelius, Malpighi, Aristotle, Graaf, Aurelius;

a mere parade of learned research, but an actual list of real authors who treat of the subject in hand, or of persons some way connected with it, which he gives us; and would this have been necessary had his object been merely to dazzle? an object as easily obtained by naming Nicodemus as Roonhusius, Aldiborontophoscophornio as Merian and Mauriceau. — We have been led into this long discussion from our desire to justify this great and good man. We now proceed to show to whom and what this *string of names* belongs.

Albertus is the well-known Albertus, surnamed *Magnus*, who wrote a small book *De Secretis Mulierum;* and he properly heads the list as being wittily styled by Butler "*secretary*" *to the ladies.* Pinæus, a French surgeon, was author of the famous treatise *De Notis Integritatis et Corrup. Virginum.* The third name is that of the celebrated author of the doctrine of the circulation of the blood; he wrote *Exer. de Generatione Anim.; quibus acc. quædam de Partu, de Memb. ac Humor. Uteri, et de Conceptione.* Soranus, an Ephesian physician who practised at Rome in the reigns of Trajan and Adrian, claims a place for his treatise in Greek, *De Utero et Pudend. Mul.* Noortwyk wrote *Uteri Hum. Grav. Anat. et Hist.* Costæus, *De Hum. Concept.* &c. &c. Bonetus; see his *Sepulchretum.* Of Needham there is some doubt, whether it be the *Mother* Needham commemorized by Pope, or Walter Needham: the former claiming the place from practical connexion with the subject, the latter from his *Disquisitio Anat. de Form. Fœt.* Fuchsius; *Hist. Stirp.* Fernelius is the great French physician of that name, whose *Universa Medicina* is well known. It may not be out of place to add that he is said to have died of grief *for the loss of his wife.* Malpighi; *Opera Omn.* Aristotle; either the Greek, or, more probably, one of the joint compilers, among whom a certain Salmon is conspicuous, of a popular treatise, usually considered a *Masterpiece.* Graaf; Regnier de Graaf wrote *De Virorum Organ.* &c. Aurelius; probably Aurelius Corn. Celsus; *De Medecina.* Columbus (*Realdus*); *De Re Anatom.* Cleopatra; one of the authors in the *Harmonia Gynæciorum.* Her writings are mentioned by Galen. Some suppose her to have been the same Egyptian who swallowed pearl-mixture, lost Antony the world, and took poison of asps. Verulamius; the Latin title of the famous Bacon. Ruyschius (*Fred.*), like Malpighi, Needham, De Graaf, &c. studied the nature of generation in animals: *Opera Omn.* Roonhusius; *de Morb. Mul.* Swammerdammius; *Biblia Naturæ; et Mirac. Nat.* Culpepper * (*Nich.*) "gent. student in physic and astronomy," a famous fellow in his day, wrote a *Directory for Midwives.* Merian (*Maria*): this lady, like Swammerdam, attended to these matters in insects. She went to Surinam on purpose to watch the little creatures, and wrote *Dissert. de Generatione et de Metamorph. Insect. Surinamensium.* Astruc; the well-known author *De Morbis Venereis;* he also published seven volumes *Des Maladies des Femmes.* Mauriceau; the best writer on midwifery of his day (1694); *Sur la Grossesse, et sur l'Accouch. des Femmes.* Smellie, a well-known authority

* In other edd. Horstius; the "Æsculapius of Germany," famed for the "Dissert. de Nat. Amoris, add. Resolut. de Cura Furoris Amat., de Philtris, atque de Pulsu Amantium." Others again read Ferrand, who wrote a book of considerable learning, and rather curious, *De la Maladie d'Amour.* Either reading is good. **

COLUMBUS, CLEOPATRA, VERULAMMIUS;
RUYSCHIUS, ROONHUSIUS, SWAMMERDAMMIUS;
CULPEPPER, MERIAN, ASTRUC, MAURICEAU?
And dream'd on SMELLIE? Sure, we ought to know.
Out on Credulity! 't would swallow whole
A rabbit-belly'd elephant with foal!
Go on, chaste MONK; cut never babe in twain;
But propagate the darlings in thy brain!
So shalt thou blossom when MUNCHAUSEN fades,
And Brunos shake their curls, to read how maids
May be like MARG'RET, HOLLAND'S Countess, bless'd
With near two hundred infants at each breast!

in obstetrical matters. The more ordinary reading for that in the text is "And SMELLIE folio?" (another name for the folio ed. of the "Anatom. Tables"): which leads us to suppose it was the plates on which RUBETA dreamed, and not the text of his author. * *

Ver. 55. — *cut never babe in twain;*] Alludes to the division of the children after the manner of SOLOMON in RUBETA's famous calculation of generative power, cited in note to v. 35. * *

56. *But propagate*, etc.] Allusion to the same. * *

58. *And Brunos shake their curls* —] BRUNO's picture represents him with a wig like that of ARETHUSA on an ancient Syracusan coin. RUBETA thus seizes his enemy by the hair of his head, while investing him with one of the attributes of JUPITER. * *

59, 60. — *like MARG'RET, HOLLAND'S Countess, bless'd — With near two hundred infants at each breast!*] "But I esteem it," says MAURICEAU with much simplicity, "either a miracle, or a fable, what is related in the history of the Lady MARGARET, Countess of HOLLAND, who in the year 1313 was brought to bed of three hundred and sixty-five children at one and the same time; which happened to her (as they say) by a poor woman's imprecation, who, asking an alms, related to her the great misery she was in by reason of those children she had with her: to which the Lady answered, she might be content with the inconvenience,

Ah, like St. Cyr's proud abbess of MARSEILLES,
And all her virgins, grac'd with just your tails,
Ah, ladies, had you cut your noses off,
No MONK might libel, and no parson scoff!
Cut off! . . . That would be paying for one's whistle!
The cancer first shall rot them, bone and gristle!
There spoke the saint! Nor think a heart like mine
Could dream of maiming organs so divine:
For what says SOCRATES, that learned ROMAN?
The loveliest nose is nose of lovely woman:

since she had had the pleasure of getting them." CHAMBERLEN'S *Translation, 8th ed. Lond. p.* 40.

Not the least amusing part of the story, and which MAURICEAU does not mention, is that *they were all baptized!* * *

61 – 63. *Ah, like St. Cyr's proud abbess*, etc.] It is told of EUSEBIA, abbess of St. Cyr at MARSEILLES in the eighth century, that, in dread of violence from the SARACENS, she cut off her nose, and was duly followed (says the story) by all her nuns, whereupon the enraged barbarians put them to death. * *

69 – 72. *For what says SOCRATES, that learned ROMAN?* — The loveliest nose, *etc.*] The Author here in a note, which it is unnecessary to insert, appears to exult in the supposed ignorance of RUBETA; for, says he, though the pretended citation may be well supposed a pleasant imposition practised upon the simplicity of the recluses, yet why should he speak of SOCRATES as a ROMAN? Now to us it seems, that, if one part of the passage be a joke of RUBETA'S, so is the other. But the Author forgets that this historical personage, however fond of humor on other occasions, is always too gallant to trifle with women. We explain the passage thus: RUBETA styles SOCRATES a *Roman*, because of his virtues, which certainly were not exactly Grecian, and *learned* because of his profundity in metaphysics, — perhaps for his ingenuity in solving difficult questions in science, as shown by ARISTOPHANES. *The loveliest*

And: *Maim what else you please, backbite, or scandal,*
But O! for God's sake, leave her face a handle!
No, Heav'n forbid! the fair, I know from books,
Would lose fame, virtue, all, before good looks.
(Pardon this praise: Rubeta's only vice,
Save lying, is to have an eye too nice.)
But, to return: suppose that all were young;
The snake has hiss'd, but is the bird yet stung?
To teem such numbers, needs each friar and nun
Should be like parent Adam, two in one;

nose is evidently a translation of τὸ καλὸν, at once the object of research with the ancient philosophers, and the subject of their discourses; for which novel interpretation we maintain that Rubeta has undoubtedly ample authority, authority that probably ere long will be presented to the learned world: (see the note to v. 118, on the *MSS. of Vallombrosa.*) And on the same conjectural grounds we maintain the integrity of the quotation as an actual part of the doctrine of the divine Socrates. Certainly no exacter truth could be pronounced than is done in these few words, none more worthy of a sage:

> "*The loveliest nose is nose of lovely woman:*
> And: *Maim what else you please, backbite, or scandal,*
> *But O! for God's sake, leave her face a handle!*"

Some copies read Seneca for Socrates. **

75, 76. *Pardon this praise: Rubeta's only vice, — Save lying, is to have an eye too nice.*] The gallantry and grace with which Rubeta rubs down the feelings of the nuns, a little chafed by what he had said about their noses, find no parallel among the ancient epic heroes. The ingenuity of his compliment savours of the spirit of Louis XIV. **

79. *To teem such numbers*, etc.] The first argument of consolation here commences: Even though you were all young enough, Monk's libel is innocuous (v. 78); because you could not breed so fast unless you were provided like certain reptiles. **

80. — *like parent Adam, two in one;*] According to the Talmudists, the common father of mankind was created double; before a male, behind a female. See, for this cabalistical perversion of a verse in

Like ALCIBIADES and ARISTIDES,
THEMISTOCLES, th' ANDROGYNI, PELIDES,

Genesis, MOSES MAIMONIDES, in his book on the perplexing and perplexed passages of Scripture.* But to moderate the reader's mirth we may tell him that the opinion, however absurd, that man originally united both sexes in one person, has found wise men to maintain it; for example, no less a name, we think, than PLATO.†

81–84. *Like ALCIBIADES and ARISTIDES*, etc.] "Rivales socii puellularum."‡ What SUETONIUS says of CÆSAR need not be repeated; and CLODIUS is similarly distinguished by his friend CICERO; but how the son of PELEUS comes to be lugged in among this honorable company is more than I can well explain. SERVIUS, commenting on those lines of VIRGIL which describe the death of TROILUS by the spear of ACHILLES, gives what he calls the true account, that "Troili amore Achillem ductum, palumbes ei quibus ille delectabatur objecisse; quas cum vellet tenere, captus ab Achille, in ejus complexibus periit:" but how this

* The *More Nevochim*. As I do not possess a copy of this work, I cannot refer the Reader to the precise passage in the *Eagle of the Doctors:* it can be found, however, by the curious, without difficulty.

† The author of the Nicene creed, on the contrary, seems to have believed, that, before the fall, ADAM, so far from being of both sexes, was of neither one nor the other: arguing somehow after this fashion: When it was asked which of the brothers that had married successively the same woman should possess her in the world to come, CHRIST answered the SADDUCEES, that in Heaven there was neither marrying nor giving in marriage, but that there we should be like the angels, the sons of GOD. Now, says the Bishop, the state of the resurrection is but a restoration to the primitive integrity of PARADISE. Therefore, the primitive condition of man in PARADISE was that of the angels. But the angels do not propagate their kind: they have consequently no distinction of sexes such as is known to us. Therefore ADAM was sexless. *Vide* GREGORIUM NYSS. Antist. *de Hominis Opificio*. Basil. 1567. *Cap.* 16, 17. *præcipue ad* pp. 180, 182, 184. — The bishop of NYSSA had no difficulty in replenishing the earth under these circumstances; for *the number of the angels is infinite without marriage:* Ἀλλὰ μὴν, καθὼς εἴρηται, γάμου παρ' αὐτοῖς οὐκ ὄντος, ἐν μυριάσιν ἀπείροις αἱ στρατιαὶ τῶν ἀγγέλων εἰσίν· οὕτω γὰρ ἐν ταῖς ὀπτασίαις ὁ Δανιὴλ διηγήσατο. Οὐκοῦν κατὰ τὸν αὐτὸν τρόπον, εἴπερ μηδεμία παρατροπή τε καὶ ἔκστασις ἀπὸ τῆς ἀγγελικῆς ὁμοτιμίας; ἐξ ἁμαρτίας ἡμῖν ἐγένετο, οὐκ ἂν οὐδὲ ἡμεῖς τοῦ γάμου πρὸς τὸν πληθυσμὸν ἐδεήθημεν. (p. 182.) Which certainly is very pretty reasoning. And the *quo modo*, the τοῦ πλεονασμοῦ τρόπος, is as nicely evaded by our philosophic theologian and moralist: Ἀλλ' ὅστις ἐστὶν ἐν τῇ φύσει τῶν ἀγγέλων τοῦ πλεονασμοῦ τρόπος, ἄῤῥητος μὲν καὶ ἀνεπινόητος στοχασμοῖς ἀνθρωπίνοις, πλὴν ἀλλὰ πάντως ἐστὶν, οὗτος ἂν καὶ ἐπὶ τῶν βραχύ τι παρ' ἀγγέλους ἐλαττωμένων ἀνθρώπων ἐνήργησεν, εἰς τὸ ὡρισμένον ὑπὸ τῆς βουλῆς τοῦ πεποιηκότος μέτρον τὸ ἀνθρώπινον αὔξων. (*Ib.*) For a curious conversation between RAPHAEL and ADAM on the *loves of the angels*, see *Paradise Lost*, viii. 615. **

‡ CATULLI *Carm.* liv. **

Sappho and Cæsar, house-snails, worms, hyænas,
Laufella, Clodius, and their congeners;
Or, like the *aphis*, by one impregnation,
Make mothers of their fourteenth generation.
Moreover, mares will gender with the gale;
And maids, whose snowy joints have grac'd the pail

should qualify the cruel captor to share the cage of the hyænas, except on justifiable suspicion, is not very evident. The same remarks apply to Themistocles and Aristides, the cause of whose enmity, as assigned by Ariston, is well known (see Plutarch in the lives of those commanders); likewise to the son of Critias. We can readily believe, however, that the learned Rubeta, here as elsewhere, has sources of information peculiar to himself, and have only to add an expression of regret that our own inferior scholarship will not enable us to gratify the Reader by a peep at his hidden treasures. * *

82. — *th' Androgyni*, —] "Supra Nasamonas confinesque illis Machlyas, Androgynos esse utriusque naturæ, inter se vicibus coëuntes, Calliphanes tradit. Aristoteles adjicit dextram mammam iis virilem, lævam muliebrem esse." Plin. *Hist. Nat.* vii. 2. *ed. Berol.* 1766.

83. — *hyænas*,] "Hyænis utramque esse naturam, et alternis annis, mares, alternis feminas fieri, parere sine mare, vulgus credit....." Plin. *Hist. Nat.* viii. 44. See also Clem. Alexand. *Pæd.* ii. 10.

85, 86. *Or, like the* aphis, *by one impregnation, — Make mothers of their fourteenth generation.*] Aphides, *Vine-lice*, *Blighters*, (called the *green fly* in Paxton's Magazine of Botany,) are a well-known troublesome little insect, of the order of *Hemiptera*, possessed of extraordinary fecundity. According to *M.* Bonnet, (*Œuvres*, T. i. *Sur les Pucerons*,) the impregnation of a single one of this family will fit its female offspring for reproduction to the tenth generation, though kept in a perfectly secluded state. Our philosophic hero had doubtless carried the interesting experiment a little further. * *

87., &c. *Moreover*, etc.] The second argument for the nuns' consolation: that, even if Monk's libel were not wholly false, yet their calamity might be the result of accident. * *

87. — *mares will gender with the gale;*] A well-known and ancient fable of the mares of Spain, or of that part of it which comprehended the present kingdom of Portugal, as Pliny tells it, who says: "Constat in Lusitania, circa Olysiponem oppidum et Tagum amnem, equas

Where feet of men had dabbled, thence grow great;
Your own chaste selves in dreams might titubate.
There is no saying how these things take place.
Yet, sin makes women mothers: why not grace?
All men at first are tadpoles, doctors think:
Tadpoles are found in wells: the spring we drink:
Drink lodges in the ventricle: thence, pray,
May not Sir Tadpole find himself a way?

Favonio flante obversas animalem concipere spiritum, idque partum fieri, et gigni pernicissimum ita (no doubt); sed triennium vitæ non excedere." (*Hist. Nat.* viii. 67. *Berol.*) **

88, 89. *And maids*, etc.] In those days, when Credulity thrived by the universal ignorance in matters of science, women profited by the darkness to lay their shame at the door of Accident: nor even at the present day is the superstition altogether rooted out; and there where Credulity makes her last foothold, as she is driven backward step by step before the advance of Science, I mean among the unenlightened vulgar, the belief in conception by *acception*, so to speak, is actually still obscurely current, though of course never presented as a cover where the divinity of Venus *Pandemos* finds few pretended infidels. See Averroes, or, which is more convenient, as the works of the Mohammedan are scarce, the book of Mauriceau; who relates from the Moor the same instance of feminine effrontery profiting by popular ignorance.

92. — *why not grace?*] Rubeta's piety is never forgotten. Remarkable man! others in your place, even had they the wisdom to believe such things, would attribute them to chance; it was reserved for you to unite true piety with sterling erudition! **

93. *All men at first are tadpoles*, etc.] The third argument is another form of the last: that conception might be involuntary. The tadpole-theory is that of Leuwenhoek; but only the ingenuity of a Rubeta could draw from it the important deductions which follow, deductions that may change the features of an interesting branch of criminal jurisprudence, and abolish for ever the use of well-water by women under fifty. **

96. *May not Sir Tadpole find himself a way?*] Namely, into the *ovum*. See Smellie's *Midwifery*, p. 115, Vol. I. (*2d ed. Lond.*) **

The philosophic eye sees all things common,
Though larks should swim, and heav'n rain frogs and
salmon.
Ah, happy they, the happiest of the fair,
Whose early youth is mark'd by hoary hair! 100

Ver. 98. — *and heav'n rain frogs and salmon.*] See the newspapers for fish-stories. There is one comes appropriate just as we write, extracted by the N. Y. American, of July 27th, 1837, from some other journal, and which thus concludes:

"Whether they ascended in [into] the clouds in spawn and there attained their present size, or whether they were drawn up in that [this] perfection, he" (the "Dr. ——" who "relates the astonishing fact,") "does not decide; but, reasoning from the fact that young frogs have been known to cover the ground after a heavy rain, he thinks it not improbable that the ethereal world might have rained these fishes."

Such nonsense is of no modern date; for CTESIAS tells of a fountain in INDIA which threw up so many fishes, that the neighbouring people, unable to gather them all, were forced to let them stink upon the sand. Ἐν τῇ λεγομένῃ Μεταδρίδα ἐστὶ κρήνη, οὐκ ὀλίγον διεστηκυῖα τῆς θαλάσσης, καὶ ποιεῖ ἄμπωτιν διὰ μέσης νυκτὸς πάνυ σφοδρὰν, καὶ ἀποῤῥίπτει ἰχθύας πολλοὺς ἐν τῇ χέρσῳ, ὥστε μὴ δύνασθαι οἱ ἐκεῖσε οἰκοῦντες συλλέγειν αὐτοὺς, ἀλλ' ἐᾷν τὰ πλεῖστα καὶ ὀζειν ἐπὶ τῆς ξηρᾶς. *Cap.* xxxii.

99 – 108. *Ah, happy they*, etc.] This story of the sixteen-fingered race gives occasion to much malevolent criticism among the commentators. One profanely asks: *Where the devil did Ruby stumble over this absurdity?* To which another pertly answers: "*O somewhere in the kingdom of* BOMBAY." Then, says a third, with much gravity of assurance: *The author puts all this antique lore and decrepid stuff into the mouth of* RUBETA *in order to make a fool of him, and ridicule his pretensions to knowledge:* which calls forth an impudently tart addition from a fourth: *That* RUBETA *makes quite enough of a fool of himself without assistance.* Now, passing over the pertness of No. 2, because the line in the text about the kingdom of BOMBAY may be an error (*Bombay* for *Cathay*) of the reporter that took down the hero's story, or a gentle pleasantry of RUBETA's to save a long explanation to the nuns, we add that all these persons must be ignorant themselves of the greatest work of imagination of modern times: for in the very title-page of his "Tales and Sketches, — *Such as they Are*," does not the great RUBETA give us, for his epigraph, this expression, *Scribimus indocti doctique?* Now let

What though their ears hang midway down their arm,
And meeting backward, keep both shoulders warm?
Yet are ye bless'd, ye sixteen-finger'd wives!
Who never pup but once in all your lives!
Angelic lot! And where their Eden? say!
O somewhere in the kingdom of Bombay;
Where painless all their paradisiac doom,
They cut their eyeteeth even in the womb. —
Last thought of all, which prove ye undefil'd,
Can woman's breasts forget her sucking child?

us ask, whom does he mean by *docti* but himself? is not the word in the second place, which the modesty of grammar assigns it? not to say that no man would call himself *indoctus.* "Scribimus indocti doctique:"

Be common sense your part, unletter'd wretches!
'T is ours, the learn'd, to scribble Tales and Sketches.

However, for the "absurdity," it is an exact version of a fable of Ctesias's, vouched for as fact by that veritable historian; and which thus follows:

Εἰσὶν ἐν τοῖς ὄρεσι τοῖς Ἰνδικοῖς, ὅπου ὁ κάλαμος αὐτῶν φύεται, ἄνθρωποι, τὸ πλῆθος αὐτῶν ἄχρι καὶ τριῶν μυριάδων. Τούτων αἱ γυναῖκες ἅπαξ τίκτουσιν ἐν τῷ βίῳ· καὶ τὰ τικτόμενα ὀδόντας ἔχει καὶ τὰ ἄνω καὶ τὰ κάτω πανὺ καλούς· καὶ τὰς τρίχας, τάς τε ἐν τῇ κεφαλῇ καὶ ταῖς ὀφρύσι, πολιὰς ἔχει πάντα ἐκ γενετῆς, καὶ τὰ θήλεα καὶ τὰ ἄῤῥενα. Μέχρι μὲν οὖν τριάκοντα ἐτῶν λευκὰς ἔχει ἕκαστος τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἐκείνων τὰς τρίχας δι' ὅλου τοῦ σώματος· ἄρχονται δὲ ἐκεῖθεν μελαίνεσθαι· ἐξήκοντα δὲ ἐτῶν γενόμενοι, ἔστιν ἰδεῖν αὐτοὺς πάσας ἔχοντας μελαίνας. Ἔχουσι δὲ οὗτοι οἱ ἄνθρωποι ἀνὰ ὀκτὼ δακτύλους ἐφ' ἑκατέρᾳ χειρὶ, ὡσαύτως ἀνὰ ὀκτὼ καὶ ἐπὶ τοῖς ποσὶ, καὶ ἄνδρες καὶ γυναῖκες ὡσαύτως. * * * * * Τὰ δὲ ὦτα φησὶ τηλικαῦτα ἔχειν, ὥστε τοὺς βραχίονας αὐτοῦ ὑπ' αὐτοῦ καλύπτεσθαι μέχρι τῶν ἀγκώνων, καὶ ὄπισθεν τὴν νῶτον ἅπαντα συγκαλύπτειν· τὸ δὲ οὖς τὸ ἕτερον τοῦ ἑτέρου διγγάνει.

Ex Ctesiæ *Indicis excerp. ab Photio hist. Cap.* xxxi: *ad finem ed. Herodoti H. Steph. Franc.* 1608. * *

109–112. *Last thought of all, which prove ye undefil'd, — Can woman's breasts,* etc.] "Can a woman forget her sucking child? It is not so!

Hark! 't is the voice of Nature sternly cries:
Rub, thou art right; that beast Maria lies!
But, what to us, if ye have sinn'd or not?
Are we like him the great Sea-Ostrich got,
Who made ten thousand women mount the skies
In smoke, because they could not cure his eyes?

The voice of indignant nature rises up to proclaim the falsehood!" *Visit to Montreal*, &c.

Though it is true, that if they strangled their babes, according to Monk as reported by Rubeta, the nuns could have no sucking children to forget, yet is this one of the most elegant passages of prose we ever remember to have read, even of that great man's composition. Certainly, with the exception of the single expression *Rub, thou art right*, which admirably conveys in its familiar apocope the affection which Nature has for her favorite, the poetical version can in nothing compare with it. What graceful energy in that It is not so! Then the image of the *voice* of Nature *rising up!* and then the tenderness of this: *Can a woman forget her sucking child?*

"Comment diable! vraiment
C'est parler comme un ange."* * *

114. — *the great Sea-Ostrich* —] As we cannot believe that Rubeta meant to trifle with the ignorance of the poor recluses, we are inclined to consider this a mistake of the reporter's for *great Sesostris*. The Author leaves it uncorrected, evidently from a belief that Rubeta having heard the story somewhere, and imperfectly remembered it, made the very mistake, from ignorance and dulness, that we attribute to the reporter! Our note to v. 118, will satisfy the reader on this and all similar points in the poem. * *

115, 116. *Who made ten thousand women mount the skies — In smoke, because they could not cure his eyes?*] Pheron, son of Sesostris, having lost his sight for insulting the river Nile, was told by an oracle to wash the impaired organs with a liquid, which could only be made by a single-minded woman: (γυναικὸς ὕδωρ ..... ἥτις παρὰ τὸν ἑωϊτης ἄνδρα μοῦνον πιφοίτηκε, ἄλλων ἀνδρῶν ἐοῦσα ἄπειρος.) Accordingly the prince set his wife to work; but to no purpose: and it was only after trying a number of ladies, (whom the learned Rubeta here sets down as ten

* Vadé: *Le Trompeur Trompé; Sc.* vii.

Though to MYLITTA all your vows were paid;
Though POMPEY's gods defil'd your garden's shade;

thousand,) that one was found who made the right sort of water. Whereupon, like a great beast as he was, PHERON penned all the unfortunate chemists together in a town, and setting fire to it, burned them up; while the happy oculist he took to wife, and ordered her to compound the liquor fresh for him every day in anticipation of a recurrence of the accident.

All this, is it not told by HERODOTUS in the 111th chapter of his book which is called Euterpe? **

117. *Though to MYLITTA all your vows were paid;*] That is, though you were perfect BABYLONIANS. MYLITTA was the Assyrian VENUS: Μύλιττα δὲ καλέουσι τὴν Ἀφροδίτην Ἀσσύριοι· says HERODOTUS, *l.* i. 199. — In order to understand the full force of the elegant Nun-Consoler's supposition, see what the historian says in the same chapter with regard to the temple of VENUS, and to a law of the BABYLONIANS which he calls αἴσχιστος τῶν νόμων. **

118. — *POMPEY* —] Probably POMPEII is meant: for what were POMPEY's particular gods that they should be referred to here, is not very evident, while it is well known that the god of gardens was a favorite deity with the buried city and its subterrene neighbour. — This is another of the many occasions where the Comforter of Virgins is found to differ from common and received authority. Perhaps no better opportunity can offer for us to support our confident opinion of his accuracy by adducing one direct proof, in addition to the triumphant evidence, of a circumstantial nature, which has been either advanced by ourselves, or is to be found scattered delightfully through the pages of this magnificent poem. Before, however, coming to this proof, it is necessary to premise the following passage from RUBETA's own pen. We make no apology, notwithstanding the space we shall occupy in our own story, for the length of the extract, since it is so rare one meets with so much elegance at the present day, that we should be inexcusable did we not give the piece entire. Thus:

"HISTORICAL WORK. — The editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser is about to write a history, and in order to give effect to details, and combine chronology with description, he will proceed to the place of historical interest, and gather oysters and facts upon the spot. Sachem's Head is the name of the place: it is situated on the Sound, and we may expect something worthy the fame of our contemporary, when he gives us his history. — *U. S. Gazette.*"

"Fair play, Mr. Gazette, and no gouging. Suppose you were about to write a history of Plymouth and its Conchology — and nobody could do that job, for that place, better than yourself — would you like to have the world informed of the fact,

Though, like the lady in the crystal box,
Each earn'd her hundred rings despite of locks; 120

so that while you were making your arrangements with that deliberation which becomes the dignity of a historian, every hungry scribbler might have a chance to hie himself [hie] thither, and pick up all the facts, and pick out all the oysters, before you reached the interesting field for antiquarian investigation yourself? Answer us that, Master Brook! The truth is, we are at this time engaged in writing another history [*Matthias and his Impostures:* 'an quidquam nobis tali sit munere majus?'*] which we must finish, and you must review, before we go to Sachem's Head. Meantime see that you don't go there to anticipate us. Fiction is so much more popular than facts, that we should stand no chance at all, gleaning among the oyster shells that would be left by you. Therefore, be so good as to stand clear!" *N. Y. Comm. Adv.* June 11th, 1835.

——————— "Circeis nata forent, an
Lucrinum ad saxum, Rutupinove edita fundo
Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu."†

We now proceed to our proof, which will be found enveloped in the following authentic account of the nature of this great man's forthcoming history of Sachem's Head.

THE MSS. of VALLOMBROSA.

As far as we could gather the story, which is as yet confined to the knowledge of but few persons, it is very curious, and to this effect:

A monk of VALLOMBROSA, at the time when JOHN MILTON rested there, happened to discover under the Gothic characters of some monkish manuscripts certain valuable remains of antiquity, and among others, it is said, on the pages of a treatise on Uroscopy part of the lost Decades of LIVY! In his joy at the discovery, he communicated its importance to the Poet, (with whom, from congeniality in many matters of taste, he was more familiar than his fellows,) but, as may be conjectured from the silence of the illustrious bard on this affair, without revealing its precise nature. The poet of Paradise, forgetting his honesty in his patriotism, used arguments so potent with the ambitious recluse, that the latter was persuaded to follow MILTON to ENGLAND, carrying with him his classic treasures, with a view to making them known there more to his personal advantage, as his friend had persuaded him, than he could do in ITALY. Arriving at an inauspicious period, the poor monk, before even he could communicate with the Poet, was about to fall a victim to the misguided virtue of a party of Roundheads, who mistook the holy man for an emissary-pimp of the Virgin of BABYLON.

* VIRG. *Ecl.* v. 53. † JUV. iv. 140.

Though you could build a mound of infants' bones
Higher than hers whose lovers brought her stones;

Alarmed for his life, still more for the safety of his papers, he took refuge with some royalists and papists on board a vessel, which sailed that very day for AMERICA. The ship was cast away near the spot destined to become so glorious by the pen of AMERICA's greatest poet, historian, and colonel; and the monk alone escaped. Here he built himself a hut, supplied it from the wreck like ROBINSON, and like ROBINSON might have lived to return to his country and to tell his own story; but, unfortunately, unlike ROBINSON, he had no FRIDAY, and the INDIANS one day scalped him, and, as the tradition raked up by the illustrious RUBETA delivers, ate him up! Thus, had the parchment been in the monk's belly, thus, I say, would have ended the history of the MSS. of VALLOMBROSA; but fortunately he appears to have buried them for security in two china pots of peculiar fashion, which had probably floated ashore, and which were found by our hero, one morning when digging for mushrooms, laid with their mouths together, and enveloped in a tarpaulin, sixteen feet below the surface of the ground. On them the monk had told his story in Latin, and had implored the fortunate finder, whoever he should be, to give to light those precious relics, for whose sake he, the *Fra* ILARIO, was destined perhaps soon to perish.

We need not add, that, from the known erudition of the great discoverer, the public may expect one of the richest treats in criticism that have been presented to the world since the days of JOSEPH SCALIGER.

N. B. One of the vessels used as repositories is said to be a great curiosity, and though as yet it has been exhibited to but a few select persons, ladies and antiquarians, an English inscription has been discovered on it quite legible, and supposed to be in the very handwriting of the Lady MARGARET BELLENDEN, showing that the pot in question was the identical *pôt-de-chambre* consecrated by the use of his most sacred Majesty, CHARLES II, of happy memory, on the memorable occasion when he took his *disjune* in the tower of TILLIETUDLEM. * *

119, 120. *Though, like the lady of the crystal box, — Each earn'd her hundred rings despite of locks;*] See the story which introduces the Arabian Tales of the Thousand and One Nights. * *

121, 122. *Though you could build a mound of infants' bones — Higher than hers whose lovers brought her stones;*] See the account of CHEOPS' daughter and the middle pyramid, which she built to the height of a hundred and fifty feet by the aid of her lovers, each of whom brought her a stone: HEROD. II. CXXVI. * *

Though not the BANIAN's double goddess-queen
Had more capacity to be obscene;
Nay, though KEBOSKI's dames, — maids, widows,
wives,
Were ne'er so trampled on in all their lives;
Still ye are women: all I ask; for know!
No turkey ever peck'd me like BOILEAU:

Ver. 123, 124. *Though not the BANIAN's double goddess-queen — Had more capacity to be obscene;*] See that dangerous * and frequently false book of HELVETIUS's, *De l'Esprit;* Essay ii. chap. 14.

125, 126. *Nay, though KEBOSKI's dames — Were ne'er so trampled on —*] See the incredible stories in the "Collection of Voyages of the Dutch East India Company," of which this is not the least preposterous one, that the women of FORMOSA, (or KEBOSKI, as the island is called by the natives,) are not permitted to bring forth till after the age of thirty-seven, and if any prove pregnant before that period, that the priestess, (the "rough-shod priests" of RUBY's *Visit,*) delivers them very speedily from the sin of premature maternity by treading on the womb. * *

128. *No turkey ever peck'd me like BOILEAU:*] That is, *I never satirize your sex.* BOILEAU is said to have owed the causticity of his spirit where women were concerned, and his antipathy to gallantry, to a turkey-cock. Supposing the story to be any thing but the invention of his enemies, I cannot see that it is at all necessary to account for the severity of his muse upon the ladies. It is not those who love the sex

* All books are *dangerous* whose morality is liable to be misinterpreted. — It is this consideration which should have prevented the author of the *Confessions of a Poet* (a work noticed both in Canto iii. and Canto iv.) from publishing, even in a foreign language, opinions, which, however founded in reason, may exercise an undesignedly pernicious influence with the weak, and by the unprincipled will be invariably adopted as at once the creed and the absolution of their errors: (see the French notes in that novel.[a]) Truth, though always to be told, is not to be volunteered at all times: an improvement of an adage, which is only impugned by those who are the very last to permit its rule to be infracted. * *

a One example:
When winding up his reasons for presenting these notes in a foreign dress, he says: "Le temple de la nature ne doit s'ouvrir qu'à ceux qui en puisse contempler les mystères sans devenir aveugles." The girls of *Mdme.* ——'s seminary, and the little pupils of *Mdme.* ——, must have strong eyes. * *

My code is this: Whatever be the wrong,
Women are right, — big, little, short, or long.
This is not said to flatter, I assure ye:
I 've prov'd it in the teeth of judge and jury.

who always speak the most favorably of it; reason and passion being generally at loggerheads: and as the famous Sixth of Juvenal does not show that the poet wanted a beard, so DESPRÉAUX, who has scarcely an idea which is not borrowed from the ancients, might easily indulge his wit without drawing on the coldness of his complexion.

Very true, as far as that poet's own sarcasms are concerned; but BOILEAU'S well-known severity, to any thing like gallantry in the writings of others, can only be attributed to a coldness of temperament that is certainly evident in the frigid chasteness of his compositions. M. BRET says, in his edition of Molière (*Avertissement sur Amphitryon*): "L'ami particulier de notre auteur, Despréaux lui-même, si l'on en croit le *Bolœana*, ne pouvait souffrir les tendresses de Jupiter et d'Alcmène, et surtout cette scène où le Dieu joue si ingénieusement sur les termes d'époux et d'amant. L'humeur de Boileau, à cet égard, annonçait bien celle que devait lui donner la galanterie de l'esprit de Quinault." And again, (*Observations sur Amphitryon,*) "La galanterie du règne sous lequel Molière écrivait, lui a fourni des ressources ingénieuses, mais dont son ami Despréaux faisait peu de cas." Therefore the story of the ferocious turkey may be very true; though it must be allowed that men may lack the fire of RUBETA without the agency of fowls. **

132. *I 've prov'd it in the teeth of judge and jury.*] See in the Commercial Adv. of July 13th, 1835, RUBETA'S notice of a suit for breach of promise between a journeyman-housepainter and a country girl, where the former, to the great indignation of the gallant Colonel, was plaintiff. The court did their duty; but the squire of dames enlisted all his sympathies in the cause of the unfortunate fair one, took a dose of cantharides directly, and poured out his thunder in the very spirit of BURKE. "Yes," said he,

"Yes; in this 'age of refinement,' — this 'noblest country under Heaven,' a man has been found of such peculiar temperament, to use no harsher term, as to make a traffic of the feelings of a woman whom he professed to love; to use the power which her confiding simplicity and inexperience had given him, as a means of gratifying his avarice; with assurance enough to come openly before the world with letters of the girl, written in moments of artless and unsuspecting confidence, and with the certainty, of course, of being shown up as the author of the letters bearing his signature, — of which, under the like circumstances, we would certainly *prefer* paying the thousand dollar verdict, *than to be* the writer; — and — tell it not in London, — publish it not in the streets of Edinburgh, — a New York

No! by the immortal spirits of the fair
Who glitter in my *Tales*, — by these I swear,

jury has been willing to lend him aid and countenance in his purpose! Well might Burke exclaim 'the age of chivalry is gone!'"

How much was BURKE mistaken! We, it is true, who are too old to feel this working of the spirit, and who have abandoned VENUS for MINERVA, we, I say, cannot well conceive of there being excited by a just decision such a sublime fury as rages in this, and in the preceding part, (which want of space obliges us most reluctantly to omit,) of RUBETA'S eloquent tirade: but can we, not the less, admire, reverence, adore.

"Come sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amïable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy." *

N. B. It is with much deference that we modestly suggest to the chivalrous advocate of "sensibility" and of the unalienable rights of woman to do wrong, that he adopt the advertisement of Mr. BADEAU'S *celebrated Plaster;* which is thus:

"A CARD TO THE LADIES.

"The subscriber's opinion of the female mind and character is too far exalted to suppose for a moment, that the ladies of this city and elsewhere, to whom this Card is politely addressed, can be cajoled or flattered to patronize him, but wishes to address himself to their good sense only. They are respectfully informed, that 'Badeau's celebrated Strengthening Plasters,' were prepared with special reference to their favor, *etc. etc.*"

It is, as STERNE says,† but changing *Badeau's celebrated Strengthening Plasters* into *Rubeta's eloquent Dissertations*, and saying nothing about *coughs and asthmas*, and the Card is a right good one. You will find it, eloquent sir, in the N. Y. American, directly over the feeling address to the public of one Dr. HORNE.

133, 134. *No! by the immortal spirits of the fair — Who glitter in my* Tales, — *by these I swear,*] After repeated consideration of this splendid passage, we put it far before the famous oath of DEMOSTHENES quoted and commented on by LONGINUS. Let us consider the two. What says DEMOSTHENES? Οὐκ ἔστιν ὅπως ἡμάρτετε, οὐ μὰ τοὺς ἐν Μαραθῶνι προκινδυνεύσαντας.‡ *You have not erred, my countrymen! No! by those who jeoparded their lives for you at* MARATHON! And what is the object of this apostrophe to the valiant dead? To justify his own ill

* TITANIA *to* BOTTOM: *Mid. Night's Dream.* † *Sentim. Journey.* **
‡ *De Sublim.* xvi. *ex ed. Pearcii.*

'T would grieve RUBETA's bowels, ev'n to vex
The Devil himself, were he to change his sex!
Then let us on, nor waste those hours in tea,
Which promise you revenge,— fame, gold, to me.
Let down your tails; in grave procession pass;
Your champion leads, your own predestin'd ass!

conduct, and make the ATHEINANS satisfied with their defeat. Now LONGINUS says: Ἔστι δὲ οὐ τὸ ὀμωσοῦν τινὰ ὀμόσαι μέγα, τὸ δὲ ποῦ, καὶ πῶς, καὶ ἐφ' ὧν καιρῶν, καὶ τίνος ἕνεκα.* *But it is not the mere adjuration invests the oath with grandeur; but the where, and the how, and the occasions when, and the cause for which.* And in all these points, how great the superiority of our hero! If the Athenian orator addresses his to his countrymen at a time when they were sore for their misfortunes, and disposed to throw the blame thereof on him, when, in a word, they were gloomy and irritable, the MANHATTANESE employs his figure at the very moment when he had discharged all the arguments of consolation he could bring to bear upon the distress of the nuns, thus seizing their minds at the desired heat and bending them to his purpose by this tremendous blow of the double-handed hammer of his eloquence. Is the cause in question? By how much the disgrace of the nuns, and the slander of their reputation, are of more moment than the defeat of the Athenian arms, and the loss of the battle of CHERONÆA, and by how much women are of greater count than men, by so much does the Gazetteer surpass the Orator. And if the manner is to be considered, with what advantage does the propriety, the artfulness, the energy, the grace, of the eloquent Modern stand beside that of the Ancient! DEMOSTHENES gives immortality to those who were already dead, and who, therefore, had it as their right; RUBETA deifies the creatures of his own imagination, who never had existence, and therefore could not die.

"No! by the immortal spirits of the fair
Who glitter in my Tales,— by these I swear:"

καθάπερ ἐμπνευσθεῖς ἐξαίφνης ὑπὸ θεοῦ, καὶ οἱονεὶ φοιβόληπτος γενόμενος.† And then the compliment of bringing these pure beings of his own creation, the Christina-Diefendorffs of his very *Tales* before the suspected nuns! What art! What mastery over the passions! What expression in the words "Who *glitter!*" *glitter in his Tales!* Is it not like

* *De Sublim.* xvi. *ex ed. Pearcii.* † *Ibid.*

But mark, what now befell! Just when, with grace,
I rose to head the veil'd chlorotic race,
Green Father RICHARDS left the Mother's side,
Too well with tea and sugarplums supply'd,
Cross'd the spread board, and, stepping on my arm,
Rose to my peak: here perch'd, while in alarm
I cry'd, *Dear Sir, don't make your pulpit there!*
Unloaded all his stomach in my hair.

hanging a pair of diamond earrings before the eyes of his hearers? How must they have coveted a like distinction! How promised to themselves to endeavour to be worthy of it! Yes! thine is the palm, RUBETA! Yes, by thine own reviews! by those which figure in each Saturday's American! by the Longinistic pen of ADAM WALDIE!

* *

148. *Unloaded all his stomach* —] Commentators find fault with this relation as incredible, and impugn thereon RUBETA's tried veracity, — RUBETA's! A note, by an unknown hand, then adds that there is no miracle whatever in the matter; that a very simple operation of Nature's is intended to be expressed under a poetic guise; it being but necessary to understand by *stomach* the lower intestines, and to take the adjective *all* as elegantly reduplicative, to render the passage clear enough. All of which is superfluous commentary. RUBETA does not mean a fecular discharge, but that the bird did actually relieve his loaded *stomach*, and of course by the bill; for observe, in a line above he tells us, that the reverend father ate too many sugarplums, and *bibbled* too much tea, the Lady Superior doubtless either too absorbed by the hero's eloquence to notice the intemperance, or weakly indulgent to her favorite's appetites. Besides, pigeons are well known to evacuate the contents of the stomach by the throat, and this at pleasure. We would recommend to the notice of the commentators aforesaid, but "with a difference," what the mighty Cell-explorer has himself observed:

"The philosophic eye sees all things common,
Though *birds should vomit like a seasick woman.*" * *

There can be little question that the excellent Editor is quite out here. The *note by an unknown hand* is more plausible.

Corrector.

Then would the nymph, whose pipe assuages pain,
With roseate hand remove the sacred stain.
Touch not! I cry'd; there let the unction stay,
Chaplet at once, and omen of the day:
Not now the first time HEAV'N has spoke by birds;
And know ye not whose skull press'd fame from common curds?

Then rose the hawk-bill'd Mother-nun, and said,
While the sweat stood like bead-drops on her head:
Go now, my son; lead on our virgin pow'rs;
Fate and my parrot mark this day as ours.
For this, I tingle with prophetic fire:
My pains are fled; and see, how I perspire!

Ver. 149. — *the nymph whose pipe assuages pain,*] CLYSTERA, doubtless. * *

152. *Chaplet at once, and omen of the day:*] This line we explain in the following manner. RUBETA considers *the unction* as a reward of what he had already done in the delivery of his incomparable oration, — the parrot being undoubtedly the bird of eloquence, — and as an omen of success in the intended enterprise, by indicating that all the filth of MONK's aspersions was henceforth, removed from the nuns forever, to rest upon his own head.

Note. We are conscious of extending by such comments the time of reading this episode to an unconscionable length; but our desire of illustrating every step of this great man's splendid actions, and of showing the full pith of all his words, will excuse us; and even the Reader shall find his recompense, in the satisfaction of knowing to the core the illustrious and extraordinary being, to whom modern times have given birth for the admiration of the world and the eternal glory of his native CONNECTICUT. * *

154. *And know ye not,* etc.] DON QUIXOTE's, through the modesty of SANCHO.

Here, on this oaken stool, I take my stand,
Thus o'er that lovely head extend my hand:
My hour is come; FATE's forceps aids the pain;
And TRUTH celestial issues from my brain.
Be bold: I see, now, now, thy triumph nigh!
I see my ass spirt fountains to the sky!
Trapdoors and children disappear at once!
Slander is mute, and Malice proves a dunce.
'T is done! No more MONK's impious fires burn:
Back floats the train — But ah! its glad return
Gladdens not me: for, now thy labors end,
Thy wife calls home — Adieu! my son! my friend!
No more those saintly lips shall BOITEUSE see,
No more that voice recall my dream to me,
No more shall beam those eyes these eyes before,
Nor little rounded belly pant — No more!
Behold MANHATTAN pouring forth her sons:
Her Wit returns, — her evening-prince of puns!

Ver. 176. — *no more!*] Not the Αἰ, αἰ, of the Greek tragedian, nor the *Mai più* of the modern Italian, is half so mournful as this *No more!* One may see the Lady Superior overcome with grief, hear her voice broken with sobbing, and witness the struggle in her bosom as she strives for utterance of the anguish she feels in anticipation of the loss of the hero's company. How amiable must be the person, how extraordinary his merit, to make so deep an impression in so brief a visit!

177 – 182. *Behold MANHATTAN*, etc.] * *

Post triste exilium, patriis cum redditus oris,
Lætitiam ingentem populorum, omnesque per urbes
Accipies plausus, et lætas undique voces,
Votaque pro reditu persolvent debita matres.

VIDÆ *Poet. Lib.* i. *v.* 21 – 25.

Hark! the green wharves his *Visit* hawk for sale;
The *Visit*, gin and oyster shops retail:
Erin in Elm-street toasts the darling boy,
And Chatham's orange-women sob for joy.
Thus shall thy home do honor to thy parts.
Nor deem that here we bear ungrateful hearts.
What though, poor maids, (most poor in worldly sense!)
We cannot line thy pantaloons with pence,
Yet may we mount thy virtues to the sky,
And place thy name with thousand saints on high.
Thus for thy brow a double wreath shall twine,
Honor'd alike as human and divine.
While monks wear cowls and nuns Italian crape,
While bears and newsmen lick their cubs to shape,
While curs with kicks, and fools with laughter meet,
Thy name shall be as common as the street.

Ver. 181. — *Elm-street* —] A locality of the *Five-points*, the *St. Giles's* of New York.

191 – 194. *While monks*, etc.]

Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ,
Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.
Virg. *Ecl.* v. 76.

The great Mantuan was so fond of this passage as to imitate himself:

In freta dum, *etc.* *Æn.* i. 607 – 610.

191. — *and nuns Italian crape,*] "They wear a black Italian crape cap." — *Visit to Montreal*, &c.

No barren title hence shall feed thine ear;
Colonel alone, or paltry Gazetteer;
But wits shall emulous rehearse thy praise,
These in loose prose, and those in measur'd lays:
Broadway's gay shops thy honor'd bust shall deck,
With lengthen'd ears and horizontal neck;
That men shall say, when, thronging near to see,
They recognise thy face with sober glee,
What will not love of fame and gold inspire!
Behold the ass that quench'd the convent-fire!
Yes, not forgotten, though we bid adieu,
Thy name shall live while tow'rs the *Hôtel Dieu:*
Rais'd by thy sanctity dear saint of maids,
That kiss thy toe in all their thousand needs,
Thy shrine shall stand immortal as St. Paul's,
And little St. Rubetas stock our walls!
Then "St. Rubeta!" quaver'd near and wide
The nuns' shrill pipes: the cloisters *'Beta* sigh'd:
'Eta, the empty plates, the empty bowls reply'd.

Ver. 195–198. *No barren title hence shall feed thine ear; — Colonel alone*, etc.

> At tua non titulus capiet sub stemmate facta;
> Æterno sed erunt tibi magna volumina versu,
> Convenientque tuas cupidi componere laudes
> Undique, quique canent vincto pede, quique soluto.

Carm. ad Messalam panegyr. — Tibulli *Lib.* iv. *Carm.* 1, *v.* 33–36. *ed. Heyne. Lips.* 1777.

212, 213. — *the cloisters* 'Beta *sigh'd:* — 'Eta, *the empty plates, the empty bowls reply'd.*] How readily manners are communicated! Yet could

But, rang'd in column, stand the vestal train.
Six virgins undergo the mystic cane. 215

we, but for this his own evidence, have believed that RUBETA had happily infected, or inoculated (if this word were as much applicable as it is more respectful), the very walls and furniture of the convent with his taste for joking? — By the by, the sighing, which the cloisters indulged in, must have been of that pleasing kind which is unmixed with pain;

Not soche sorowfull sighes as men make
For wo, or els whan that folke be sike,
But easie sighes;

(*3de Booke of Troilus.* CHAUCER'S *Woorkes*, 1561, *fol.* clxxiii:)

for they could not regret that the presence which inspired them was to be canonized despite his Protestantism, and thus rendered more proper for their love and admiration. In the same sense the platters might be said "to weep, yet scarce know why."

We would further remark, what seems to have escaped the Poet, that the passage in the text bears a resemblance to one in VIRGIL'S *Daphnis:*

Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes; ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta: Deus, deus ille, Menalca! *v.* 61 – 63.

and again to one in Ovid:

Flebile nescio quid queritur lyra, flebile lingua
Murmurat exanimis; respondent flebile ripæ.
Metam. xi. 52, 53. * *

By permission, we suggest, that the regret of so soon losing the Prince were sufficient cause for the feeble tones in which the acclaim was repeated. What other feeling, except weakness could shorten it so well into *Beater* and *Eater?* — If our poor sense should be thought of importance, we shall be a proud man; for we feel the same love growing on us for the hero, with which his transcendent virtues have justly animated the historian of his actions and the editor of his fame. *Compositor.*

215. — *mystic* —] I suppose, as having occult virtues; to which the hero has alluded in one or two places already: —

What present honor waits this rod divine
Yourself shall witness, Mother, ere you dine:
Canto i. *v.* 437, 438.

And a little below,

Dead babe hope not to hide,
Nor friar's sandal, where this wand is guide!
Aided by which, shall pierce your very stones
My eagle eyes, and find those little bones!
Ib. 455 – 458. * *

So, in Otranto's castle of affrights,
The sword is shoulder'd by a hundred knights.
I marshall'd all, and help'd them hook their tails,
Then plac'd me at their front, proud Captain of the Veils.
As when, Aquarius chaining up the deep,
Wedg'd in the solid bay whole navies sleep;
But Caurus keen, with Boreas forc'd to fly,
To milder Notus yields the gelid sky;
Parting in fragments huge, sweeps out to sea
The rifted ice: the expectant vessels, free,
Spread their broad wings, and, sidelong through the spray,
In long succession take their vary'd way.
So, the refection o'er, and blessing said,
Onward we sail, our course no more delay'd;
I, deeply fraught, a ship of thousand tons
Bound for Cathay; the lighter craft, the nuns.
Ev'n thus the gander heads his female stock;
So bears the bell the wether of the flock.

Ver. 216, 217. *So, in Otranto's castle of affrights, — The sword is shoulder'd by a hundred knights.*] It sometimes happens that a book which shall have made, however unjustly, a reputation in its day, retains the same long after the test which Time is supposed to apply in all such cases; and this because men are too lazy or too timid to think for themselves, or, slaves to the tyrant Opinion, dare not own they do so.

231. — *Cathay* —] The old name for China: so used by the poet of the Seasons:

> Save when its annual course the caravan
> Bends to the golden coast of rich *Cathay*,
> With news of human kind. *Winter*, 806.

We make the port: before us frown the cells.
Set down the staff, — I cry'd, — time-honor'd belles!
And now attend. 'T is said, unlike her sex,
The cloister'd maiden glories to perplex;
That on our nose you 'll lay a guiding hand,
And fill these eyes at will with convent-sand.
But prythee look, sweet spirits, ere you leap!
Nor think to catch an Argus fast asleep.
Ay, by those graceful skirts which I adore,
I 'll close my lids, and stand stock still, before!
Resolv'd I am, (and, saving HEAV'N on high,
Naught the resolves can melt of such as I,)
Resolv'd I am, to search you through and through;
From vault to chimney-top; each door undo,

Ver. 235. — *time-honor'd* —] "Time-honor'd LANCASTER." *Rich.* ii. An epithet that must have been peculiarly grateful to the venerable spinsters, now "past age." **

238, 239. *That on our nose you 'll lay a guiding hand, — And fill these eyes at will with convent-sand.*]

"I said to them frankly," (a very common euphemism for *impudently,*) "that I had been admonished * of their arts of deception, and had been told that they would mislead me at every turn, and throw dust in my eyes at their own pleasure." *Visit,* etc.

240. — *sweet spirits* —] The hero uses this same tender appellation in his published narrative. **

243. *I 'll close my lids, and stand stock still* —] This ingenious way of preventing the catastrophe with which he was threatened cannot be too much admired. **

246 – 251. *Resolv'd I am,* etc.]

— "that I was resolved to scrutinize the whole structure, in all its ramifications, from garret to cellar, — to lift every trap-door, — to inspect every secret vault, — unbar every door, — search every cellar, — and thread every subterranean passage." *Visit,* etc.

* Stonington dialect for *advised, informed,* or perhaps *warned.* JOANNES GRAMM. *de Anglo-Americanæ Linguæ Dialectis.*

Lift ev'ry trap, explore each secret nook,
Inspect your closets, in your night-pans look,
Walls, vessels, urinals, chests, cupboards, sound,
And thread your pleasure-gardens under ground!
This will I do, Maria's self to guide!
Her luscious parts, lo! mark'd by dog's-ears wide.
Therefore I trust ye will not feel surprise,
If aught that is peculiar meet these eyes.
Fear not, says PUTAIN: Dear! PUCELLE and I
Will show you any thing you wish to spy.
Then first CAROTTE'S trim chamber glads the view.
Green was the couch; green hung the valance too.
Two tall-back'd chairs in green old age are there,
Desk, crucifix, and books of holy pray'r.
Dear, simple dormitory! ZION'S head
Might catch repose upon thy cat-tail bed!
Next PLAINCHANT opens; and the soft SERIN.
Church-anthems spread their choral sheets within.

Ver. 252. — *Maria's self to guide!*]

— "my determination was to make the examination book in hand, and refer to its pages as occasion might require. Such was the course pursued." *Visit,* etc.

253. *Her luscious parts, lo! mark'd by dog's-ears wide.*]

"A few passages for special reference were marked in pencil, and *the leaves turned down* at others." *Ibid.*

254 – 257. *Therefore I trust ye will not feel surprise,* etc.]

— "that consequently I trusted they would be neither displeased nor surprised, *etc.* They replied, *etc.*" *Ibid.*

262. — *ZION'S* —] IXION'S.—The word in the text should doubtless be written thus: *'Xion's;* the *I* being cut off by a very natural *aphæresis.*

GRISŒIL, thy room; thine too, NOIRŒIL, we tread;
Turn up thy valance, and inspect the bed.
Thine, pale CHLOROSIS; LEUCORRHEA, thine;
Fragrant of cordials, labell'd Feminine.
Next stir the sheets by BOITEUSE nightly press'd.
There, GRAY, thy Patent Ointment stinks confess'd!
In PUTAIN'S corners dart our critic eye:
And quit, PUCELLE, thy chamber with a sigh.
Then PHLEBOTEMNA'S lancets shock the sight,
And Swedish leeches chill me with affright.
But lo! CLYSTERA'S bladders dun display'd.
Dear, slender tubes! how oft we 've bless'd thy aid!

Indeed, both the copy in the library of the Olivetans at NAPLES, and that in the Ambrosian library at MILAN, read:

Dear, simple dormiture! IXION'S head:

and, notwithstanding the word *dormiture* is without authority, except in its rugged contraction *dorture*, we confess we prefer this reading.

* *

If any letter were cut off it would be the *o*, or our ear is sadly out:

Dear, simple dormit'ry! IXION'S head:

besides, my eldest boy, who has been a year at College, tells me the *I* in IXION is long, as he calls it, and is sounded hard and full: therefore, so exact a scholar as RUBETA would not have slurred it. The text must be right. *Corrector.*

263. *Might catch repose upon thy cat-tail bed!*] "The unsophisticated reader may perhaps think these 'cells' are very dark and gloomy places, with stone floors, and lock and bars, and grates. No such thing," says RUBY. "They are neat little apartments, containing a single bed," etc. *Visit*, etc.

269. *Fragrant of cordials, labell'd Feminine.*] "The Female Cordial of Health," we suppose. See the N. Y. American, 1837. * *

271. — *GRAY, thy Patent Ointment stinks confess'd!*] "Gray's Pat. Ointment, for the cure of White Swellings, *etc. etc.*" See the Manhattanese newspapers. * *

Destin'd, that night, to know thy power most bland
When minister'd by woman's feeling hand.
Then, crossing HYDROPIQUE's unwelcome sill,
We hover o'er thy nest, star-ey'd FRETILLE!
And so, through all the chambers, twice eighteen:
Turn'd down the sheets, and beat the covers green.
In every spot my patrimonial cane
Its iron finger thrust, but thrust in vain.
Loud laugh'd FRETILLE, and gravely smil'd her mates,
To see their missals search'd for wicked plates.
But, nothing dash'd, I prob'd the very locks,
And rak'd the keyhole twice for infants' socks:
Then peep'd beneath the valance, bending knee:
But nothing there was hid, but what should be.
This done, the train descend, with added strength,
Where stretch the vaults their dark, suspicious length.

Ver. 282, 283. *And so, through all the chambers*, etc. — *Turn'd down*, etc.]
— "examining every apartment with the most deliberate and eagle-eyed attention. We visited the cells of the nuns, and examined their furniture, *etc. etc.* Every door, of every room, closet, and pantry, was readily opened at my request, *etc.*" *Visit*, etc.

286. *Loud laugh'd FRETILLE, and gravely smil'd her mates, — To see their missals search'd* —]
"The books, so far as we looked at them, were such as good protestants might become still better by reading." "— so pleasant was their laughter at some of our remarks," [no doubt,] "that I asked them in badinage," [a favorite expression with RUBETA of which we do not know the meaning,] "what right they had to laugh, — that in such a place their business must be to look grave and gloomy, and never smile!" [Pleasant fellow!] *Ibid.*

288. — *prob'd the very locks*,]
— "there was not an apartment in either story which I did not examine with the closest scrutiny, from floor to ceiling. —" *Ibid.*

292. — *with added strength*,]
— "being soon joined by several additional members of the sisterhood, who accompanied us through our examination." *Ibid.*

Once more I range their virgin ranks, but place
The fresh recruits, all novices, in face.
Fair postulants! and ye! whose riper years
Man may not guess, until he see your hairs,
(Save one like me, instructed in the sex,)
Regard these walls. Now, mark this stick of sticks!
Greater than that, which AMRAM'S prophet-son
Wav'd o'er the Coptic land, when, one by one,
EGYPT'S first-born saw each his woolly poll
Swarm like a lazar's back in ESTAMBOL;
Or that which bade, still bright in changeless youth,
Thy chok'd-up waters flow, monastic Ruth!
Set but the point to yon gray wall, behold,
Its sullen rocks their secrets straight unfold:

Ver. 294, 295. — *but place — The fresh recruits, all novices, in face.*] The object of this arrangement may be conjectured from v. 75, 76:

——————— "RUBETA'S only vice,
Save lying, is *to have an eye too nice.*" * *

296. — *postulants* —] So RUBETA calls the novices, by an *alias* of explanation, in his "Visit."

296, 297. — *ye! whose riper years — Man may not guess, until he see your hairs,*]

"This" (the "bandeau") "is a white linen band bound round the forehead, and *reaching down to the eyebrows, so as to conceal the hair entirely.*" RUB. *of the costume of the black nuns.* — "Visit, etc."

302, 303. — *saw each his woolly poll — Swarm*, etc.] HERODOTUS, speaking of the COLCHIANS, gives as a reason for supposing they were of Egyptian origin, that like the EGYPTIANS they were *black, and had short woolly hair.* (*Euterpe*, civ.) And as he says, (*Ib.* XXXVI,) that the EGYPTIANS have their heads closely shorn, the populousness of the *polls* might as easily be *seen* as felt. * *

304, 305. *Or that which bade, still bright in changeless youth, — Thy chok'd-up waters flow, monastic Ruth!*] The feat of *mein Herr* DOUSTERSWIVEL. See the *Antiquary*, (Vol. I. chap. 2. PARKER'S edition.)

* *

What hapless vestals there are bury'd quick;
How long ere common cement learns to stick.
This said, my arm directs the rod edgewise.
I listen: but no smother'd voice replies.
Mute with amaze, my orbs I roll around;
With rapid stride, survey the hostile ground.
Three times, in rage, each angle I explore;
Three times I smote: still stubborn as before!
Three times my weary loins I rest upon the floor.
Grasp'd by the middle, then, I raise the wand,
Stride back a pace, and, with a mighty bound,
Rapid as thunder, on the frowning rock
Rush'd dire. Earth's entrails tremble at the shock.
Quiver'd the rod; the frighten'd nuns leap'd back:
But for the roof, escap'd that horrid crack,
The Sun himself had shrunk, and Heav'n had gone to wrack.

Ver. 312. *Mute with amaze, my orbs I roll around; — With rapid stride*, etc.]

Ecce! furens animis aderat Tirynthius; omnemque
Accessum lustrans huc ora ferebat et illuc,
Dentibus infrendens. Ter totum, fervidus irâ,
Lustrat Aventini montem; ter saxea tentat
Limina nequidquam; ter fessus valle resedit.
VIRG. *Æn.* viii. 228–232.

320, 321. — *Earth's entrails tremble at the shock. — Quiver'd the rod; the frighten'd nuns leap'd back:*]

——— Impulsu quo maximus insonat æther;
Dissultant ripæ, refluitque exterritus amnis.
Ibid. 239, 240.

I pause, take breath, perspire, give ear. In vain.
Jesu! what 's that? The echo of the cane.
Alas, no groan! not even hingeless bones
Send out their clang, to turn us all to stones.
And yet I listen'd! — Never mother's ear
So long'd her first-born babe's first word to hear,
When, its sweet eyes upturn'd to meet her eyes,
Prone in her arms the smiling infant lies,
Its dimpled fingers toying with her breast,
By its small lips the rosy fountain prest,
While views the sire with joy his imag'd face,
And strains the mother in his fond embrace.
No smother'd voice! reëchoes but the rock;
And the gray mortar, stubborn, stands the shock.
With joy whose foreheads show no wanton hairs,
In disappointment I, ascend the stairs.

Ver. 324. *I pause, take breath*, etc.] In other editions:

"*Shook, not dismay'd*, I pause to hear: in vain."

What a morally sublime picture does this present! the courage of one man alone unshaken, when all nature was in fits, and the hard-bound Earth herself shook with a colic! * *

327. — *stones.*] Some of the copies write this word with a capital *S*, and explain the phrase as implying something excessively stupid! What they mean I know not. Perhaps it is a proper name. But the sense is unnecessary, and even frivolous when compared with that of the present text. * *

328–335. — *Never mother's ear — So long'd*, etc.] Here we have another instance how strikingly the illustrious subject of this poem resembles the hero of the Æneid. Says Bossu: "L'Enéïde est toute dans les passions tendres et douces, parceque c'est le caractère d'Enée." *Du Poëme Epique*, Liv. iii. (p. 227. *Ed.* 1693. *Paris.*)

Yet, true to policy, unown'd the smart,
Comrades, — I said, with double AJAX' art, —
Forc'd by the rod, yon vaults have spoke. Not there
The secret lies. Up, girls; we search elsewhere.
Lead, postulants. What fear? RUBETA feels
No rude desire to shame your modest heels.

Like as, where Cancer's tropic girds the main,
When the soft Trade-winds sweep its placid plain,
The brown weed floats, for many a rood and more,
Isle after isle, from Carribean shore:
The sun-burn'd seaman, leaning o'er the prow,
Admires their course, and wonders how they grow:
Not less continuous than these sons of ocean
The sisters glide, and with as tranquil motion;
We, in their midst, conspicuous o'er them all,
A bigger isle, where little sea-crabs crawl.

But come, enliv'ning orchestra of JOVE!
Whose viols screak below, though tun'd above:

Ver. 341. — *double AJAX' art,*] Read, *meo periculo*, "twice ULYSSES' art"; for so the hero must certainly have meant to say; and the intention, everybody knows, is every thing. * *

343. — *girls* —] The amenity of RUBETA's disposition is particularly well seen in the affectionate familiarity of this appellation. * *

355. *A bigger isle, where little sea-crabs crawl.*] It is one of the idle amusements of that idlest time, a sequence of days of fine weather in the tropics, to fish up the large bunches of the weed which covers the ocean on either side of the vessel, and pick off the little crabs which make it their travelling yacht, and this for the pleasure of leaving the poor things to dry up in the hot sun upon the rail; for idleness often makes men absurdly cruel. * *

Bright maids of honor to queen PHŒBE, who
Can speak so well of maidenhood as you?
For ye are virgins all (though somewhat old):
Sing, Muses, to my peers, the venture bold
Run by these loins, what time on dusty shelves
I grop'd for maids as wither'd as yourselves.
Leave bagpipe, hautboy, fiddle, flute, and tabor,
Or sound them hard, to aid me now in labor.

In the large room, where, toiling for their bread,
The busy spinners ply the circling thread,
Built from the wall a smaller chamber stands.
Here lightly Time hath laid his sacred hands:

Ver. 358. — *queen* PHŒBE —] *King* PHŒBUS, unquestionably: and if anybody objects to a king's having maids of honor, he is to suppose it to be a pleasantry of RUBETA's. (See our part of note to v. 363.) It is true, however, that the reading in the text is maintained by a very accomplished critic, who urges in its defence, that as PHŒBE borrows her brother's light, so on state-occasions it is probable she may apply for the Muses to swell her train, and therefore they are properly called her *maids of honor*. At all events, (he well adds,) RUBETA *cannot be wrong*. * *

361, 362. — *the venture bold — Run by these loins* —] See note to v. 372, 373. By *Run by these loins*, some suppose the hero to have meant to allude to the danger incurred by those parts in particular as sung in v. 450 – 458. * *

363. — *as wither'd as yourselves.*] Gross ignorance. The celestials enjoy eternal youth. For what other cause is HEBE made their cupbearer? CERDANUS.

The phrase is merely figurative; the "Captain of the Veils" meaning to denote the length of time they had already existed, not to reproach them with its ravages. HEYNE.

HEYNE is wrong: but LA CERDA is not right. The *Captain* is merely jesting: humor, it is not to be forgotten, is a marked feature in his mental physiognomy, as he himself has given us to understand, and tells us directly in v. 388 – 390, below. * *

For the deal planks no swart defacement bear,
Nor the gray worm has dar'd to burrow there.
Fast was the door; the key might not be found;
No window gap'd; but, far above the ground,
Mysteriously dark, a large square hole
Frown'd into awe your brother's boding soul.
Alas! (I thought), the place where, living, fresh,
Poor nuns are purg'd, for sins done in the flesh:
And Ah! — I cry'd, — dark nymphs, what have ye here?
See in Monk's book, where, mark'd by this dog's-ear,
The very spot! Now, by my hopes of glory,
I 'll mount yon stool, and scale your purgatory!
What! — said Serin, — such doubts upon us cast?
Sisters, this saint is but a man at last!
A man? Ah no! those eyes repel the charge;
Soft as a cow's, though nothing near so large!
And yet, methinks a little twinkler there
Warns us of malice, by his merry glare.
That 's wit, my dear; the ray of humor fine,
That makes me known and needed where I dine, —

Ver. 372–375. — *the key might not be found; — No window gap'd;* etc.] See in the *Visit* the account of the "square hole" "high up from the floor," which the glorious hero mistook for "the 'purgatory' as laid down in Maria Monk's book," and which he "had been diligently looking for." They would not give him the keys of the place. Whereupon the enthusiastic soldier, with an intrepidity worthy of more success, scaled the fortress. "Taking a chair," says the modern Don Quixote, "I thereupon climbed up to the dark hole, and thrusting my head through, *etc.*" * *

The merry boy! that dear buffoon, Rubeta!
And by some other names of love still sweeter:
No malice, no! believe me; for I am,
Though lionlike, as meek as any lamb.
Yet must I mount! there 's peril in yon wall;
And when on me in vain did Peril call?
Once, I had sworn to hunt to death a flea.
Six hours I cours'd him, over thigh and knee;
Till, brought to bay, fell'd by a mighty thwack,
The monster paid with life my plunder'd back.
Judge by this feat what resolution lies
Here, in this heart, despite my tender eyes!
This said, I drew the perforated stool
Close to the wall, plumb underneath the hole.
But, as thereon I set one nervous foot,
Boiteuse limp'd up, and pluck'd me by the coat,

Ver. 405, 406. *Boiteuse limp'd up and pluck'd me by the coat, — And sobb'd, and said: O too courageous saint!*] So Andromache endeavors to deter Hector:

Ἀνδρομάχη δέ οἱ ἄγχι παρίστατο δακρυχέουσα,
Ἕν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ, ἔπος τ' ἔφατ', ἐκ τ' ὀνόμαζε·
Δαιμόνιε, φθίσει σε τὸ σὸν μένος. ————————

Il. vi. 405–407.

But as the peril which Rubeta is about to encounter was far greater than that which menaced Hector, and the occasion thereof much more important, so does the gentle Boiteuse far surpass the daughter of Eetion in the argument, equally unsuccessful, with which she endeavors to move that chieftain: for the latter lady detains her lord to listen to an account of her family, which must have been familiar enough to him already; the former tells a story which Rubeta could not previously know: Andromache urges Hector to spare himself for her sake,

And sobb'd, and said: O too courageous saint!
Climb not yon wall, unless you'd have me faint.
Think what awaits you, if your hold should fail;
Bruis'd, haply lam'd, with me to tell the tale!
Me? Poor BOITEUSE! 'T was on CHRIST'S holy *fête*,
Some years by-gone: I know not well the date:
But I was little then; and sound, and gay.
My mother put a currant-pie away,
In a close room, with window like yon square,
And begg'd her darling not to venture there.
Unhappy I, that did not mind her pray'r!
That hour which drew the dame to solemn mass
Saw BOITEUSE to the fatal chamber pass.
She mounts a chair; the window was not high;
Close to the sill repos'd the tempting pie;
A small round hole, by old establish'd use,
Smiling midway the crust, replete with juice.
Just as, with head askance, heart throbbing quicker,
I thrust one finger in, to taste the liquor,
The false chair slid, my hand forsook the tart,
And BOITEUSE lay deform'd past reach of art.

which was undoubtedly very selfish; BOITEUSE entreats her Captain for his own, and thereunto applies a sort of *argumentum ad hominem*, which must have had great effect, had not Glory blown her bugle in his ears, and chivalrous daring fortified his heart against the assaults of Prudence. Ah! had but ANDROMACHE been BOITEUSE, HECTOR perhaps were still alive, and TROY, TROY would have stood despite the gods and mythologic BRYANT. * *

Be warn'd in time: O sir, 't will never do
To have but two good legs between us two!
You preach in vain, I said: No mournful tale
Shall make this heart of seven-fold calfskin quail.
But speak, my deeds! — Unhand me, maids! I 'll on,
Nor further waste discourse: the days are gone,
When heroes ere they battled play'd bow-wow:
No bard of seven cities fiddles now.
With pride I spoke: and Pride 's forbid to shine,
Though that her perch were higher crest than mine.
Heedless, kind Boiteuse, of thy warning fall,
Blind to my fate, I clomb the wooden wall.
Ah, Father Richards! hadst thou thither come,
Perch'd on Serin's or Leucorrhea's thumb,
Thy wing fatidical had brush'd our brow,
And a new omen sav'd me whole as now!

Ver. 429, 430. *You preach in vain, I said: no mournful tale — Shall make*, etc.] How does this agree with what he has said of himself in v. 392, 393, as well as in other places? Well enough. His habitual bearing is mild, his temper on ordinary occasions *meek as any lamb's;* but, when resolution is required, then the heroic chief shakes off these gentler virtues "like dew-drops from a lion's mane," and is indeed, as he himself says, "lionlike." * *

431, 432. — *I 'll on, — Nor further waste discourse* —] Here the superiority of our hero to the bulwark of Troy is very evident. Hector talks some five-and-twenty lines in reply to Andromache, and shows himself a tender husband as a doughty hero: but Rubeta, more impatient for action, cuts short all topics with a Hotspur-energy, and subdues the softness of his gentler spirit to show himself the thorough hero. * *

My hands were in the gap, my right foot prest
Prone on the open cover of the chest,
When, as I gather'd force, with breath constrain'd,
And deem'd my glorious purpose almost gain'd,
As proudly scann'd my eye the slippery way,
A wanton novice drew the stool away.
Ah, noble peers! dear brother-worms of wit!
The rest how shall I speak in accents fit!
As struggling to ascend, afraid to fall,
I hung, 'twixt earth and heav'n, and kick'd the wall,
My rebel braces (not like these I wear;
But darn'd and splic'd, a venerable pair!)
Gave way: O God! the ravell'd ends escape,
And lo! reveal'd to light, my nether shape!
So look'd old TROY, when fell her ramparts down,
And bar'd to Grecian eyes the unseemly town.

Ver. 444. — *the open cover of the chest,*] This phrase helps us to explain an expression in v. 402; "the perforated stool." The prop in question was of the order of stools known as *close;* its present position, "open," with the lid leaning upright against the wall. * *

455. — *ravell'd* —] In the sense in which SHAKSPEARE uses it in this line: "Sleep which knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care." And it is so employed throughout the volume. * *

457, 458. *So look'd old TROY, when fell her ramparts down, — And bar'd to Grecian eyes the unseemly town.*]

Si licet exemplis in parvo grandibus uti,
Hæc facies Trojæ, cum caperetur, erat.
OVID. Trist. i. *Eleg.* iii.

Commentators are not agreed from what sources the learned hero derives this knowledge of the domestic condition of the capital of PRIAM; though some pretend to say it is *merely* an allusion: to what? in the

Then, shame-struck, blushing, loudly did I cry: —
Run, holy maids! Don't peep; or I shall die!
As the dry leaves in eddies circle round,
When winds autumnal sweep the wooded ground;
As rushes up the flue the smother fast,
When on the fire the recent faggot 's cast:
As spring the quails on whirring pinion slant,
When the keen setter snuffs their cover'd haunt;

name of Civility be it asked. To Saturday-night, says my Uncle TOBY. But whether the critic consider TOBY's ready answer "a plain subterfuge" or not, 't is certain that the Poet would be greatly incensed did he know of this uncivil attempt to soil the honor of his hero.

We have just lighted on an old Scholiast who asks, if the town might not be considered as unseemly, simply for being denuded of its outward defences, and these lying a confused heap at its heels as it were. An excellent gloss, which clears up the difficulty and makes the affair clean at once. * *

459, 460. *Then, shame-struck, blushing, loudly did I cry: — Run, holy maids! Don't peep; or I shall die!*] The modesty of the *Brace-betrayed* is only equalled by that of the husband of PENELOPE, who, when the handmaids of NAUSICAA wait to see him bathe, sings out lustily to them: *Get out of the way, girls; — it isn't decent; I positively wont strip before such nice young women;* premising, by way I suppose of consoling them for the deprivation, the fact, *that it was a long time since he 'd had a good cleaning:*

Ἀμφίπολοι, στῆθ' οὕτω ἀπόπροθεν, ὄφρ' ἐγὼ αὐτὸς
Ἅλμην ἀμοιῖν ἀπολούσομαι, ἀμφὶ δ' ἐλαίῳ
Χρίσσομαι· ἦ γὰρ δηρὸν ἀπὸ χροός ἐστιν ἀλοιφή.
Ἀντην δ' οὐκ ἄν ἔγωγε λοέσσομαι· αἰδέομαι γὰρ
Γυμνοῦσθαι, κούρῃσιν ἐϋπλοκάμοισι μετελθών.
Odyss. vi. 218 – 222. * *

461, etc. *As the dry leaves*, etc.] The first two similes express the rapidity, the last two the noise and confusion, of the flight of the women from the scene of the hero's exposure. * *

As pilfering schoolboys from an orchard fly,
When o'er the hedge grim lowers the owner's eye:
So hurriedly, all mingled in their fright,
Nuns, novices, and spinners, urge the flight.
With various clamor; scream, and laugh, and shriek.
Here push the strong, and there recede the weak.
My face was to the wall, I could not see;
But such the scene my ears described to me.
And more, a novice thus expressed her thought:—
The nasty beast! to wear a shirt so short!
Then all was still. Wo 's me! I could not rise.
I durst not drop: the fall had broke my thighs.
Chill blows the air. I curse my painful weight;
Then praise the Lord, and moralize my state: —

Ver. 475. — *a novice thus expressed her thought:*] It is asked, how, if his face was to the wall, he could know that the speaker was a novice? It is answered, that he probably recognised the voice. BAYLE says, RUBETA supposed it was such a thought as only a novice would express. * *

479, 480. *Chill blows the air; I curse my painful weight, — Then praise the Lord, and moralize my state:*] How truly philosophical must be the character which can moralize in such a predicament! the cold air blowing with peculiar severity upon his naked part, from the shortness of the curtain noticed by the observing novice, and his heavy weight bearing incessantly upon his wrists and arms. There is indeed a commentator, who declares that no state could be so favorable to philosophical reflection as that of RUBETA; for men are never so well disposed to think seriously as after a cold air-bath; and that pain and shame are excellent promoters of the same agreeable disposition. The learned Gymnosophos may be right; but we insist upon it, that no man but our hero could cool himself to so much purpose. Besides, look at his piety. His first feeling is to curse his ponderosity; but, instantly correcting himself, he praises HEAVEN. If it would not be thought

Now well I see man never may be blest
With perfect fortune, or unbroken rest!
What though the Sun unclouded shine to-day,
To-morrow storms shall gather round his way:
For I, whose planet promis'd fame and riches,
Now see all slipp'd with these confounded breeches.
Ah, happy, had I worn my hose more small!
Still happier, had I worn no hose at all,
Whelp'd on those hills where gallant men their thighs
Conceal in philabegs from maidens' eyes,
Or, suckled with the she-wolf's bloody young,
Wore rags with PINDAR while a HORACE sung,

profane in us, we could almost fancy the very words with which this great and good man would solace his affliction as he looked down upon his fallen integuments: The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away: blessed be the name of the Lord! (*See latter part of note to* v. 553.)

481, 482. *Now well I see man never may be blest — With perfect fortune,* etc.] PINDAR has nearly the same reflection with RUBETA:

Τὸ δ' ἀ-
εὶ παράμερον ἐσλὸν,
Ὕπατον ἔρχεται παν-
τὶ βροτῶ. *Olymp.* i. 159. HEYNE: Lond. 1823.

And in Ode ii. of the same, v. 55,

Ἦτοι
Βροτῶν κίχριται
* * *
*, ἀσύχιμον Ἀμέραν
Ὁπότε, παῖδ' Ἀλίου,
Ἀτιρεῖ σὺν ἀγαθῷ
Τελευτάσομεν.

A sentiment so very singular it is not likely could originate with two great men; and PINDAR has the priority. * *

492. *Wore rags with* PINDAR *while a* HORACE *sung,*] Read unhesitatingly:

"Wore rags with CÆSAR, *where* a VIRGIL sung."

We need scarcely add, that by *wearing rags* the erudite RUBETA

Or, like my ADAM, of whose vocal flow'rs
I lectur'd to the fair in happier hours,
Stalk'd undegraded by a tailor's shears,
And grac'd the figleaf which APOLLO wears,
In days when men had tails, and joy'd to browse,
And show'd their navels even to their cows.
This ill for thee I bear, ador'd Renown!
This, this, proclaims me, sun-ey'd Gold, thy own!
Others, thus plac'd, another cause might plead,
And boast the love of truth. Of truth, indeed!
For me, sufficient men shall read my name:
I 'd murder Truth at any time for fame.

means to express the cloths with which his favorite unbreeched ROMANS swathed their thighs and legs; at least the effeminate of them, and the valetudinary; for HORACE classes these *fasciæ* among the *insignia morbi*, and CICERO mentions them along with *medicamenta.* * *

493, 494. — *ADAM, of whose vocal flow'rs — I lectur'd to the fair in happier hours,*] Those who had the happiness of attending the Lectures of the great *Captain* before the "Mercantile Library Association" of New York, in the winter of 1837, will remember with particular pleasure with what eloquence and feeling he told how ADAM talked to EVE by means of bachelors'-buttons and ladyslippers. * *

496. — *the figleaf which APOLLO wears,*] Here the various RUBETA gives us the first inkling of that eminent knowledge of sculpture for which he is so justly celebrated in the 4th Canto. * *

504, 505. *I 'd murder Truth at any time for fame; — (Witness, ye columns of my nightly press!)*] See the examples cited in illustration of the 246th verse of Canto iii., and which we in this place refer to, not as particular instances of RUBETA's readiness to do any dirty job for the sake of notoriety, (for such, we should give the general reference, "See his journal *passim*,") but of his utter disregard of the divinity of truth, arising from a laxity of moral principle, (of which we have given a striking evidence in the 4th Canto, and SHALL ONE DAY PRESENT ANOTHER STILL MORE CONVINCING, to perhaps the astonishment of

(Witness, ye columns of my nightly press!)
More who would do for Fame? Who could do less?
Truth is no real good. Can truth be eat?
Feels it or warm or cold, or dry or wet?
Ideal virtue then: just none, or worse.
But fame, which glads my heart, the well-stock'd purse,
Which finds me bellytimber, these are goods;
And, who for these brooks Fortune's sullen moods,
As much a martyr, as who, free from sin,
Roasts like a woodcock with his entrails in.
What makes the martyr? Surely not the pain.
Rouse up, my soul! nor be thou great in vain.

many,) arising, we say, from a laxity of moral principle, and that meddling, gossiping disposition, which is a peculiar characteristic of this "lively dunce."

Ἀκέρδεια λέλογχεν
Θαμινὰ κακαγόρως.*

Which the Colonel may translate, if he please, by referring to his Bible: Exodus, xxiii. 1.

516. *Rouse up, my soul!* etc.] Admirable! Here, indeed, we have the true spirit of this most extraordinary man. Following up his arguments, that, in suffering suspension in a state of demi-nudity, he is truly a martyr to the cause of honor, he says, it is not the pain endured which makes the martyr, but (as he shows below) the cause for which; the idea of *pain* reminds him of his arms and wrists, and feeling probably that his courage was sinking at this recollection of his sufferings, he calls upon his spirit to rouse herself, and show in act the greatness which she owned; for pain, he adds, is nothing to the wise, *etc. etc.* Would that our commendation might be unqualified! but we are obliged to declare to the reader our solemn opinion that this whole passage, commencing at v. 503 (and including of course the preceding *note*) is an

* Pind. *Olymp.* i. 84. **

Shall the wise spirit falter? Stripp'd as I,
And plac'd, unshelter'd, 'neath a winter's sky,
Astride upon an icicle's sharp cone,
The sage, with brow erect, untaught to groan,
Would cry: "Delightful seat! The Virgin warms!
What melting transport in her genial arms!"
Fools, cowards, suffer pain; the wise and brave
Smile at the wreck, and float on fortune's wave.

interpolation!! for the opinions here forced into the mouth of RUBETA are the very doctrines of the EPICUREANS, a sect to which we never can believe so intellectual and transcendental a spirit could belong. * *

517, 518. — *Stripp'd as I, — And plac'd,* etc.] Κἂν στρεβλωθῇ δ' ὁ σοφὸς, εἶναι αὐτὸν εὐδαίμονα. Dogma Epicuri *ap.* LAERT. *juxta ed. Casaub.* 1615.

"Affirmat [Epicurus] quodam loco: *Si uratur sapiens, si crucietur;* — expectas fortasse dum dicat, *Patietur, perferet, non succumbet:* magna mehercule laus, et eo ipso per quem juravi Hercule digna: sed Epicuro, homini aspero et duro, non est hoc satis; — *In Phalaridis tauro si erit, dicet,* '*Quam suave est hoc! quam hoc non curo!*'" CIC. *Tusc. Disp.* lib. ii. 7.

Every *system* of philosophy has a tendency to run into extremes, and to get abstracted beyond common sense: and the school of EPICURUS but shares the fate of other sects in affording somewhere matter of mirth and ridicule to its antagonists.

Of RUBETA we may add, that it is not pretended to put into his mouth, even for the purpose of mockery, the dogmas of any particular philosophy; for it is the peculiar happiness of such persons to combine in their essence the absurdities of every system without having perhaps so much as heard the names of any one of them.

If we had any doubts before about the adulteration of the text, they are put to rest by the above comment, which, like the verses it refers to, we consider nothing of the Author's. * *

521. *The Virgin warms!*] That is: It now the month of August.

* *

523, 524. *Fools, cowards, suffer pain; the wise and brave — Smile at the wreck, and float on fortune's wave.*] — Τὸ ἴδιόν ἐστι τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ φιλεῖν μὲν καὶ ἀσπάζεσθαι τὰ συμβαίνοντα, καὶ συγκλωθόμενα αὐτῷ. M. ANTONINI, *De rebus ad se pertinent.* iii. 16. ed. Gat. 4to. Lond. 1697.

Here RUBETA is himself again, and we may accordingly consider

Let HERCULES go whine ; RUBETA'S tears
Flow but for women ; and his heels spurn fears.
Mind, mind, keeps warm the shivering case of dirt,
Lord of itself, despite too scant a shirt !
Yet, (for the flesh is weak,) methinks I tire,
And fain would spare this cost of inward fire : —
O thou ! whose charms the limping son of JOVE
Caught, naked as this rump, in chains he wove,

the text from this place genuine, although it is true, that the heroic sentiments it delivers belong as much to EPICURUS as to the Stoics, if we except the single line about fortune, which the sage of EPICURUS is made to resist (*τύχῃ τε ἀντιτάξεσθαι.*) See Diogenes Laërtius in the Life of this philosopher ; especially that fine passage of the Letter of EPICURUS to MENŒCEUS, which marks the difference of his doctrine from the Cyrenaics' and refutes the calumny of his enemies: *Ὅταν οὖν λέγωμεν ἡδονὴν τέλος ὑπαρχεῖν, οὐ τὰς τῶν ἀσώτων ἡδονὰς, κ. τ. λ.* p. 791, *edit. Causaboni. Genev.* 1615. * *

525. *Let HERCULES go whine* —] "Sed videamus Herculem ipsum, qui tum dolore frangebatur, quum immortalitatem ipsa morte quærebat. Quas hic voces apud Sophoclem in Trachiniis edit !" *Tusc. Disp.* ii. 8.

RUBETA'S intimacy with Cicero is matter of notoriety. And we confess that this fact, taken with the passage we are now upon, throws us back into our doubts whether the text may not be pure after all. Let us say that the inconsistencies it betrays mark the struggles of a great mind wrestling with pain, and obliged at the end to yield. "Ego tantam vim non tribuo sapienti contra dolorem." Then elegantly adds the author just cited : "Sit fortis in perferendo : satis est : ut lætetur etiam, non postulo." (*Tusc. Disp.* 7.) * *

525, 526. — *RUBETA'S tears — Flow but for women* —] A glorious improvement this, (the reservation of the wise man's tenderness for women,) upon the exemption from grief of the Epicurean. * *

526. — *and his heels spurn fears :*] Though in danger and suspense RUBETA still regards himself as the Convent's champion under the emblematical figure presented to the abbess in her dream. Such is his just sense of the dignity of this visionary transformation, that he is known to speak in that exalted character even in ordinary matters :

When tittering PALLAS from the chamber run,
And JUNO blush'd to see herself outdone;
Whose Medicean form enchants my eye
In ev'ry petticoat which wriggles by;
Whose altars blaze in each nice thing I 've writ,
Stain'd by no passing touch of sense or wit;
Goddess! if I thy colors long have worn,
And serv'd thy cause by printing *Dr. Horne*,
(Though others, as PETRONIUS, 't is true
Have (not my fault) much more that way to do,)
O send some vot'ry of thy genial pow'r,
Whose hand may give me ease in this dark hour!
Assist me, if my beauties bear inspection;
For, should I drop, they 'd take a new complexion!

witness the following citation from his journal by a correspondent of the N. Y. American's:

"'As to that vile combination of words,' (is being purchased,) 'we spurn it *with our heels*.' [Memorable quotations from the Commercial.]"

The beauty of this original metaphor, has, we think, no rival. * *

533. — *tittering* PALLAS *from the chamber run*,] The learned hero differs here from HOMER, who tells us expressly the goddesses were not there:

"But modesty withheld the goddess-train." (POPE.)

Supposing that the infallible RUBETA has good authority for what he says, we may remark that he appears to be drawing, though with his usual modesty, a parallel between his own naked charms and those of VENUS.* MINERVA runs from the chamber like one of his novices.

* *

* Why not of MARS? *Corrector.*

The goddess heard. The sound of coming feet
Thrills on my ear; my pulses quicker beat;
And PUTAIN lo! (I look'd at her askew:)
First on each lily hand a glove she drew,
Then, moving backward, spread her modest arms,
And coupled with her own my naked charms.
So when the patriarch, at noon of day,
Stretch'd in his tent, fatigued, unconscious lay,
The pious brothers, with averted head,
Soft o'er his limbs their mother's nightgown spread.
But PUTAIN, ah! she sinks beneath my weight!
Borne on her back, I more than share her fate:

Ver. 553. *So when the patriarch*, etc.] We may note the exactitude of the learned and pious RUBETA in this simile. The word *ishecher*, which is translated in our Bibles *drunken*, does not indeed imply so high a state of intoxication, but means what we vulgarly call *fuddled*, or, as the Rev. Mr. HERRIES has it, *a little disguised in liquor*. The reverent delicacy with which RUBETA renders it *fatigued* is quite characteristic of the hero. The source from which he has been enabled to derive the precise nature of the garment which SHEM and JAPHETH threw over their centenarian sire, is, like that of many other points of RUBETA's vast knowledge, totally unknown to us.

We may observe, that this great hero, and "evangelical Christian," is remarkably fond of citing from the sacred Scriptures, even on occasions of pleasantry. This practice, which were justly censured as profaneness in you or me, is only piety in such a man:

> For saints may do the same things by
> The spirit, in sincerity,
> Which other men are tempted to,
> And at the devil's instance do;
> And yet the actions be contrary,
> Just as the saints and wicked vary.
>
> *Hudib.* Pt. ii. Canto ii. 235-240.

As our limbs justle, tangled in the fright,
O God! her elbow smote my orb of sight!
Then flash'd the living lightning from the wound;
My senses swim; the chamber floats around;
I grope, and strive to rise, but sink upon the ground.
'T was then, call'd in by my terrific roar,
(For never bull of BASHAN bellow'd more!)
The brides of HEAV'N and spinners round me pour.
One shrieks for vinegar; another cries, —
The laud'num, quick! — God bless me! both his eyes!
And questions follow close: — How came he hurt?
And lo! our sister's habit, gray with dirt!
And words of pity: then thy voice, FRETILLE; —
ST. AGNES! look; the saint 's unbutton'd still!
This stirr'd my liver. Painfully I rose.
My shirt had once more knitted, with my hose,

Ver. 568. — *God bless me! both his eyes!*] BAYLE, in his account of RUBETA, takes this as a serious assertion, and asks, how PUTAIN's elbow could manage to bruise both eyes at once. He did not see that it was a natural effect of the nun's alarm, when she beheld the hero spread upon the floor with both his eyes shut (a voluntary exclusion of light which we imagine is implied in line 563, "I *grope*"; though indeed this expression may merely mean, that he was in the dark from the immediate consequence of the blow, namely, the quantity of water which was pouring from the offended organ, as he says, below (v. 584), the *fountains of his eye.*) * *

573. *This stirr'd my liver*, etc.] According to philosophers, the liver is the seat of the animal passions. Hence the observation of FRETILLE more particularly affects the hero, from the interest her beauty and amiability had excited in that organ of his greatest susceptibility.

SERVIUS.

Nugæ Servianæ. * *

Their ancient league of mutual protection ;
The braces dangled still in false bisection ;
Hing'd by the waistband-buttons, downwards swung
Their parallel sides, and to each kneepan hung.
Thus gap'd an interstice, 'twixt hose and vest,
Where my loose under-garment swell'd confest.
In vain the modest broadcloth up I drew ;
Each moment gave more shirt-tail to the view.
I rose, and, blushing like an orient sky,
Op'd to the light the fountains of my eye.
Now the kind nymphs their vinegar apply.
And O ! (I urg'd,) whose starry orbs, I own,
Shine with more light than ever mine yet shone,
Thy hussif bring, and let the steel reknit
These pendent rags. What honor, to refit
That fork'd concern, of cloth and tailor's stitches,
Maids never mention, but which men call breeches !
I said. 'T is done. Two spinners gently guide
The ravell'd netting o'er my shoulders wide.

Ver. 578. — *to each kneepan hung.*] *Mad.* DACIER here enters into a long disquisition as to the length of the braces, which, she remarks, must either have been monstrous, or else the hero must have had very short thighs ; and that in either case he probably wore his indispensables very loose ; and so on, and so on : all of which she might have gathered from the context ; for example, v. 487. EUSTATHIUS and others, on the contrary, derive a different conclusion from the same passage ; which they would have to demonstrate the prodigious size of our hero, as POLYPHEMUS' walking-stick was an indication of the CYCLOPS' dimensions. It is pleasing to note the dreams into which commentators fall. * *

586, 587. *And O ! — whose starry orbs*, etc.] FRETILLE. See v. 281.
* *

This seiz'd FRETILLE; and soon her agile hand
Repair'd the breach, and button'd down the band:
Not without cost; for, while she shook all o'er
From some dark cause I cannot now explore,
Three times her needle pierc'd my tender flesh,
Three times drew blood, and made me roar afresh.
Mov'd were the sisters' gentle hearts the while.
But soon I reassur'd them, with a smile
Sweet as the bow which, on a summer's even,
Spans the dark storm receding from the Heaven,
Then said: — Think not this mighty spirit quail'd,
Illustrious crew, that one attempt has fail'd.
When pause the bold, 't is but a brief delay.
A passing cart may stop a hero's way.
Mine is still on! though stools and steel appall,
And elbows back the hazard of a wall.
RUBETA'S soul, uncheck'd by fear or doubt,
Would still aspire, though both his eyes were out.

Ver. 610 – 612. *RUBETA's soul, uncheck'd by fear or doubt, — Would still aspire, though both his eyes were out. — Then should the Muse*, etc.] The indomitable spirit of RUBETA's character is well evinced in this passage. Though his courage should cost him the total deprivation of sight, still he should be great: though no more to be a hero, he might flourish as a poet, and the Muse would gain in him what Valor should lose. Believing this most devoutly, we could almost in our patriotism forget humanity, and pray that, for the honor of AMERICA, such might indeed be the consummation of his glory. ANON.

The reader, when he comes to the immortal lines of RUBETA's composition which are quoted in the next Canto, will share this enthusiasm of the anonymous commentator. * *

Then should the Muse by Valor's losses gain,
And a new Milton, or a Homer reign.
All men appear the same, while times are fair;
'T is but misfortune shows them as they are.
So, in dry weather, cover'd o'er with dust,
The street's round stones display one common crust:
But let long rains, or sudden showers, pour down,
Through the hoarse kennel floats their mask of brown;
The shining pebbles show their native hue;
Gray checkers black, and stammel vies with blue.
Where the fixt soul is of decided stamp,
'T will brighten, touch it with affliction's damp:
As, in your calico, the colors set
Show most distinctly, when the print is wet.
I said. Then they: — O hero nobly try'd!
Erect thy stem, thou flower of manhood's pride:
No show'r-wash'd pebble, (by God's holy light!)
Nor wetted gingham ever shone so bright!
What though one eye is dim, thy shirt-tail seen,
Scanty indeed, and not exceeding clean,
The salve of time shall plaster up the hurt,
And virgin purity forget the shirt!
This as they spoke, the nuns' soft hands infuse
The acid drops, and dab the throbbing bruise.
Flows no more now the rheum; abates the smart:
Then, for the gods admire the firm of heart,

Iris, unseen, descended from on high,
And clapp'd her rainbow on the swollen eye.
O, 't was a sight to see, how look'd the train,
When rous'd your chief and shook his warlike mane,
And paw'd the ground, terrific as before,
Free of the past, prepar'd to brave still more!
Forward! — he cry'd in thunder, — To the traps!
March, Curtain-tails! To glory, Sable caps!
Six nuns methought would die of joy outright;
And the rest laugh'd, ecstatic with delight: —
No more shall saints their prodigies display;
Theirs yield to thine, as stars before the day,
Or crape to lace. Pluck Satan by the nose?
St. Dunstan's tongs were nothing to thy hose!
This when they 'd spoke, again their windpipes rang;
Till the monk-spiders sway'd before the clang.
Their joy indulg'd, unwonted in those halls,
I lead the army to the under walls.
Here as I march'd, with all-observing eye,
In a dark corner Heaven bade me spy

Ver. 650, 651. — *Pluck Satan by the nose? — St. Dunstan's tongs were nothing to thy hose!*] The saint who filled the see of Canterbury in the tenth century was not so gallant, it would seem, as our own saint and hero; for once upon a time, when Beelzebub took upon himself the likeness of a *fayre ladye* to tempt the archbishop, his grace made red-hot a pair of tongs, and seized his wicked Eminence so warmly by the nose, that the dogs of Hell were conscious of roast meat for a fortnight. * *

Six mighty jars, all cover'd, and all gray,
Plac'd side by side, their lodge the cellar-way.
As when a boy at taw, in some low street,
Lights on a button shining at his feet,
Thinking it sixpence, over it he stands,
And shouts, while spreading out his eager hands,
No halves, nor quarters; nothing yours, but mine!
So, laying on the jars this fist divine,
The other paw extended, fierce I cry,
(As if my fellow-gazetteers were by,) —
Avaunt! ye half-starv'd brothers of the press,
Greedy, as crows, of any chance-distress!
Let flood, and fire, and rape, your gizzards fill,
Nor think to pounce upon the prey I kill:
This quarry 's mine! my courage struck it down,
To scrape me many a bit about the town.
So when the griffard, bird of AFRIC vast,
On the soak'd sand his dying victim cast,

Ver. 658, 659. *Six mighty jars — their lodge the cellar-way.*]

"I have already remarked, that the cellars in general were used for store-rooms. In one of them," *etc.*, "I found a number of large stone jugs." *Visit*, etc.

673. — *bit* —] Not, as JOHNSON defines it, a coin worth about 7½ *d.* sterling, (as in NEW ORLEANS,) but its younger brother, known by that name in PHILADELPHIA, and representative of the exact value of a newspaper. * *

674. — *griffard* —] *Falco armiger — Falco bellicus: Griffard — Warlike Eagle:* a bird of great strength and courage.

Just above we have seen RUBETA a paver, and a haberdasher, or laundry-maid: here we have him figuring as an ornithologist. Wonderful, versatile being! * *

Prepares to gorge, the vultures, sordid troop!
Fierce to the spoil their coward pinions slope:
He, standing on the quivering antelope,
With blazing eye, and talons steep'd in blood,
Majestic, overawes the vulgar brood.
I raise the plug, and, bending o'er the jar: —
What odor strikes my senses? Is it tar?
Salve; pennyroyal; sars'parilla; thyme?
How speaks the guide? *Sulphuric acid; lime.*
Maria's carboys! Up, thou mighty rod,
And sound their bottoms, in the name of God!
Bring water, nuns! if aught lie here, dissolv'd
'T will float to top, and thus our doubts be solv'd.
Meantime, to work the pestle be my portion.
Heav'n shield the bowels of the poor abortion!

Ver. 683. — *Salve; pennyroyal*, etc.]

"From the odor of the corks, and the scent of the jugs themselves, I presume their contents had been syrups, essences, and medicinal decoctions for the sick and the apothecary." *Visit*, etc.

684. — *the guide* —] Monk's book. See v. 252. * *

685. *Maria's carboys!* —]

"Recollecting that Maria had spoken of some vessels, which, from her description, must have been carboys of sulphuric acid, used, as she intimates, with lime, to destroy the remains of the murdered victims, I examined these jugs." *Visit*, etc.

690. *Heav'n shield the bowels of the poor abortion!*] The humanity of the hero is very conspicuous in this exclamatory prayer. While about to churn with his stick the unfinished lump of creation which he supposed to be in the carboy, he fears for its intestines. Who but himself could have had such forethought in such a moment of enthusiasm!

Bp. Newton.

No one but his prototype. He, when making ready to cut the throat of Turnus, and tear from him his bride, feels similar sentiments of

I said, and, with a churning-motion, pound.
The tottering vase gives back a hollow sound.
Stop! — cry'd FRETILLE, amaz'd my strength to view, —
Stop! or you 'll surely punch their bottoms through.
Then came the maid of golden brows, CAROTTE,
And pour'd in water from a pewter pot.

compassion for the consequences which must attend his doughty resolution:

Heu! quantæ miseris cædes Laurentibus instant!
Quas pœnas mihi, Turne, dabis! quam multa, *etc.*

Æn. viii. 537. **

696. — *pewter pot.*] The expression is vague, nor defines the particular nature of the vessel; the purpose to which it was devoted. The understanding of this matter, which seems to have puzzled commentators not a little, rests upon the one question, Had it a handle?

TURNEBUS.

Nihil absurdius. Nam quid si non matula stannea, istius speciei quæ in valetudinarii sessibulis usitatissima, hîc intelligi potest? Observ. hoc nostri hemistichium:

Scant was the stream, (v. 699.)

et vers. seqq. 700, 701. Præterhæc dicit, versu 703,

O'er my darn'd — [in ed. Venet. et aliis *damn'd*, perperam. Vulgò interpretatur *darn'd* in eodem sensu: dial. Ston. pro *damn'd:* sensus pro Rubetæ modestia parum decorus —] *stockings rush'd the yellow* — [pro *yellow* ed. Rom. *horrid;* sed frigide —] *stale* — [urina vetus, spurcissima, tetro odore.]

Iterum vers. seqq. 705, 706, habent

Up flew the lotium: ["lotion" vulgo et vitiose, ut apparet de vers. subs.: *Ye gods! how bitter-salt!*]

Itaque sic interp.: "And pour'd in water from a pewter pot"; *Urinamque infudit e matula stannea.* Interpretationem quam Bracciolinus, poeta clarus atque facetus, necnon Guarinus, viri doctissimi ejus nominis filius, celeberrimique Guarini, auctoris Pastoris Fidi, avus, in ipsorum versionibus habent. Haud aliter, vase tenus, Salvinius Daceriusque: cæteroqui discrepant. HEYNE.

Nell' originale "*pewter pot,*" cioè *orinale di stagno,* piena, allo scrivere di alcuni interpreti, d'acqua fatta probabilmente dalla badessa,

So, in the tale, bold MORGIANA heaves
The scalding oil upon the potted thieves.
Scant was the stream. I shook the jar. Then rose
A pungent scent, whose fragrance seized the nose,
And forc'd me, in alarm, the essence-box to close.
Ill-judging haste! Thrown down, (distracting tale!)
O'er my darn'd stockings rush'd the yellow stale!
I stamp'd in rage. Thick-puddled was the place.
Up flew the lotion, and aspers'd my face:
Ye gods, how bitter-salt! I could have cry'd;
But simply wip'd my brow, and thought, with pride,

o sia, com' altri vogliono, di varie contribuzioni dalle monache. Di questa composta sarebbe molto pungente l'odore. *Stale* vien anche nominata in Inglese la birra vecchia e morta: ma non si può credere che fosse di questa natura il liquore qui menzionato, ovvero non sarebbe stato detto, come nella seguente stanza,* salamoia (*brine*). Si vedano il Gazzetante nel suo *Discorso dell' Acqua Morta di Vergini*, p. 17, ec.; *Guillermo Bobo de Piedra, sobre los Sillicos y las Silletas Asquerosas que se usan en los Conventos de Canada*, — Oct. p. 1835; e *Die Dummheit und die Leichtgläubigkeit der mein Herr Wilhelm Esel Kindischgreis, Obrist-Possenreisser, Forelle, und dergleichen; durch die Jungfer Loraina Schamlosigkeit, Angel, — Okt. Abtheilung*, 1837.

Traduz. della Visione di Rubeta da SALVINI: *Annotaz.* p. 31.

I cannot subscribe either to the interpretation of HEYNE, or to the proofs he advances. As to the latter; — it is evident that *lotion* is the proper reading; not merely that "*lotium*" is not English, but that it is as an emendation unnecessary, and, at any rate, would not be used by so modest a speaker as our hero. *Lotion*, doubtless, as being used to wash the vase. The *saltness, odor*, etc., would arise from the mixture of ingredients. *Stale*, is old beer, and is used metaphorically in this place to express graphically the condition of the water when it flowed from the jar. As to the nature of the vessel or utensil itself, it is best to leave it to the conjecture of the reader. **

705. — *lotion* —] HEYNE reads *lotium*, as we have seen in the preceding note. **

* v. 751, of the text; the translation being in *ottava rima*. **

Such short-liv'd show'rs are nothing to the great,
And briny tears must stain exalted state.
As when, with musket arm'd, some village blade,
On battle bent, and treacherous ambuscade,
'Gainst field-mice bold, fierce wrens, and warlike thrushes,
Sees, as he thinks, a linnet in the bushes,
With heart a-pit-pat, striding on his toes,
Form crouch'd, head forw'rd, scarce breathing as he goes,
His left hand props the rusty tube, his right
Thumbs the cock'd hammer: lo! he takes his sight,
Winks, fires: the bird sits motionless in scorn:
'T is but a brown leaf, sticking on a thorn!
Ev'n such my joy, those six gray pots to meet,
Nor less my sorrow at the fond deceit.
Not so whom BRUNO's blundering spite makes famous,
Te Deum squealing, and, (I think,) *laudamus*.
They thought, poor innocents, the trial o'er.
Burns then, — I cry'd, — the vestal's fire no more?

Ver. 725. *Burns then, — I cry'd, — the vestal's fire no more?*] BURMAN interprets this expression very impertinently. RUBETA, he says, asked the sisters if they had suddenly lost their maiden virtue!

HEINSIUS agrees with him, but adds, that RUBETA insinuates a facetious allusion, after his fashion, to the extinct fire of the Vestal virgins, the prototypes from whom the Romish Church has borrowed, or rather inherited in direct descent, and by the rotation and perpetuity of

Saints! virgins! comrades! where RUBETA trod
Who still have follow'd, nor once call'd on GOD,
O let not now those generous bosoms beat
With less of ardor for this one defeat!
Not now, when Danger croaks her worst alarms,
And the last trial waits to crown our arms.
O, if for ye unheard of ills I 've borne;
Bruis'd; blinded; roll'd in dust; my braces torn;
Hung up unbreech'd; condemn'd to bare unclean
What, since my nurse, no woman's eyes had seen;
Rouse up a heart, march cheerly to the traps,
Nor shame your sleeves, your veils, your tails, your caps!

national customs (as with almost all its other usances as well as ceremonies), its institution of female monasticism.

BROUKHUSIUS, scouting the idea of RUBETA's making any allusion to the priestesses of VESTA, because, says he, *the hero knew nothing about them*, explains it into a simple demand whether the *fire*, (of courage, doubtless,) or the spirit of enterprise, which had animated them at their first setting out under his conduct, be now extinct; and the learned critic concludes with referring in support of his opinion to the verses which immediately follow. To his explanation we subscribe as perfectly conclusive, while we reject the argument on which it is predicated. * *

727. — *nor once call'd on GOD,*] As above. (v. 568.) This animated speech of the hero's we should consider an imitation of that of MENESTHEUS to his rowers, did we not know RUBETA's originality, and should regard it as original, did we not recollect his erudition. This is the passage: the reader shall judge for himself: —

Nunc, nunc, insurgite remis,
Hectorei socii, Trojæ quos sorte suprema
Delegi comites; nunc illas promite vires,
Nunc animos quibus in Gætulis syrtibus usi,
Ionioque mari, Maleæque sequacibus undis.

Æn. v. 189–193.

Mute, to the vault their facile steps they bent,
Where scarce a ray of heaven dim twilight lent.
Horror appear'd their woman's nerves to shake;
Not for their own, but for their leader's sake:
Chok'd Laughter, struggling from his sleeve to burst,
Express'd how bold they would be, if they durst.

Ye deities, who, thron'd in gloom profound,
Guide the blind worms which burrow under ground;
Whose power is mark'd in blinder things than they,
Great BULWER'S prose, and Mrs. HEMANS' lay;

Ver. 744–747. *Ye deities*, etc.]

Di, quibus imperium est animarum, Umbræque silentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia late,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui; sit, numine vestro,
Pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas!

VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 265–268.

746, 747. *Whose power is mark'd in blinder things than they, — Great BULWER'S prose, and Mrs. HEMANS' lay;*] Though we are not aware of having prompted our judgments by the hints of any other writer, we are not the first in this country who has paid his critical compliments to these two popular names. The author of a book called *Sixty Years of the Life of Jeremy Levis*, (a strange mixture, by the by, of sense and nonsense, puerility and masculine expression, studied refinement and slovenly carelessness, at all of which we shall have a blow in the 6th or 7th Canto,) has devoted to the same subject two entire chapters; one of which is a burlesque imitation of the style of *The Disowned;* while the other, whence we have taken one of our mottoes, contains a caricatura-parody of Mrs. HEMANS, which sets the distinguished merits of that lady's school of poetry in so striking a light, that we shall copy the whole of it for the benefit of her pupils, and of the admirers of their academic exercises.

"Before I present to you," (says the author to his reader), "the first-born of my Muse, I would remark, that I offer it — not from the paternal vanity which expects to be gratified with a host of such compliments as 'Pretty dear!' and 'Darling little fellow!' and 'Father's very image!' — but simply, because I would prove that it is the first of its species, and that the character of *deep and impassioned feeling*, which

Give me your reign to speak, O give to tell,
In fitting terms, the murk, and terrors of your hell!

is supposed to belong exclusively to the poetry of the present day, was actually known many years ago!" *etc.*

"LINES TO ————————.

"Nay, be not angry, love!
Nor turn aside those eyes with brightness shining:
Can sighy looks and balmy words nought move?
Nor the deep breathing of my sad repining?

"Thou lov'd one of my soul!
Bright being of my rainbow hopes and fears!
That on my dreamy hours cloud-like dost roll,
Fraught with glad sunshine and with dewy tears!

"Let me not linger on,
Ever amid a life so joy-repelling,
Without one sunny smile to feed upon,
Or stop the fountain of my grief deep-welling;

"Without one smile-lit glance,
Which, with its day-spring hue, like fire-flies burning!
May wreathe my spirit in the fairy dance
Of heart-felt hopes and wishes ever turning,—

"May be to me a token—
To me the sadly yet the brightly lost—
That, though the music of my life is broken,
Arion-like amid the ocean tost,

"There still remains
One gentle chord that floated aye unsunken,
Ever from hence to be, mid winds and rains,
A cherish'd thing—unfaded and unshrunken!

"Yes! this shall rest—
This pressure of thy hand—the softly blushing!
An amulet to still my throbbing breast,
And sooth Despair's dark waves when inward gushing.

"Then fare-thee-well!
Thou beautiful and lov'd! aye bless'd to be!
Over my tomb though toll the teary knell,
My mouth shall, shell-like, ope to moan for thee."

Vol. I. p. 216.

(See also the six following pages, where the novelist, in affecting to *point out the*

Not yet had lost the mottled pump its shine,
Still to my nostrils clung the fragrant brine,
When, as I trod the damp, my anxious eyes
See sudden through the gloom a portal rise
Whose iron head appear'd to brave the skies.
Near by, an awful shape was seen to stand,
With lowering brow. A spade sustain'd his hand.

beauties of the foregoing lines, goes through a minute though burlesque criticism of a poetry so admired of ladies and newspapers.)

Since the above was written, I have found, in the 5th vol. of Mr. LOCKHART's Life of SIR WALTER SCOTT, the following observation, in a letter written from the greatest genius of the day to the first of poetesses, the only one indeed, since the time of SAPPHO, that deserves the title: — "MRS. HEMANS," says the illustrious writer, "is somewhat too poetical for my taste — too many flowers, I mean, and too little fruit."* — We quote this brief remark, not from any satisfaction it affords to ourselves as confirmatory of an opinion which has common sense and nature to support it, besides the dicta of every critic from ARISTOTLE down to HUGH BLAIR, but because it may help to shake the popularity of this writer, (so dangerous to good taste,) with those who very justly consider satire no argument, and with whom, very unjustly, any the soundest argument, from an unknown source, would have little or no weight.

By the above note, it would appear that the Author of the Vision adopts the opinion of RUBETA as his own; and hence there have not been wanting commentators who urge that the criticism is misplaced, impertinently asking how RUBETA could be supposed to stumble on any thing like a correct judgment! By referring to a note of Canto iii, (v. 532, 533,) it will be found very easy for him to express the same opinion, through conjecture or envy, which another would do from cool judgment; that is, supposing he were the ignorant, ridiculous, and malicious blockhead which his poetical historian, and the majority of good annotators, have determined to make him. **

* Letter from SIR W. SCOTT to Miss JOANNA BAILLIE: LOCKHART's *Memoirs of the Baronet, Vol. II. p. 328 of the Philad. 8vo. edition.*

Squalid his dress; a roundabout obscene
Scarce reach'd his loins, and smallclothes velveteen.
Bare were his feet, his throat and bosom bare,
Horrid with filth, and overgrown with hair.
One eyeball quench'd, the other fate had spar'd:
It seem'd to fire the nose, so fierce it glar'd.
Mortal he look'd; but more than mortal vast:
A Polyphemus leaning on his mast.

Him when I saw, stiff grew my limbs with dread;
I grasp'd my wand, and but for fear had fled.
In my blind zeal, I had outstripp'd the train;
And 'gainst mere giants what avails a cane?

The Cyclops saw, and upward heav'd his tool: —
What arrant brought ye here, ye starin' owl?

Great Bulwer's prose —] I need scarcely add, having coupled him with Mrs. Hemans, that Mr. Bulwer's obscurity is principally of that celestial sort which arises from excess of splendor. He has it, however, of all sorts. Witness his Athens, the first forty pages (in the Am. ed.) of which, and I never could get further, I declare upon my honor, cost me more labor than almost any book I ever read; and I could not tell you now one tittle of what it is about. Lycophron is plain sailing to it, and Aristotle needs no *Twining*.

Ver. 765, 766. *Him when I saw, stiff grew my limbs with dread; — I grasp'd my wand, and but for fear had fled:*] The extremity of the hero's terror, which made him pile the iron gate to heaven, see a Cyclops in the awful shape, and rooted his limbs to the ground, is perfectly consistent with the greatest courage, and only brings him nearer to the heroes of a more removed antiquity. Besides, it is to be observed that he has here the excuse which they had not: he knew the circumscribed powers of the mystic rod, which only reached to things inanimate, and to spirits disembodied; for he says immediately,

"And 'gainst *mere giants* what avails a cane?"

that is, had the form been more than a giant, he would not merely have

He roar'd: *The tournips is it sure ye seek?*
Arrah! begone, with your shillelah; quick.—
Och! let PATE DOOLAN *tach ye, dear, to rin:*
Though how the divil got your thiefship in?
To which pale BOITEUSE, sidling up, reply'd,— 775
Thou godless layman! art thou stultify'd?

grasp'd his wand, but struck. For it was not, as the scholiast supposes, the impulse of fear which made him grasp it, that is to say, *press it nervously:* and the reason which is given in the next verse (767) why he would have fled is not at all translatable into an argument of pusillanimity. He knew that the raging lion stands in awe of a single virgin: what then could a giant do before some thirty-six? EUSTATHIUS.

769. *The* CYCLOPS *saw, and upward heav'd his tool:* etc.]

Navita quos jam inde ut Stygia prospexit ab unda
Per tacitum nemus ire, pedemque advertere ripæ,
Sic prior aggreditur dictis, atque increpat ultro:
Quisquis es, armatus qui nostra ad flumina tendis,
Fare age, quid venias; jam istinc et comprime gressum.
VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 385–389.

The fidelity of RUBETA's narrative is here beautifully conspicuous. Like the conscientious son of VENUS, he nothing extenuates. * *

770. — *owl.*] Hic sonat *ool*, more Hibern. H. STEPHANUS.

775. — *pale* —] As the crippled nun has not been before distinguished by this epithet, we are to suppose it was alarm for the peril in which she saw the darling head, that had whitened her complexion.
* *

775. *To which pale* BOITEUSE, *sidling up, reply'd:* etc.]

Quæ contra breviter fata est Amphrysia vates:
Nullæ hîc insidiæ tales; absiste moveri;
Nec vim tela ferunt; ————————
* * *
* * *
Troïus Æneas, pietate insignis et armis,
Ad genitorem imas Erebi descendit ad umbras.
Si te nulla movet tantæ pietatis imago,
At ramum hunc (aperit ramum qui veste latebat (*i. e. showed her leg*))
Agnoscas. VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 398–400; 403–407.

Seest not this face threats never angry deed?
This goodly stomach turnips cannot feed?
Lo! St. Rubeta, sponge of slander'd maids,
Would get him children in yon cellar's shades.
If thou respect'st not truth and valor known,
At least look on this leg, and Boiteuse own;
Her sisters own, who, toiling night and day,
Bleed, cup, and blister, syringe, sing, and pray.
Go! get the keys, and straight undo the door,
Or, Patrick Doolan, never see me more!

The grim-ey'd porter knew the shrunken thigh,
Produc'd the keys, nor sullen deign'd reply.
Slow strains the bolt, the rude wards harshly grate,
O'er the rough pebbles rubs the loose-hing'd gate,
And, clanging as it struck the vault's hard side,
Bar'd the dank arch, and spread a passage wide.

Ver. 787, 788. *The grim-ey'd porter knew the shrunken thigh, — Produc'd the keys, —*]

Ille, admirans venerabile donum
Fatalis virgæ, longo post tempore visum,
Cœruleam advertit puppim, ripæque propinquat.
Virg. *Æn.* vi. 408 - 410.

CANTO THIRD.

THE NUNNERY.

ARGUMENT.

The episode still continues. — Distress of St. Cholera. The sisterhood enter the cave. Generosity of the hero : and sordidness of the giant Doolan. The adventure of the enchanted cask : defeat of Chemos and rout of the infernal legion. The hero at the edge of the pit of horrors. He is held back by the sisters, but leaves his tail, like Joseph, in their hands, and descends. His account of what he saw in the pit. He announces to the nuns the termination of the enterprise, and the vindication of their chastity. His joy gives rise to an accident which had nearly proved fatal. The triumphal procession : with the song of the nuns. Return before the Mother and the green Father. The acquisition of the vestal garters. The farewell-address of the hero. Reply of the Abbess. The parting-presents of the sisters : what in particular Clystera gave : and how the hero responded to their kindness. Touching interchange between the hero and the Father. The last adieu of Rubeta ; with the overflow of the fountain of grief. The hero departs from Montreal, and returns to New York. What he expected there, and how he was disappointed. Rubeta assumes the thread of his narrative, where he had broken it off to recount the exploits achieved with the mystic wand. Encounter with the Brunonians. The hero's peril, escape, and flight. This brings him to the convention, and the episode concludes. — The monarch now descends from his temporary throne, and assumes his place as president of the conclave. Great hubbub in the assembly ; and how appeased. Abstemiousness of the hero ; and his eulogium of water. Speech of Petronius. The newsmen prepare for the celebration of their mysteries.

**

THE

VISION OF RUBETA.

CANTO THIRD.

But not for all: one Fate had mark'd that day,
Condemn'd to suffer while the rest were gay.
A nun there was, St. Cholera by name,
Of tender bowels, though of sturdy frame:
Her, as she thought to follow in the train,
Dire twinges seiz'd of peristaltic pain:
Writh'd on the floor supine, she grip'd the stones,
And the vaults echo'd to her shrieks and groans.
Dark swell'd my doubts; I rush'd the signs to see.
Soft! — said Clystera, — leave this case to me.
Tuyau! this side. Nay, sister! bear the rack.
Fear not, dear chief; your nun will soon be back:
Not for a pound of bladders, would I miss
To see thee rise, like Satan, from the abyss!

Ver. 1–4. *But not for all:* etc.]

Οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδ' ἔνθεν πὲρ ἀπήμονας ἦγον ἑταίρους·
Ἐλπήνωρ δέ τις ἦσκε νεώτατος, οὐδέ τι λίην
Ἀλκιμος ἐν πολέμῳ, οὔτε φρεσὶν ἦσιν ἀρηρὼς —

Hom. *Odyss.* x. 551–553.

11. *Tuyau* —] One of the train, doubtless, whom she calls to aid her, and then directs on which *side* to support their suffering sister.

* *

The cloistress said, and bore her sick along.
The rest, behind me, to the cellar throng.
'T was a strange place, with various lumber spread:
Here stood a pump; there lean'd a truckle-bed;
Consumptive trestles rest upon their side,
Two legs embracing, and two sunder'd wide;
Crack'd pots and lipless jordans seem to sprawl;
And pil'd up barrels threaten by the wall,
As thick as in a dance the ankles meet,
As thick as dashes on PETRONIUS' sheet,
As thick as stains upon a huckster's lap;
And lo! midway the floor, the fatal trap.
Much mov'd to view the gay, congenial scene,
Tell me, O virgin, what does all this mean?

Ver. 15. *The cloistress said, and bore her sick along.*] The facility, with which on every occasion this amiable yet heroic man suffers himself to be persuaded contrarily to his own impressions, is eminently beautiful. Always his doubts return: but directly, like a well-poised gilded vane, he veers him where the current blows. What a lovely picture of an all but perfect character! See his "Visit"; see his "Animal Magnetism"; see his daily life! * *

24. *As thick as dashes on PETRONIUS' sheet,*] See the editorial lucubrations, ruminations, and deviations, in any day's N. Y. American: or, for a specimen of TRONY'S *staccato* style, consult v. 756, Canto iv.
* *

27–40. *Much mov'd to view the gay, congenial scene,— Tell me, O virgin, what does all this mean?— I said. Then she,* etc.]

Æneas, miratus enim, motusque tumultu,
Dic, ait, o virgo, quid volt concursus ad amnem?
* * *
* * *
Olli sic breviter fata est longæva sacerdos:
Anchisa generate, deûm certissima proles,

I said. Then she, whose self-denying charms
Resign a mortal's for celestial arms: —
O warlike TRAJAN, Valor's truest breed!
Where tow'r yon barrels, turnips lie for seed.
There too our winter-onions shun the sight.
The keeper he, and PATRICK DOOLAN hight;
Whom men call *Pat:* he keeps our garden nice,
Weeds the rank herbs, and catches moles and mice.
Around, the bodies of defunct concerns,
Unpurg'd by fire, unbury'd, wait their turns,
Till, call'd by winter, in our stoves heap'd up,
Their ashes are consign'd to make us soap.
These when I heard, and knew his virtues mild,
Sore yearn'd my heart for ERIN's dirty child.
To smooth his ruffled down I stretch'd my hand,
And begg'd we might be friends, in accents bland: —

> Cocyti stagna alta vides, Stygiamque paludem.
> * * *
> Hæc omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque turba est;
> Portitor ille, Charon;
> * * *
> * * *
> Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc litora circum:
> Tum demum admissi stagna exoptata revisunt.
>
> *Æn.* vi. 317, &c.

31. — *TRAJAN* —] Some MSS. read TROJAN; which however was the meaning of the nun. **

41. — *begg'd we might be friends in accents bland:*] This touching generosity has no parallel, save in two instances; the one in SISYPHUS' bastard, (which it most resembles,) the other in the left-hand spouse of DIDO. But the mighty DOOLAN was not so surly quite as AJAX, who would not speak at all. See *Odyss.* xi. (Vol 1. pp. 311, 312, ed. Oxon. Gr. 1797.)

For thou art strong, a hairy man to see,
King of the shades, and who a match for thee!
Boo! pit your blarney where ye kapes your cash;
I 'd rather tip a dram than all that flash.
No more the thirsty SYBARITE reply'd,
But cock'd his orb, and sullen stalk'd aside.

Ver. 45 – 48. *For thou art strong, a hairy man to see, — King of the shades, and who a match for thee! — Boo!* etc.] The sordid spirit of the giant DOOLAN, and the absurdity of his resentment because the hero offered him his hand instead of money, are deservedly reprobated by Dr. TRAPP, and are contrasted to the Christian humility and the generosity of the Babe-hunter, with more than the Doctor's usual judgment.

Just such a contrast is presented in the colloquy between the Vulnerable Heel, and the courtly king of ITHACA. ULYSSES sings:

——————— Σεῖο δ', Ἀχιλλεῦ,
Οὔτις ἀνὴρ, κ. τ. λ. *Odyss.* xi. 481 – 485.

You were a great fellow above stairs, KILLEY: no man could hold a candle to you: we made quite a god of you: now that you have taken lower apartments, I see you are cock of the walk here too. To which the melancholy sprite, who seems to have found out that he had been a very great fool to sell his life for a song, though the song of HOMER, answers:

Μὴ δή μοι θάνατόν γε παραύδα, φαίδιμ' Ὀδυσσεῦ·
Βουλοίμην κ' ἐπάρουρος ἐὼν θητεύεμεν ἄλλῳ
Ἀνδρὶ παρ' ἀκλήρῳ, ᾧ μὴ βίοτος πολὺς εἴη,
Ἢ πᾶσιν νεκύεσσι καταφθιμένοισιν ἀνάσσειν.

Ib. 487 - 490.

Don't talk to me in that style, my Nabob: I'd rather have brown bread and an onion, with a wholesome country-wench, than eat mock-turtle with PROSERPINE. (It was on account of this dissatisfaction, no doubt, that he afterward removed his lodgings to the *Fauxbourg St. Germain* of LEUCE, where he married HELEN, and by the last accounts was passing his time quite comfortably.) * *

49. — *SYBARITE* —] The Leips. copy has "CERBERUS"; very properly. He who can suppose RUBETA so grossly ignorant as to make this mistake must think with the Author, and we can only wonder at his infatuation. Justice, however, obliges us to add, that the wish with

Sick was my soul, my lids with moisture blink,
To see a one-ey'd man so giv'n to drink.
Pensive I watch'd his slow receding heel,
When from a barrel seem'd this voice to steal: —
O unsubdu'd by any shameful task,
Hero, and saint, and sage! heave down this cask.
'T is NAVET's tomb. Once I was plump as you.
A priest, with eyes of just your angel-hue,
Taught Sister NAVET pleasant ways to sin;
And when her time was up here nail'd her in.
O rouse thee! till the coop be downward flung,
My ghost will still keep bobbing at the bung.
It ceas'd. A rustling sound! and the cask shook!
I wait no more; the oaken coffin, strook,
Totters, leans doubtful, falls with thundering sound,
And — fifty dozen turnips strow the ground!

RUBETA to appear learned, which the Poet and his older commentators evidently consider as unredeemed by any actual knowledge, is universal, and of some date. A magazine of 1821 thus briefly characterizes the hero, according to the notions of that day, (if we are right in considering his spirit to pervade the modern journal in which we so often parallel his opinions):

"THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER, or *Connecticut witchcraft*, a *Pedant in Literature*, a Sexton for fast days." * * *

* "The Literary Companion. Edited by Howard, Jun." *Vol. I. No. 2, p. 20.* New York, June 23, 1821. — Under the brief character above given is one for the N. Y. American, which every one will allow is admirably, as concisely, descriptive. (It proves moreover the great solidity and firm position of that journal, which, a rare example in this world of mutability, has not budged a step, nor lost a type in weight, for seventeen years.)

"THE AMERICAN, less useful than zealous, *has all the contortions of the Sybil, without the inspiration.*" * *

And from the midst a beast, with hispid claws,
(His tail a file,) fierce eyes, and whisker'd jaws,
Sprung at my face. Aback I leap'd in fear;
For well I knew the Devil by his hair.

Not always present the observant mind;
Nor, like a bug, can men have eyes behind.
One globous root the fiend transform'd of HELL
Push'd in my way. I slid, lost balance, fell.
Gallop'd the Devil o'er my face supine,
And scatter'd, as he went, his soil and brine.

Dire rous'd my manhood: starting up, I cry'd,
Avaunt, loose CHEMOS! SATAN, be defy'd!

Gone is loose CHEMOS; but, when in my ire
I smote around me till the stones flash'd fire

Ver. 76. *And scatter'd, as he went, his soil and brine.*] BAYLE, who laughs at RUBETA's notion of the metamorphosis, and bluntly calls the animal *a rat*, says that this was a very natural effect of the creature's fright. There are some men who will believe nothing, though even, as our saintly hero himself says, "one should arise from the dead and attest it." * * *

78. — *CHEMOS* —] One of MILTON's devils: "CHEMOS, th' obscene dread of MOAB's sons:" the same for whom SOLOMON built an altar, in the days when he was old and "his wives turned away his heart," "women of the MOABITES, AMMONITES, EDOMITES, ZIDONIANS, and HITTITES:" as we read: "Then did SOLOMON build a high place for CHEMOSH, the abomination of MOAB, in the hill that is before JERUSALEM." 1 Kings xi. 7. CHEMOS is supposed by St. JEROME to be the same with the heathen PRIAPUS. Therefore, when RUBETA found a devil in the convent, his penetration told him at once which one of the infernal Powers it must be. * *

* See *Visit*, etc.: and, for a justification of this adoption of the sacred language, when made by such a man as RUBETA, see our note to v. 553 of Canto ii. * *

And the casks bellow'd fear-struck, in a trice,
Out rush'd ten thousand imps, in shapes of mice;
Imp upon imp; not such their number, when,
Wing'd on the sulphurous air, in form like men
Long since create, they sped, at signal given,
Their horizontal flight, in scorn of HEAVEN,
Over HELL'S concave. He that knew their stock,
And coats transmuted, scarce had stood the shock
Were his soul double-leather. Not so I:
Though shriek'd the nuns, my brand I flourish'd high,
And smote the infernal legion, hip and thigh.
Out, pup of BAAL! — I cry'd, — Black PEOR'S brood,
RUBETA smites ye! Not one devil stood.

Ver. 82. — *ten thousand*, etc.] It is not wonderful that he who could laugh at RUBETA'S idea of the devil murine should rail at this numerosity, and accordingly *Mons.* BAYLE facetiously terms this figure, which is but a kind of synecdoche, a *periphobic hyperbole!* assigning it the same origin with the use of the word *hispid*, (v. 67,) to express what in the eyes of any other man, PAT DOOLAN for instance, could only be soft and fine hair. * *

83. — *not such their number, when, — Wing'd on the sulphurous air*, etc.] See MILTON: *Par. L.* i. 751, *etc.*

89. — *soul* —] *Sole* in some MSS. It is of no consequence, though we prefer the reading in the text. RUBETA'S love of the elegant species of pleasantry vulgarly called *pun*, we have before remarked. * *

90. — *shriek'd the nuns* —] For fear he should knock down more barrels. BAYLE.

92. — *PEOR* —] Another name for CHEMOS.

> PEOR his other name, when he entic'd
> ISRAEL in SITTIM on their march from NILE
> To do him wanton rites ——— *Par. Lost*, i. 412.

With horrid squeaks, they fled on lightning-feet,
And bore to HELL the news of their defeat.
I wip'd my brow, and breath'd. Then round me pour
The nuns' congratulations in a show'r;
Brief notes of exclamation, flattering names;
While bursts of laughter shook their happy frames.
E'en DOOLAN, joyful, shouted in his glee,
Och, dear, St. Patrick was a fool to ye!
Sweet friends! — I said, — enough. Yet, did ye know
What powers I 've beat — Mice, sure! — A direr foe.
In the dread rout, which flash'd your cavern o'er,
Six thousand devils had their backs made sore.
What! were they devils? Heavens! what a crowd!
And the glad sisters once more laugh'd aloud.
When tir'd they ceas'd, (though, sooth, I blush'd deep red
To be so flatter'd,) bending low my head,
O ye, — I add, — who sleep alone of nights,
Foes to the double-bed and nuptial rites!

Ver. 105. *Six thousand* —] Most of the commentators and critics are very merry at this lapse of RUBETA'S. The hero, say they, was either lying, (and the memory on such occasions is seldom very exact,) or had not yet recovered from the confusion of his fright. BAYLE says, *Both.* For our own part, we do not see why we should not read here, as in v. 82, *Ten thousand.* * *

Cool though ye see me stand, by HEAV'N I swear
My heart perspires for every turnip there!
If such, not relics of some erring sister
(Penn'd in yon barrel by the priest who kist her,
She and her embryon-friar, to die like brutes!)
By HELL thus metamorphos'd into roots;
(Else was the voice, which thunder'd *Heave them down!*
Black CHEMOS' own, who envies my renown;) —
A voice! What voice? — A voice ye could not hear:
A voice assum'd to prove, or vex my ear.
Whate'er the cause, thus much: let maids believe.
We do, dread chief. But pray, what ails your sleeve?
I turn'd my wrist, and saw an awful sight,
That pass'd unnotic'd in the coil of fight.
A nail, in some vile cask, had caught the stuff,
And ripp'd it, from the shoulder to the cuff!

Ver. 112. *Cool though ye see me stand* —] It is ask'd how comes the Rat-subduer so cool, who in v. 96 is so heated? It is answered, the same eagerness of vindication (arising from his intuitive and thorough-bred politeness) which made him swear, though more adverse to solemn asseveration than even the Fox of the fable,* wiped away all sense of his fatigue and superhuman exertions, and threw the perspiration on his heart. * *

* A fox, full-fraught with seeming sanctity,
That fear'd an oath, but like the Devil would lie;
Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy leer,
And durst not sin before he said his pray'r.
Cock and the Fox, by DRYDEN. — *Corrector.*

Fain would the fair with pins close up the rent.
Honor and sense forbade : — 'T were time misspent;
Homeward now hies the Sun to Thetis' lap.
Haste, gentle Doolan, then, and lift the trap.
And ishn't it then barr'd? grim Pat reply'd : —
But for your sake I 'll looshe him t' other side.
Your honor shmells a rat, tis plain to see.
King of the traps, och, who can catch like ye!
Pale as the youth in toil of passion caught
For soulless dame, who means to grant him naught,

Ver. 129. *Honor and sense forbade —*] That is, *glory* (or, the love of glory) and *good sense;* the two distinguishing traits in the Ragged Sleeve's remarkable character: nowhere more conspicuous perhaps, especially the latter, than in his recent exertions in the cause of Animal Magnetism. * *

We beg the liberty to enter our humble dissent from the Editor's interpretation. The more probable, as well as plainer, sense of the passage seems to us to be: *Honor*, which bade him make haste to finish the task he had undertaken, and *Common Sense*, which whispered it was foolish to regard a torn sleeve when "the trap" was so soon to hide the injury. — My boy advises me that *honor and sense* may signify merely *a sense of honor*, by a figure of speech, which, he says, is very common in the classic poets. As Rubeta's devotion to these ancient idols is so well known, I am not sure but the stripling is wiser than both of us. *Corrector.*

132, 133. — *grim Pat reply'd*: — "*But for your sake I 'll looshe him t' other side.*"] It is really refreshing as well as delightful, to observe the effect which great virtue, of whatever kind, has even upon a prejudiced and stubborn mind. This world is surely not so bad as some bad people would have it! * *

136 – 145. *Pale as the youth*, etc.] Rubeta must mean to describe unlawful passion, as he uses the word *dame*, where *nymph* would be more poetical. *Vet. Schol.*

Very absurd. What should Rubeta know of unlawful passion? though, it is true, such case as is here described is common enough.

Yet fascinates the while with serpent-art,
And feeds her vanity upon his heart;
Nor night nor day gives solace to his breast,
Scorch'd with desire, and frenzy'd with unrest;
Yet paid, fond fool! for aching heart and brain,
When, after hours of watching, cramp'd with pain,
He sees, as slow her lattices unclose,
Ecstatic joy! his angel blow her nose.
Thus stood I at the edge. O who had seen,
In that dread hour, those maids of peerless mien,
Waiting, with eyes all brine, and mouths askew,
To see the abyss ingulf me from their view,
O who, of woman born, their love had seen,
Nor shed his water though nine times hoop'd in?

However, there be coy *nymphs* as well; with which class the hero is a very Albertus: witness the following master-stroke, from that masterpiece, the *Mysterious Bridal*:—

—"unimpressible even by waking visions of bliss with the fair Christina Diefendorff in his warm embrace:"

A passage which shows, with singular felicity, the rise, progress, and ultimate reach of love, in a single sentence. **

148. *Waiting, with eyes all brine and mouth askew,*] Whereon commenting, the same critic whom we have so often quoted in this particular adventure, says it was with some other emotion than grief. It is uncertain whether the Poet was of his opinion, (that the Rat-router was deceived,) or of ours (that he judged impartially): but it is certain, that the man must have a very bad heart who can suspect the nuns of laughing at such a moment. **

151. *Nor shed his water* —] Understand *from the eyes*, all the commentators and critics to the contrary notwithstanding. **

We could wish, however, that the modest Editor had let us see some of their opinions. *Corrector.*

Who but that 's buckled up, from toe to heel,
In panoply of Duty's triple steel?
Who 's harness'd thus may brave an angel's tears,
Nor 'gainst Ligeia's self need stop the ears.
But lo! the trap-door opens, and a face,
Red as the Sun, floats upward in the space.
So bounds Troxartes' image from the toy,
Touch'd slily by the thumb of some great boy;
Whose little brother, frighted and amaz'd,
Starts back. I started too: but, as I gaz'd
The glowing disk Pat's single eye reveal'd,
Glaring portentous o'er the twilight field.
Thus comets from their distance seem opake,
Till some bright star shines through their flimsy make.
And now, all ready to descend the pit,
My grave perhaps, or worse, the grave of wit;

Ver. 158. — *Troxartes* —] One of Homer's mice. We hope the use of this name, and that of the Siren above (v. 155), will convince the most skeptical that the hero is a man of erudition. For who but such a one could know them? And accordingly the commentators, who hitherto have taken a pleasure to ridicule his pretensions to knowledge, are silent at this passage; undoubtedly struck dumb by their convictions. We must except, however, one critic, the philosophic *M.* Bayle; who exclaims, at this part, *Vraiment, c'est un savantasse très-amusant que notre héros!* * *

167, 178. *My grave, perhaps, or worse, the grave of wit;—(Learning itself might perish there; who knew!)*] A climax of anticipated horrors that deserves remarking. It occurs to the hero, first, that he might be going to bury himself in the abyss: this little moves him. But his *wit* may be quenched for ever in the gloom and terrors (or, as others wish, in

(Learning itself might perish there ; who knew !)
To fame and light I breath'd this sad adieu : —
Oh doorless domicile ! oh senseless sheets,
Where each new stain some filthier brother meets !

the mephitic damps) of that Stygian pit. Horror of horrors ! his very *learning*, that on which he most prides himself, (and for which, we may add, his countrymen are most indebted to him,) may there forsake him for ever ! the impression of past studies be rased eternally from the brazen tables of his brain, and memory become a chaos of jostling images and phrases less connected than the babble of his contemporary, PETRONIUS !

BAYLE, following up his fancy, is very merry upon this occasion : RUBETA, he says, who best knew what his wits were, was afraid they would run away from him in the dark ! *Voici le héros des nonnettes dans un étrange embarras ! il a peur que la raison ne lui aille échapper. Sans doute, personne ne savait mieux que lui comme elle a une grande facilité de s'égarer.* See his *Observations sur la Vie du Colonel Rubète ; Mélanges Historiques, édition de Miaco, in-4to., tome* 4^e^, p. 77 : or the translation of the same work recently imprinted, with great elegance, at PASSAMAQUODDY, in imitation of the Paris ed. of 1812, 9 vols. 8vo. Vol. VIII. p. 63. **

170. *Oh doorless domicile ! —*] The palace, study, "snuggery," museum, rendered illustrious, as the dwelling of RUBETA, eternal, as the scene of his lucubrations, and holy, as the spot whither, in the absence of his lawful spouse, he led the inspired, unreluctant fair, whose sightless orbs, though windowed with bottle-green lenses, and wadded close with "cotton batts," pierce through the dark equally well (we speak it reverently) with "the eye of OMNIPOTENCE."

We can throw a light on the above note only by referring to certain passages from RUBETA's "Letter on Animal Magnetism."

— "my house, to which I endeavoured to lead her. The house is No. 36 Church street — is very peculiar in its construction — having no door upon the street" — p. 31, 1st edition.

Be it observed in passing, that it was only in imagination, and "through the air," that the hero, who is "used to these excursions" (as everybody knows that reads him) led the "*clairvoyante*" ; for, the soul of propriety, he never would have thought of doing so in fact. — "Snuggery" and "cotton batts" are elegant expressions used in his Letter by this master of English, and rival of PETRONIUS : and for the former, we gather from the Papers of the Pickwick Club (pt. iv. p. 137. Phil.), that there is a little closet in the Fleet prison which bears the same choice

No more self-blazon'd shall your lord appear,
Poet, historian, nov'list, pamphleteer!
Oh loveliest book that ever cumber'd stall,
Where all MANHATTAN'S costive infants squall,

title. — A card being handed to the inspired Miss LORAINA, so enveloped "in a thick blue paper" that, as the writer of it said, *no other than the eye of Omnipotence could read it*, the superhuman Miss LORAINA "did not take it to bed with her, but retired into a dark room to make it out," and, "before morning," as RUBETA deponeth, actually did read it: whence it follows that the miraculous Miss LORAINA is omnipotent, a conclusion both perfectly sensible and allowable on the part of an "evangelical Christian" like our hero; for, as he says himself, *albeit his brains are zigzag, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy* (p. 61); and again, *if testimony like that to which he has referred, is to be rejected, where are we to look for the proofs of the miracles sustaining the divine origin of the Christian religion?* (p. 59.)

172, 173. *Self-blazon'd*, etc.] Refers to RUBETA'S bringing out his own children in his own newspaper (the "sheets" before mentioned); of which we have given one example in the notes to Canto ii. ISAAC VOSSIUS would have it that the sheets are of his bed, which he fears he shall never more revisit! "Quanto rectius, &c." **

174–177. *Oh loveliest book*, etc.] "THE NEW YORK BOOK OF POETRY, 1 vol. New York: *Geo. Dearborn.* — A very pretty volume, of very pretty poetry, *etc. etc.* We make one or two selections." *N. Y. Am.* Dec. 31, 1836. The first *selection* is thus, (we quote the first of its four stanzas:) —

"HE CAME TOO LATE! — BY MISS ————.

"He came too late! neglect had tried
Her constancy too long;
Her love had yielded to her pride,
And the deep sense of wrong.
She scorned the offering of a heart
Which lingered on its way,
Till it could no delight impart,
Nor spread one cheering ray." *etc. etc.*

"What delicacy," (exclaims the enraptured PETRONIUS,) "what delicacy, what lofty conception of the nature of genuine affection, what womanly tenderness is there in these beautiful stanzas." Did we not know him to be a *Bœotian*,

Vervecum in patria, crassoque sub aere, nasci,*

we should think he were jesting, or were paying, at the expense of his

* JUV. x. 50. **

Close your white leaves; the swan no more shall sing,
That made, for you, a dunce of ISRAEL'S king!

conscience, one of those compliments to the sex which are usually manufactured by a kind of men who think that women will swallow any falsehood or absurdity provided it be meant to be flattering. The other *selection* is "*A Visit from St. Nicholas.* — *By C. C. Moore.*" (— puerique patresque severi carmina dictant.*) *En voici le style:*

"A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he look'd like a pedlar just opening his pack." *etc. etc.*

"The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laugh'd, like a bowl full of jelly." *etc etc.*

Vos ô *patricius sanguis, quos vivere fas est*
Occipiti cæco, posticæ occurrite sannæ.†

We regret to see this nonsense from so very respectable a man: but

When grave professors stoop to folly
And find too late the Muse betray,‡

we have nothing left us but to do our duty. Such trash is not to be given to the public as *pretty poetry*, though it were the product of the whole faculty §:

Hos pueris monitus patres infundere lippos
Cum videas, quærisne unde hæc sartago loquendi
Venerit in linguas? ||

P. S. Some time after the above was written, we fell over the book, and found that RONY'S unhappy friendship had unjustly libelled it in his selections. It is really what he meant to have it appear, *a very pretty book of very pretty poetry.* Many pieces might we cite that would justify his high eulogium; but, simply noticing the following lovely and sensible lines "*By* C. F. HOFFMAN":

"There are birds in the woodland bowers,
Voices in lonely dells,
And streams that talk to the listening hours
In earth's most secret cells.
There is life on the foam-fleck'd sand
By ocean's curling lip,"

(LORD BYRON always professed himself very intimate with Am-

* HOR. *ad Augustum.* v. 109. ed. Gesn. **
† PERS. i. 61. *Casaub.* **
‡ *Parody of Goldsmith.* **
§ Mr. MOORE is a professor at the *Theol. Seminary* in N. Y. **
|| PERS. i. 79. **

Oh DEARBORN, oh! Frigidity and Rant
Must leave unsepulchred the name of BRANT!

phitrite. Perhaps he taught her that trick of the mouth for which Miss LANDON makes him so remarkable. Of course it is her upper lip which is here intended:)

"There is life on the foam-fleck'd sand
By ocean's curling lip,
And life on the still lake's strand
'Mid flowers that o'er it dip;
There is life in the tossing pines
That plume the mountain crest,
And life in the courser's mane that shines
As he scours the desert's breast:"

we pass to that long poem, to which all the rest of the volume, including the little CUPID of the frontispiece, sitting on the stock of an anchor, on top of the ocean, shooting at a sheep's heart on a mountain, — to which even this is nothing, — that exquisite effusion on the Sepulchre of DAVID, published under the assumed name of "WM. L. STONE," (the author being really RUBETA, as the text will prove,) an effusion which equals the enchanting melodies of "THOS. STERNHOLD, JOHN HOPKINS, and others," and like them may be "set forth and allowed to be sung of all the people together, in private houses, for their godly solace and comfort."

And now, Reader, the clerk having given out the number, and the pitchpipe being struck, let us sing, to the praise and glory of "STONE," these thirty-two verses of his Davido-Sepulchral Psalm, uncommon metre:

"He cast his anxious eye
Where slept great *David's* son,
Where *Wisdom's* ashes lie,
The peerless *Solomon!*

"He rais'd his ruthless arm
Against the low-arched wall —
While wild and dread alarm
Rang through the vaulted hall.

"Loud on the monarch's ear
Broke the hoarse thunder's crash —
And blazed around the bier
The vivid lightning's flash.

"Death came upon the blast;
As by the lurid light
They saw that he had passed,
And triumphed in his might:

"For on the chilly ground,
Inanimate as clay,
The troubled monarch found
His favourite captains lay.

"Aghast and pale he fled, —
And shook through every limb —
Cold drops rolled down his head,
Lest death should follow him!

I said, and sighing, bow'd me to descend ; 180
But fifty hands held back my nether end.

"He raised a marble fane
Upon the hallowed spot
But ne'er, O ne'er again
Could that night be forgot!

"And oft in after years
He woke in wild affright,
And wailed with scalding tears,
The deed of that dread night!"

*Sperare nefas sit vatibus ultra.** Whoever shall read this psalm, *shall think, indeed,* HOMER *but a frogfight-singer, and* VIRGIL *the tame poet of a gnat:*

"Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii,"
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.
Hæc quicunque leget tantum cecinisse putabit
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.
(SAM. BARROW, *in Miltoni Parad. Amissam.*)

The only thing that can at all come up to it is "Midnight Thoughts," in the same book, "by WM. DUER" (*Quid si idem*, &c.?†) the President, we believe, of Columbia College in N. YORK, being an address to the Moon, or, as the poet there calls it, with equal originality and reverence, "Th' Almighty's sentinel." *En pallor, seniumque!* ‡

Having given unabridged the Author's ironical compliments, we beg the Reader's attention to a few serious remarks of our own. In this same "New York Book of Poetry," there are some exceptions to the character of drivelling insipidity and puerile romance which makes the contents so worthy the vulgarity of the title. Foremost of these exceptions we would place the masculine Lines to a Skull, a translation from the German, "by D. SEYMOUR." The taste and ability, which this little piece displays, correspond very well with the character of the writer, of whom we have heard enough to make us wonder that we have not heard more. A man who was master of five languages besides his own before he was nineteen, two of which (the Greek and Latin) are so little well-known in this country, and who united, at the same early age, in a most elastic mind, the judgment of maturity with the fire of youth, combining a correctness of taste, almost extinct in the present generation, with a most retentive memory, and habits of methodical application very uncommon in a man of genius, such a man, a man moreover so honorable and highminded, as I hear that he is, should be doing more than laboring in the drudgery of a profession which he is not forced to practise, or than writing pieces which can confer no lasting reputation, nor even such a temporary one as a person of his rare abilities is *bound* to aspire to.

Having done this act of justice, let us ask, how it happens that the *N. York Review*, (No. ii.,) in noticing the Book of Poetry, selects for commendation the nursery-rhymes of Prof. MOORE, and the romantic stuff of Mr. HOFFMAN, while it passes entirely the verses of Mr. SEYMOUR, and the other few pieces which show something

* VIDÆ *Poet.* **
† VIRG. *Ecl.* v. 9. "Quid, si idem certet Phœbum superare canendo?" **
‡ PERS. i. 26. **

First of the line, FRETILLE and BOITEUSE stand,
Both clinging to one skirt with either hand;

like good sense, strong thought, and felicitous expression? Was it that Mr. H. is the editor of a Magazine, and Prof. MOORE an influential member of society, and of connexions influential in society, and that both were possibly personal friends of the Reviewers? A want of independence, in a Review which professes to be impartial, is a want of honesty. **

178, 179. *Oh DEARBORN, oh! Frigidity and Rant — Must leave unsepulchred the name of BRANT!*] On the cover of the pamphlet of Animal Magnetism are "Proposals, by GEORGE DEARBORN & Co., for publishing by subscription the Life of JOSEPH BRANT," (by RUBETA,) "at the low price of *Three Dollars and fifty cents.*" We cannot but congratulate the public on the prospect thus afforded them of a rich historical treat from the pen of the author of *A Letter on Animal Magnetism.* The angelic simplicity, delightful credulity, and amazing acquaintance with the intellectual and moral system of humanity, displayed in this latter publication, are the best warrant to the subscribers of the forthcoming history that their money will be well bestowed.* **

180. *I said* —] The hero's pathetic adieu to glory and this upper air is evidently an imitation of a most beautiful apostrophe, in the *Aristodemo* of MONTI. A man of RUBETA's constant and various reading, of his wonderful judgment, and prodigious memory, a man so keenly alive to the beautiful in nature and in art, it may easily be supposed would have the impression of many such passages constantly threading the "zigzags" of his brain; and indeed this fact is daily illustrated. But the lines in ARISTODEMUS are these:

Oh dirupi d'Itóme, oh sacre sponde
Del sonante Ladóne e del Pamiso,
Più non udrete delle mie vittorie
I cantici guerrieri! Oh reggia, oh casa
De' generosi Eraclidi, infamata
E di sangue innocente ancor vermiglia,

* One of RUBETA's hostile contemporaries accused the historian of being seen everywhere soliciting people to subscribe to his book. We thought the accusation mere scandal, till we heard with our own ears one of the most respectable men in NEW YORK assert that he himself had been taken in by a personal application; which, of course, there was no resisting, especially "at the low price of *Three Dollars and fifty cents.*" Such being the case, we consider that the hero's almsbegging is to be ascribed not to the mere love of lucre, nor yet of notoriety, but to that anxiety for the welfare of other men's souls and understanding, which, as in the case of CATO (*Canto* i.), obliges him to thrust the means of good upon them, lest, if left to their own inclinations, they might neglect thêm. Accordingly, at a late lecture, urged by the same high motive, he took occasion to give his audience a gentle hint to the same effect, as will be seen in a note to Canto iv. **

Fast to their robes two other sisters grow;
To these two more; and so, through all the row.
Off comes the skirt, disjointed by the strain,
And, staggering backward, down fell all the train.
I seiz'd the lucky moment, gain'd th' abyss,
And left them bawling for my tail to kiss;
Happy, who could console herself with this!
Adown, majestically slow, I sunk,
Step after step, till disappear'd my trunk.
Then finally descends my beaver'd head,
And light no more on awestruck mortals shed;

Ricopriti d' orror, piomba sul capo
D'un empio padre, e nelle tue rovine
L'infamia tua nascondi e il mio delitto!
Atto iii. *Sc.* 2. (*Tragedie* del MONTI; *ed. 5ta Fiorentina*, p. 62.

It would not be easy to find any thing in poetry more melodious; and (as those who are acquainted with the tragedy well know) nothing can be of more exact propriety. **

194. *And light no more on awestruck mortals shed;*] URSINUS understands the verse as having allusion to the lustre of his talents; PONTANUS, as simply expressing the brilliancy of his visual organs, whereof, as we had frequent occasion to see, the "Captain of the Veils" was particularly and justly proud. Both conjectures are correct; for there are two meanings included in the phrase; the more obvious one, that of PONTANUS, the other of URSINUS. The elder VOSSIUS, choosing a middle path, writes, the effulgence of his countenance as illuminated by the mind within, as well as by the radiance of the organs of vision: and it is to be observed that these latter may draw their very beauty from the mind, according to AKENSIDE.* However, JOSEPH SCALIGER

* Mind, mind alone, (bear witness, Earth and Heaven!)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime:

And again:

Thus doth Beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, even in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of a mind.
Pleas. of Imagin. Book i.

As when the moon o'erfloods the arch with light,
And none but brightest planets share the night,
Wrapt in a silver-purfled cloud retires
Some brilliant orb, and veils his modest fires.
Far as from ceiling downward to the floor
The cavern yawns, twice such a depth, and more,

confines the application of the phrase to the sisterhood, who (he says) stood, or lay, to the crown of RUBETA's head, now slowly setting below the verge of the pit, in the relation of those who on earth gaze pensively at a brilliant planet about to be swallowed up by a cloud; an interpretation which, as favored by the simile immediately following in the text, does not displease me. Yet, even in this case, the epithet "awestruck," or, as ISAAC VOSSIUS boldly reads it, *sliddering*, for which SCHEFFER proposes to substitute *stumbling*, and the learned SALMASIUS, so famous for the controversy which he had with MILTON, more elegantly, but less strongly, supplies *erring*, even here, the epithet, though directly applicable to the vestals, bears a reflected adaptation to mortals in general. But SCIOPPIUS suspects that the word "mortals" is an error which has crept into the text, and tells us he remembers having seen a copy which read *virgins:* and I have myself heard it reported that a mutilated *Codex*, in the possession of Father RICHARDS, has actually the hemistich thus: — *on* MARY's *children shed;* a reading which, even if the MS. be genuine, may (when we consider the Catholic predilections of that distinguished person) be reasonably suspected.

* *

199–201. *Far as from ceiling downward to the floor — The cavern yawns, twice such a depth and more, — Gapes the black pit:* —]

Tum Tartarus ipse
Bis patet in præceps tantum, tenditque sub umbras,
Quantus ad æthereum cœli suspectus Olympum.
Æn. vi. 577–579.

199–202. *Far as*, etc.] Thus exclaim the hostile commentators: — The cave under the cellar of depth more than twice the extent from roof to floor of the cellar itself? and so dark that daylight never reaches its bottom? Bravo, RUBETA! — Now be it known, a hero like RUBETA is incapable of magnifying such a matter, much less of directly lying. Therefore, the exaggeration (if such it be) is to be regarded as a figure of speech. Does not VIRGIL speak of the hundred huge doors of the

Gapes the black pit. A ladder points the way,
Whose base no sunshine marks with dusky ray.
Here slimy snails and mottled toads abound,
And a cold horror shivers o'er the ground.
Midway, when as I knelt to pray for aid,
The genius of the place my voyage stay'd.
I saw her not, but heard her well known drone.
My son, — it drawl'd, — whom I delight to own,
Heir to my denseness, darkness, my frigidity,
My dulness, stiffness, empty insipidity,
Enough for love of me and folly done;
Go, match'd in froth and impudence by none;

Sibyl's cave, and the hundred voices, when everybody knows there was no such superfluity of entrances or echoes? What is VIRGIL to RUBETA, or the Euboic cavern to the cellar of the *Hôtel Dieu?* **

205. *Midway, when as I knelt to pray for aid,*] SCIOPPIUS is quite delighted at the idea of having caught in this place the hero in a downright falsehood: for how, says he, could the monkey kneel on a ladder? Now, not to say that a *monkey* (an injurious expression, quite unworthy of so learned a critic,) might kneel as well in one place as another, what was to hinder the Vault-explorer, who undoubtedly descended the ladder with his face towards it, from resting his knees on one of the rounds, while he continued to sustain himself in his position by his hands? But the difficulty, if there be any, is done away with entirely, by reading, with the first Aldine edition, *paus'd.* However, in what way soever we regard the passage, we cannot but derive from it a new argument in favor of the constant unpretending piety and unchanging humility of the modern Æneas, who never even buttons up his breeches without asking assistance of the gods. **

212. *— froth and impudence —*] SERVIUS interprets these phrases, *grandeur, dignity of carriage,* and *boldness or daring,* as, above, the word "folly," *foolish people, persons incapable of appreciating his sacrifices and exertions;* explaining the distich thus: *Enough has been done for love of me,* (i. e. *of opacity* &c.) *and for the benefit of those who are*

Thou truer man than twenty gutless Catos,
Ascend! for here there 's nothing but potatoes.
More might she say; but faint the accents come,
Mix'd minc'd-up mess, of murmur, sob, and hum;
Such as from age or driv'lling palsy creep;
Th' opacous goddess then fell fast asleep.
I heard her snore; though other men, my foes,
Will swear it was the CYCLOPS DOOLAN'S nose.
But once more, joyful, I salute the day,
And to the nuns their handywork display.
Then all the saints from each shrill windpipe burst.
The darlings would have kiss'd me if they durst.
And, Say, — they cry'd, — What bless'd those eyes below?
With all my heart. First, suffer me to blow. —
Know then, I 've touch'd at HEAVEN, have sounded HELL,
And skimm'd the pool where parted spirits dwell.
But HELL alone deserves your present ear.
(I travell'd there entranc'd, as will appear.)

unworthy of thy efforts; Go, unequalled in majesty and daring valor. So understand it, in the teeth of HEYNE, URSINUS, DOUSA, LA CERDA, SEGRAIS, and every other respectable commentator and critic. The observation indeed of HEYNE and CERDANUS, that men of RUBETA'S stamp glory in the possession of qualities which other men detest, or ridicule and despise, is beneath notice, even though coming from such authorities. * *

214. — *here there 's nothing but potatoes.*] See "Visit," &c.

222. *And to the nuns their handywork display.*] Either his remaining *tail*, or the place of its departed brother. *Vet. Schol.*

First, SATAN is not black, as poets feign,
But, save his tail, snow-white, without a stain;
And wears green spectacles to shade his eyes.
DEATH, under SIN, his cooking-range supplies.
Chief of which stock MATTHIAS drew my gaze,
Stretch'd on his back to broil amid the blaze.
Him MOLOCH by, in apron asbestine,
Prick'd duly with a fork of double tine.
Pops the tense skin, with air exuding grease,
Like the dun sack of pudding Bolognese.
The Prophet's beard perfum'd the fiery air
Like singing wool, yet shrivell'd not a hair!
Now when I heard the barbecue sore-moan,
MATTHEW, — I said, — what is it makes thee groan?
— 'T is not the fire, — he cry'd (and gave a yell), —
But that curs'd book, which finds me here in HELL

Ver. 237. — *asbestine,*] The accent sharp upon the last syllable, and the penultima slurred; a poetical mispronunciation. * *

239, 240. *Pops the tense skin, with air exuding grease, — Like the dun sack of pudding Bolognese.*] We derive from this incident a valuable piece of information, namely, that spirits in the infernal regions are not disembodied. RUBETA's authority, in matters of fact and observation, is unquestionable. See our note at v. 258, below, where is also explained this anticipation of time with MATTHIAS. * *

241. *The prophet's beard* —] While that vulgar knave MATTHEW, or MATTHEWS, whose cozening devilry in private families the wise RUBETA deemed it incumbent upon him to chronicle, lest the benevolent curiosity of the old maids of MANHATTAN should die ungratified, was playing the prophet under the name of MATTHIAS, he wore a beard of a length and fulness quite in character with his Oriental pretensions. * *

246, 247. *But that curs'd book,* etc.] *Sc.* his Life by RUBETA; the

More pangs than all the damn'd bear all together!
Were that remov'd, the rest were but warm weather.
— Content thee then, O Matthew, (I reply'd,)
Another farce has thrust that quite aside.
But soon my brain fresh fooleries shall spawn,
T' out-flounce all floundering nonsense earlier-born,
All too that fools may drop of later date.
— Hell, do thy worst! the Prophet cry'd, and straight,
Swift as a bullfrog to his native plashes,
Turn'd on his belly, and was burn'd to ashes.

memory of which still haunts, in the shades, the victim of biography. *Vet. Schol.*

250. *Another farce*, etc.] Monk's book, it is plain, from what Rub tells the abbess in Canto ii. **

251 – 253. *But soon my brain fresh fooleries shall spawn, — T' out-flounce*, etc.] Catrou conjectures, from this, that Rubeta had already in embryo, or floating about in a seminal state in the generative organs of his brain, the immortal Letter on Animal Magnetism since emitted. But this is chronologically impossible. It may be the Life of Brant which he was about to spawn, and on the generation of which he was already bestowing his maternal cares; for we have seen, by a preceding note, that at the time of the emission of Matthias, the prolific parent announced itself as heavy with another frog. — Dousa, however, considers it as only a general allusion to the eggs of future shoals, with which the parental brain was conscious of abounding, and of whose vivacious properties, when once ejected in the public stream, there was every reason to form high expectations, from the miraculous floundering of preceding fries of the same family. We are inclined to think with the learned Dutchman. **

Might not the hero allude to his "Visit," which no doubt he was then conceiving, even if he had not already brooded on it long before he set out for Montreal? *Corrector.*

256. — *and was burn'd to ashes.*] Those who give an allegorical interpretation to the scene in Hell, (basing their opinion on the fact that Matthias was at this time still living, and, having shaved off his beard,

Therewith Hell-fire, and SIN, and MOLOCH cook,
All vanish'd, as to one from slumber shook. —

wherein lay the spirit of prophecy, was pursuing his primitive occupation of a carpenter,) say that this end denotes the foregone conclusion of MATTHIAS's preaching, to wit, his return to his original insignificance; into which the prophet plunged, the instant his Memoir by RUBETA was superseded,

"Swift as a bullfrog to his native plashes." * *

258. *All vanish'd, as to one from slumber shook.*] Says SCIOPPIUS, in the same spirit with his observations on v. 205, RUBETA tells one lie to his mates and another to his playmates. The irreverent critic did not consider, that the first is but an allegorical mode of speaking usual with men of RUBETA's exalted poetical genius; and as for the latter, who, that is so happy as to have read the *Letter to Dr. BRIGHAM*, but will believe that the hero, who tells us (v. 230) that he was carried into Hell *entranced*, might witness without difficulty the scene he has described? a scene which, I have no doubt myself, were MATTHIAS actually dead, would be perfectly realized. We have only to regret, that the descent to HELL should have preceded in point of time the immortal visit to PROVIDENCE, as otherwise we could bring indubitable evidence of its typical reality; since, by only being magnetized, RUBETA, according to his own account, (See his *Lett. on An. Magn.*) might as easily see HELL and its dependencies, as look out of his window on Columbia's freshmen. Why he has not yet done it in public, and thus gratified a universal and undying curiosity, we know not, but we may naturally expect that the infernal voyage will soon be made; in anticipation of which event we beg leave to offer our congratulations to the six-and-twenty States of the Union, and to every portion of the habitable globe to which the sweet savour of RUBETA's wisdom may have diffused itself. It will be such a satisfaction for a man to know what has become of the soul of his grandfather! * *

The Editor forgets that these magnetic voyages are made through the air, a way of travelling to which RUBETA repeatedly assures us he is well accustomed, (see *Letter* &c.,) but how he could reach the gates of PANDEMONIUM by this transparent railway is not easily seen; though, doubtless, the hero is as perfect in profound sinking, as at sailing in the clouds. We hope, however, with the philosophic Editor, that the experiment will soon be made, if only for the satisfaction of Professors BRIGHAM and WAYLAND, and of other gentlemen of science and magnetic affinities; or at least that RUBETA will give us a peep into the Limbo of Vanity, which he might do, we should think, any day, without going to PROVIDENCE, or playing *turrauches* with *Miss* LORAINA. *Corr.*

'T is a strange tale, and women well may stare:
I would avouch it; but I never swear.
Whate'er you think, or that I lie or dream,
Don't take me for the simpleton I seem:
Credulity by no means kills the sense;
It only shuts it unto mere pretence:
Thus, at my beck, Suspicion's jaundice flees,
And any man 's a scoundrel when I please.

Ver. 239. *'T is a strange tale, and women well may stare:*] Isaac Vossius thinks they might stare from another cause; (see verse 263;) Scaliger says from both; adding, the effect of either were enough, of both must have been irresistible. *.*

240. *I would avouch it; but I never swear.*] As we have remarked before, the pious scrupulosity of Rubeta is only matched by that of Dryden's Fox.* See the concluding observation of our note at v. 205. * *

241, 242. *Whate'er you think, or that I lie or dream,—Don't take me for the simpleton I seem:*] This is not said, as some suppose, in anger; the hero is above so earthly an emotion. He probably fancied, that he saw an expression of doubt upon the quizzical visage of Fretille, or of some one of the novices, and the pride of a high character, conscious of its own superiority, was for a moment hurt, as on a preceding occasion (v. 122): therefore, he proceeds to tell them, that his eyesight is as good as theirs (v. 243); that, supposing him to be credulous, it is only to barefaced pretension, which may deceive the wisest, (v. 244); but that he is sharp enough where nobody else would suspect any thing; and therewith he proceeds to give them an illustration, v. 245, 246. * *

245. *Thus, at my beck, Suspicion's jaundice flees,*] "Visit to Montreal," "Lett. on Magn.," &c.

246. *And any man 's a scoundrel when I please.*] See for *one* example, in the N. Y. Comm. Adv.,† those abominable remarks, so gratuitously introduced,‡ about "a recent catastrophe *said* to have been brought to light in the domestic affairs" of a certain popular author, (whose name

* See the passage quoted at v. 112. *Corr.*

† *N. Y. Comm. Adv.*] I have not the date of the paper. The remarks of the Ed. Comm. follow a "Communication" signed "An American," and commencing thus: "*For the Commercial Advertiser.* The disparaging style in which Mr. Brooks, in one of his late letters, has spoken of Mr." ——

‡ —*gratuitously introduced.*] The subject which ushered in these remarks, had

Oh! had the bard, who sung of HEAV'N and HELL,
Foreseen the lies and scandal I should sell,

the editor of that journal has the audacity to mention in full,)—"namely, his elopement with another man's wife, &c. &c." The gallant Colonel,

(*An honest man he is, and hates the slime*
That sticks on filthy deeds,) *

concludes thus: "The intelligence was contained in a letter recently received from England, and *may not* be true." *May not* be true! Good God! how can any man, that affects the name of CHRISTIAN, venture thus to befoul his neighbour's character on mere hearsay! We forgot; the Colonel is an old woman. "But," he proceeds to say, "there is nothing in the character of the man to make it doubtful."† Whether the report *be true or not*, I should like to know what business it is of the Editor of the Commercial's? Had I the dressing of this slanderer, I would clap a petticoat upon him, that his gender, at least in appearance, might no longer be equivocal.

One or two other instances will be shown in the course of the poem, where this miserable, wicked fool, has spit his venom quite as wantonly, and, the crime alleged being *lust*, with particular satisfaction. At present, it will be sufficient to add his attack upon a well-known diplomatic character, *while the latter was abroad* upon his mission; (a man's back is sometimes saved by distance.) The particulars are as follows:—A disgraceful letter having been ascribed to Mr. ———, the American ambassador at the court of ———, the Editor of the N. Y. Comm.

nothing to do with them; but this pious slanderer, who deems it as good an act to blast a character, as to propagate foolery and play pushpin with a hussy, has his envious head teeming with his plot of defamation, and therefore hastens the delivery on the first occasion, preparing us for it, in the true spirit of malice, by telling us *he is glad to be instrumental in making known any circumstance creditable to one whose genius he so much applauds as he does that of Mr.* ———*!* (Doubtless, the latter part of the "REMARK," (given above,) *makes known a circumstance very creditable to* &c.) The whole article so perfectly developes the true nature of this person's disposition, that we should copy it entire, could we soil our paper with what, setting aside its dastardly littleness, we deem as unchristian villainy as any in the pages of CARLISLE, of fire-and-hangman notoriety.

* Othello of *Iago*. A. v. Sc. 2.—There are plenty of *Iagos* in the world; men, however, of so noble nature, that they do not do the thing for hate, nor yet for money, but, of a charitable mercy and religious zeal, wake suspicion in confiding bosoms, and trip the foot of happiness, for they know that to be comfortable in this world is to be miserable in the next; and *What profit is it to a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?* **

† *Iago* to the life.

"I KNOW NOT IF 'T BE TRUE;
But I, *for mere suspicion in that kind,*
Will do, as if for surety." A. i. Sc. 3. *ad finem.* **

The Devil in vain had squat at ear of Eve,
He 'd found a hero greater far, believe;
Where now some graver lyre, to my vexation,
Shall sound my honors to the Yankee nation.

Adv. seized upon it directly, and propagated the slander, *after*, it would seem, *it had been refuted by the very paper in which it first appeared!* For thus writes the minister, in a letter published under his signature, and the date of Dec. 31, 1836, in the N. Y. American:

"I have read, I confess, with surprise and indignation, the article containing the attack on me by the Editor of the Commercial; aggravated, if possible, by the fact, that it is a repetition of *a former* one, of *like character*. I need hardly say that the whole affair, from *beginning* to end, *is a sheer fabrication*, and wholly *destitute of truth*." * * * * * "Imagine my surprise at SO WANTON AND BAREFACED A CALUMNY, *and that too, (as appears from the article itself,)* AFTER A DENIAL BY *the Editors of the Globe* THAT THE LETTER WAS WRITTEN BY MYSELF." * * *. "You are authorized then, my dear Sir, in pronouncing on my authority, here or elsewhere, the whole charge FALSE AND CALUMNIOUS, WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST JUSTIFICATION FOR IT, either *in misconstruction or misinformation*." * * * * * * *. "Upon what authority, and WITH WHAT MOTIVES HE HAS MADE HIS CHARGE, I leave the public to judge. Of one thing, I am quite certain, that *if such conduct is not reprobated by the liberal and enlightened men of all parties, it can have no other effect than to humble our country at home and disparage it abroad.*"

I am in possession of another instance, which partakes still more that character, of wilful malice and direct falsehood, which gives a venom to the otherwise impotent journal of this silly, but by no means inoffensive creature, and which *I will add to the list, when the time comes that I can vouch it by my name.*

In conclusion, let me add, what is less clearly expressed in the text, this MORAL TRUTH: that *credulity and suspicion go hand in hand, and the man who is ready to yield belief to extravagance, mysticism, and folly, will ever be found among the first to vilify his neighbour, and to hunt out the occasion of aspersion where it does not fall in his way.* The reasoning of the proposition is evident, — therefore unnecessary; the proofs — you have in the *Letter on An. Magnetism*, and in the daily sheet of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

We are astonished at the Author's speaking so seriously of such a matter. Good Heaven! and is there then no difference between RUBETA — RUBETA! — and any other man?

Is 't not ridiculous and nonsense,
A saint should be a slave to conscience;
That ought to be above such fancies,
As far as above ordinances?

Hudibras, Pt. ii. Canto ii. 247.

But, since I left, how flown the soft-wing'd Hours?
Two minutes distant. — Minutes? By the Powr's
Whose cause I serve, two months methought were fled,
Since these bold eyes outstar'd the astonish'd dead! —

Ver. 254, 255. — *By the Powr's — Whose cause I serve* —] Dulness, Obscurity, &c. &c. SERVIUS.

Hypocrisy, Falsehood, and other like divinities, undoubtedly. SCALIGER.

Above, RUBETA says he never swears. The words are scarcely cold before he contradicts himself! — He proves however one thing by it: that he is a famous hand at invention. ANON.

A man of cool temperament, whose passions are under habitual self-control, may be yet so taken by surprise as to forget for a moment the reasonableness he has daily taught himself for years. Such a man cannot be called inconsistent, much less false, or hypocritical. He is the same individual, but under unusual excitement: a summer's sky, or a tolerably clean pavement, under a passing gust. A remarkable instance is presented in the divine Letter we have so often mentioned, where, carried away by the magnetic fervor, the hero declares, as we have shown in another place, (v. 170,) that if the proofs of LORAINA's omniscience and mental ubiquity be rejected, we must reject the miracles of revelation: a blasphemy which could only be tolerated in a man of RUBETA's acknowledged piety.*

255, 256. — *two months methought were fled, — Since these bold eyes outstar'd the astonish'd dead!* —] This is a touch above Don Quixote.

* We subjoin the entire passage, as it is to be found on p. 59 of the 1st ed. of the *Lett. on An. Magn.*

"Again, there are those who fear to believe, lest an argument shall [should] be derived from the admitted existence of the magnetic influence, against the miracles sustaining the divine origin of the Christian religion; whereas, in my apprehension, the very reverse is the fact; since, *if testimony like that to which I have referred, is to be rejected, where are we to look for the proof of those very miracles?*"

This, and the passage where he compares himself to St. SEBASTIAN, (see note to v. 628, 629,) are, we repeat, by no means to be regarded as blasphemous, but of the enthusiastic nature of LAURENTIUS VALLA's declaration, that *he had arrows in his quiver against* CHRIST *himself!* Great men, and men of known piety, "evangelical Christians" I would say, are, it cannot be too often iterated, never to be weighed on the same coarse steelyard where you and I, and such other dog's-meat, are suspended. * *

Ladies! the charm has work'd; the trial 's o'er!
Virgins ye are, as pure as ever bore.
I said, and cut a caper, two yards high,
But for the vault, had bor'd my native sky.

"A esta sazon dijo el primo: Yo no sé, señor Don Quijote, como vuesa merced en tan poco espacio de tiempo como ha que está allá bajo, haya visto tantas cosas y hablado y respondido tanto. ¿Cuanto ha que bajé? preguntó Don Quijote. Poco mas de una hora, respondió Sancho. Eso no puede ser, replicó Don Quijote, porque allá me anocheció y amaneció, y tornó á anochecer y á amanecer tres veces, de modo que á mi cuenta tres dias he estado en aquellas partes remotas y escondidas á la vista nuestra. Verdad debe de decir mi señor, dijo Sancho, que como todas las cosas que le han sucedido son por encantamento, quizá lo que á nosotros nos parece una hora debe de parecer allá tres dias con sus noches. Asi será, respondió Don Quijote. *Don Q.* Tomo iii. cap. 23. *De las admirables cosas que el extremado Don Q. contó que habia visto en la profunda cueva de Montesinos, etc.*" * *

256. — *the astonish'd dead!* —] A virulent old critic, whom we have previously cited, exclaims very profanely: How the devil could the dead see him? If his own eyes had not been closed by prejudice, the irreverent GERMAN would have seen, that the hero is speaking of the departed spirits with whom he had been conversing, and calls them *dead* in reference to the world. * *

257. — *the charm has work'd* —] This expression goes to confirm our explanation of the phrase "mystic cane," in Canto ii. (v. 215.) By supposing the hero to have made his journey to the shades astride this rod, (a supposition which does not conflict at all with his own declaration, that he travelled there *entranced*,) or to have used it as his prototype ÆNEAS the golden bough on a similar occasion, we facilitate our credit in this wonderful narration, which, if there be any faith in animal magnetism, (see our note to v. 258,) we believe to be strictly true. * *

259, 260. — *and cut a caper, two yards high, — But for the vault, had bor'd my native sky.*] Sublime exaggeration! Might we not say, with LONGINUS,* that another such leap would have brought him on the backside of the world? * *

* Speaking of the leap which HOMER assigns to JUNO's steeds, (*Il.* v. 770–772,) the master of the sublime, in a fine burst of admiration, inquires: *Who is there therefore that would not justly exclaim, impressed with the surpassing greatness of this conception, that, if the immortal steeds should make a second like effort, the world*

Then first I felt my loins grow rough with cold;
When sliding back my hand, in fright, behold
Once more my braces ruptur'd! or by strain,
Down the steep ladd'r, and heaving up again,
(Unnotic'd in my joy to resalute the train,)
Or of that high croupade. This fir'd to view,
FRETILLE with sacred ardor downward drew,
O'er my broad shoulders, half the woven thread,
And, hanging it about her neck, thus said:—
Come, sacred web! dear relic, though unstable!
Thou, that once brac'd a saint's unmentionable!
Clasp this fond neck: not faithless without cause;
For Morn shall see thee patch FRETILLE's old draw'rs.

Ver. 259. — *and cut a caper* —] PERRAULT finds this transport of RUBETA's unworthy. A man less philosophical might indeed blush to express with such alacrity his joy at the nuns' virginity. But ARISTIPPUS was not ashamed to shake a leg in a purple dress, saying, that not even in the orgies of BACCHUS did the modest soul part with her integrity. *Vide* DIOG. LAERT. *in vita Aristippi:* ed. Genev. 1615. p. 140. **

260. — *my native sky.*] We here find the sky considered even by himself the proper region of this ethereal being. This passage, and the similar assertions in his famous Letter,* corroborate each other. Hence, many will have it, that the hero was magnetized previously to his expedition to the East. We may see nothing to contradict this opinion: on the contrary, we believe the versatile RUBETA to have been in a sort of somnolency ever since his birth, and in a state of somnambulism, *somniloquism*, *somnoscribism*, and *somnocogitism*, ever since he dropped the petticoat. Happy being! whose fancies mount at will the coursers of the cherubim, and whose legs throw back the surges of the clouds! **

272. — *not faithless without cause;*] That is, not without the will of

would want space for it? (Τίς οὖν οὐκ ἂν εἰκότως διὰ τὴν ὑπερβολὴν τοῦ μεγέθους ἐπιφθέγξαιτο, ὅτι, ἂν δὶς ἐξῆς ἐφορμήσωσιν οἱ τῶν θεῶν ἵπποι, οὐκέθ' εὑρήσουσιν ἐν κόσμῳ τόπον;) *De Sub.* Sec. ix. **

* See a passage quoted in the note to v. 273.

And now, unloos'd, dread things had been display'd,
Wherefrom e'en DOOLAN'S self had turn'd dismay'd,

HEAVEN, as —— and the reason follows. But some interpret it as conveying a sly insinuation, that FRETILLE had stitched them badly together on the first disrupture, for the very purpose of appropriating them as in the text: and thereupon they conjecture that FRETILLE'S caution on that occasion (*consult Canto* ii. 596), arose from the consciousness of the artifice she was using. The interpretation is very plausible as far as the present subject is concerned; but the conjecture is entirely gratuitous. **

273. *For Morn shall see thee patch FRETILLE'S old draw'rs.*] Few pictures can be more touching than that of this great man, surrounded by the gentle sisterhood, submitting so readily to all their little whims and wishes:

> How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
> What softness in its melancholy face,
> What dumb complaining innocence appears!
> (THOMSON'S *Summer*, 413.)

Not GULLIVER, encompassed by the LILLIPUTIANS, was half so fine an image of submissive power, nor yet RUBETA'S own great self, when playing *patty-cake* with Miss LORAINA, or when, hand in hand with that "dignified young lady," and toe to toe, he moved up and down with her, gracefully subsilient, or fluctuating, so to speak, to imitate the lovely motion of two amorous doves when flying, as his own soft pen has so touchingly and voluptuously described in that transcendent emanation, whose title we cannot too frequently repeat, the *Letter to Dr. Brigham on Animal Magnetism.* But we must quote the precious passage for the delectation, admiration, and information, of all lovers of the sublime and beautiful: —

She "repeated her desire to go through the air. I assured her that I would as gladly accompany her that way as any other. 'But you must not let me fall,' said she. 'O no,' I replied. '*I am used to that way of travelling*,* and will bear you up in perfect safety.' Saying which, she grasped my right hand more firmly, — took my left hand, — and *pressed upon both, tremulously, as if buoying herself up.* I raised my hands some ten or twelve inches, *very slowly*, favoring the idea that she was ascending.' [What *fun!*] 'You must keep me up,' she said, with a *slight convulsive*, or *rather shuddering* grasp, as though apprehensive of a fall. 'Certainly,' I replied,

* Like the SOCRATES of comedy.

> STREP. Πρῶτον μὲν ὅ τι δρᾷς, ἀντιβολῶ, κάτειπέ μοι.
> SOCR. Ἀεροβατῶ . . . . . .
> ARISTOPH. *Nub.* 224, 225. Brunck.

Had not the lov'd of PHILOMEDA'S grace
Rush'd to my side, with supplicating face.
O let, O let me pin it up! — she cry'd;
With trembling joy one yellow hand apply'd,
My under-weed and woollen band betwixt,
Grasp'd tight the twain, and soon the bastion fixt.

'you need have no fear. *I am used to these excursions.*' And away, in imagination, we sailed." (p. 20.)

Let us draw a veil over the too enchanting picture of the toying turtles. * *

274. — *unloos'd, dread things had been display'd,*] We are astonished that so respectable an annotator as RUÆUS should explain this, with the ancient Scholiast, in a manner little agreeable to the modesty of such a speaker as our hero, and quote, as an analogous passage, a verse (519) from Canto i., equally misunderstood:

"And as to save you serves my own great end." * *

It is probable, that the hero refers to the tail of his shirt, his "under-weed," as he calls it below, and to his account with the washerwoman. See Canto ii. 635. *Corr.*

274–276. *And now, unloos'd, dread things*, etc.] A mode of speaking common with the ancient epic poets, and here paraphrased from MILTON'S imitation:

——————— and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all HELL had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.
Par. Lost, ii. 722–726.

276. — *the lov'd of* PHILOMEDA'S *grace*] Read: of *Philomeida's* grace; and understand by the circumlocution, PUTAIN; whom he has previously called a votary of the same goddess. (*Canto* ii. 543–549.) *Philomeida*, or *Philomeidè*, an epithet of VENUS with HOMER: φιλομμειδὴς Ἀφροδίτη, *laughter-loving* VENUS; the μ reduplicative, *metri gratia*. *Philomeda* is another name of the same divinity, given to her, according to HESIOD, (*Theog.* 200,) from the accident of her birth, ὅτι μηδέων ἐξεφαάνθη; though one would think that a simpler reason might have been assigned for so charming a title. * *

Soft! soft! — I scream'd, — Take time; don't work
so hard:
That broad cloth cost me thirty dimes per yard!
This post secur'd, the well-intention'd nun
My sliver'd sleeve would teach reknit in one.
Not so, (I urg'd,) dear saint, whose cheek discloses
More charms than daffodils, or spring's white roses,
(Pure, fadeless tint RUBETA loveth most,
Next the deep grain SIETTA's houries boast,)
Not so; no foul dishonor at that end
Spots my chemise, or needs abash my friend.

Ver. 282. *Soft! soft! — I scream'd, — Take time* —] NANNIUS will have it that this was said with a wish to keep the soft hand longer nigh him, probably to warm the shivering part. This is not so: for though the hero is fond of women's hands, as the Abbess said, (*Canto* i. 463,) and did make a journey to PROVIDENCE for the very purpose of gratifying this delicate sense, yet, be it observed, it is only in the cause of science. He explains, himself, the reason of the entreaty. **

282, 283. *Soft! soft! — I scream'd*, etc. *That broadcloth cost me thirty dimes per yard!*]

Fate pian, grida Bosio: ajuto, ajuto:
Non stracciate, che 'l saio è di velluto. —
TASSONI. *Secch. Rap.* Canto 7°, 25.

288, 289. *Pure, fadeless tint RUBETA loveth most, — Next the deep grain SIETTA's houries boast,*] "Ne savez-vous pas," as said the Dauphin to the Countess DU ROURRE, "ne savez-vous pas, madame, que les goûts sont différens? L'un aime la brune, et l'autre la blonde; et par ce moyen chacune trouve à se loger." BUSSI: *Hist. Am. des Gaules*: Tome 3me. (p. 419. éd. 1829.) Thus translated by the connoisseur RUBETA: — "a colored woman, if well washed, would be just as clean as a washed white woman." — (*An. Magn.* 1st ed. p. 32.) **

289. — *SIETTA* —] One of the provinces of ANGOLA, in possession of the PORTUGUESE; here put of course for the whole kingdom. **

290, 291. — *no foul dishonor at that end — Spots my chemise* —] The

There let the white shift flutter, broad and free,
Banner at once, and pomp, of victory!
I spake. Well pleas'd, the maidens smile assent,
For the thought tallies with their own intent;
Which Boiteuse thus reveal'd: — Come, sisters all;
Bear the lov'd hero back into the hall;
In triumph bear, and (Haste! the vault grows misty,)
Sing *Jubilatè*, and *Ancilla Christi*.
Do as ye list! — I cry'd, exulting, — Do!
Ancilla propè sum magísquam you.

Scholiast takes this in a sense at once figurative and literal, hinging its explanation upon a preceding passage:

——————— thy shirt-tail seen,
Scanty indeed, and *not exceeding clean:*
(The nuns to Rub. Canto ii. 631:)

that is, hinging mistake upon mistake. The phrase is entirely metaphorical, and the sense, that that end of his shirt is not, by custom, held indecent. * *

The Editor's opinion would go to contradict the opinion we have ventured to advance at v. 274: but we are inclined to think, with the Scholiast, that the expression is "at once figurative and literal." *Corr.*

292. — *shift* —] "Shift," says Servius, either because the hero was actually in use of his wife's linen, or as denoting either the body or mind of the wearer, as one whom female dress became, *notha mulier;* the Poet, undoubtedly, considering him what is vulgarly called *an old woman.* Explanation worthy of so mere a grammarian. * *

299. — "*Ancilla Christi.*"] The first words of what is sung at the taking of the veil: *I am the handmaid of* Christ, etc. The meaning therefore is: Our innocence is proved (see v. 258); let us then sing, as we did when we took the vow to keep it. * *

301. "*Ancilla propè sum magisquam*" —] Scioppius, Salmasius, Bayle, chuckles famously at this queer Latin; even the grave Heyne, and the excellent Bouhours, have each his laugh; and the Scholiast, while he calls it *the Latin of Babelmandel,* and says it corroborates the interpretation of Servius above (v. 292), has no doubt of its genuineness, and

Loud laugh'd, delighted with my parts, the fair,
And the glad triumph thus, with pomp, prepare: —
Four lovely nymphs, the tallest of the band,
Poize, level with the hip, my sire's dread wand,
More potent than the rod shrewd ISRAEL set
Before dull LABAN'S ewes, or, mightier yet,
Which gave th' Idæan bastard HELL to spy,
On th' outside only, not explore as I.
Four nymphs. At either end were stationed two:
CULASSE, TETASSES, BOUFFIE, and CHARNUE.
O'er this, (familiar saddle, — scanty-wide,)
Seven nuns slow-heaving set my bulk astride.
Behind, PUCELLE, soft pillow, keeps me tight;
And PHLEBOTEMNA props me on the right.
About my neck twelve turnips, strung, were plac'd;
A mouse, in prison pent, my fingers grac'd,
Brave DOOLAN'S gift; scarce perilous to hold, —
Long since found captur'd, shrivell'd, stiff, and cold.
Then on my cheeks they rubb'd a sanguine dye,
Scrap'd from a pot of minium standing by.

tells us, RUBETA borrows the lovely tongue of HORACE, *in order to show the nuns he knew as much as they!* for, adds this equitable interpreter, the hero was stung with envy to find the sisters conned their prayers in Dutch. Shame on them all! Can the man who quotes Cicero by mouthfulls at a dinner, be so ignorant as to speak such stuff, or so pedantic as to wish to parade a knowledge familiar to him as a crust of bread! I should as soon pronounce him ignorant of Hebrew. The text must be adulterated. But how to restore it I know not. **

308. — *th' Idæan bastard* —] ÆNEAS. **

320, 321. *Then on my cheeks*, etc.] Some have regarded this part of

Monk's book of lies, like slave at chariot-wheel,
By a long cord hung dragging at my heel.
Clystera (now return'd) here stripp'd my head:
This hat shall bear the spoils, — the maiden said,
My modest forehead crowning, in its place,
With the moist honors of the pewter vase;
Weighty withal, as well as dripping dew;
For who a crown will bear, must feel it too.
But the false beaver, burden'd with its store
Promiscuous, gather'd from the wall and floor,
Old shoes, hard mortar, turnips, stones, and wood,
Discharg'd it all! Aghast th' unspotted stood,
And, mournful, view'd my honors shed around,
Then snatch'd the trophy-bearer from the ground,
And clapp'd it on her head: the loosen'd crown,
Hing'd at one edge, went bobbing up and down.
The phalanx moves: — first, Boiteuse, proudly bearing,
High on a twig, which clasp'd their sinuous paring,
Two huge potatoes, demi-peel'd: her next,
The brine-purg'd jar their twined arms betwixt,
Carotte and Leucorrhea: then Fretille!
Around her neck the biform braces still:

the decoration as effeminate, and equally unworthy of the hero and of the grateful sisterhood. They forgot that the Roman generals were similarly adorned in their triumphs: a fact which no doubt the nuns were well aware of. * *

(Proudly thou stepp'st, fair vestal!): her behind,
PUTAIN, my coat-tail waving to the wind,
And ever trilling, as she tripp'd along,
In Chastity's lov'd praise, some holy song.
But not the less, next sequent of the train,
SERIN and PLAINCHANT woke a nobler strain.
Through the long cloister, loud, yet shrill it rung;
And this the hymn these owls of beauty sung: —

Lo! on the rod his sire's broad haunches press'd,
RUBETA comes, our Mother's ass confess'd!
Who smote the jars? Who bade the legion flee?
Explor'd the cave of lumber? Who but he?
See his rent sleeve, his hat-crown beaten through,
His coat-tail ravish'd, and his braces too!
As clasp to book, as lid to closet-seat,
As broom to kennel, kennel to the street,
So he to us; but lovelier still than they.
Crawl out, ye vermin! greet him on his way.

Ver. 350, 351. *Through the long cloister*, etc.]

> Through the high lattice far yet sweet they rung,
> And these the notes his bird of beauty sung. —
>
> BYRON. *Corsair:* Canto i. 14.

353. — *Mother* —] Mother Superior, or Abbess: *Mère Supérieure.* SERV. *in loc.*

354. — *the legion* —] Of murine devils. *Id.*

358–360. *As clasp to book, as lid to closet-seat,* — *As broom to kennel, kennel to the street,* — *So he to us* —]

> Vitis ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvæ,
> Ut gregibus tauri, segetes ut pinguibus arvis;
> Tu decus omne tuis. ————————
>
> VIRG. *Daphnis*, 32.

Lo! on the rod his sire's broad haunches press'd,
RUBETA comes, our Mother's ass confess'd!
Then, Mother's ass! full swells the choral song;
Ass! DOOLAN, — Ass! the echoes mild prolong.
Who follows next? Ah, well I know her mein,
Crown'd with the dancing beaver, graceful queen!
Then, on our charger, we; above us borne,
In regal state, a bended osier, torn
From the huge barr'l our prowess overthrew.
This, drap'd with cobwebs, held BELETTE, BOSSUE.
Nor songless our own pipe. We told how HEAVEN
Into our hands the apostles' pow'r had given:
Hence CHEMOS fall'n; hence loos'd the mesh of sin,
Though fenc'd with stave of oak thrice girdled in.

Ver. 360. — *but lovelier still than they.*]

Formosi pecoris custos, formosior ipse. *Ib.* 44.

372, 373. — *We told how* HEAVEN *— Into our hands the apostles' pow'r had given:*] It is upon this line in particular that the zealous HARDOUIN supports his argument, that RUBETA is no other than St. PAUL: an identity which certainly is not so wonderful as that of ÆNEAS with the Saviour, or of the *dulce loquens Lalage* with the Christian religion. We should, however, endeavour to show that it is impossible, despite the strong metaphorical similarity which we confess does exist (let us not be thought to speak irreverently, though we are not in orders) between the nuns and the tottering churches which the great CILICIAN endeavoured to sustain in their proper position; but we are saved the task of refutation by the illustrious subject himself, who we understand is about to prove to the world, in a forthcoming publication, that he himself is that very apostle! as he has already established the fact of his being St. SEBASTIAN (see note to verse 628, 629); and therefore the idea of the learned Jesuit, that this grand poem is a compilation by the monks of a past age, must fall to the ground, and carry with it all its fanciful superstructure. See the *Chron. Prolus.* 15th Vol. 37th chap. *Providence edition.* * *

PAT, look on me, (I sang,) and upright walk.
The same was written on my back in chalk.
Then came the barrel, dragg'd by sisters three,
CHLOROSIS, HYDROPIQUE, red BOURGEONEE.
Then NOIRŒIL, GRISŒIL, waving each a stave,
Surmounted with a jordan of the cave.

Ver. 375, 376. *PAT, look on me, (I sang,) and upright walk*, etc.] PAT, you see how uncomfortable I sit: use your own legs, my boy. *Vet. Schol.*

Look at me, and never let anybody persuade you to ride. LIPSIUS.

Absurdly, and ignorantly. The sense is better given (for a wonder) by SERVIUS: — PAT, only see once what a fine thing it is to be pious; always keep in the path of uprightness, my good fellow. But NONNIUS refers the sense to PAT's imprudent affection for whiskey, bewailed by RUBETA in a former line, and thus interprets the passage: — PAT, you see how straight I sit, even here: imitate me, and don't make any more snake-fences.

Be the meaning as it may, there is a striking coincidence between this part of the text and the story told of SETHOS, king of EGYPT and priest of VULCAN, who, in commemoration of a victory achieved in his favor over SENNACHERIB, by means of an army of mice, which, directed by HEAVEN, rendered the weapons of his enemies useless, was represented in sculpture with a mouse in his hand, and an epigraph teaching the moral of his fortune as the reward of piety: —

Καὶ νῦν οὗτος ὁ βασιλεὺς ἵστηκε ἐν τῷ ἱρῷ τοῦ Ἡφαίστου λίθινος, ἔχων ἐπὶ τῆς χειρὸς μῦν, λέγων διὰ γραμμάτων τάδε·

ΕΣ ΕΜΕ ΤΙΣ ΌΡΕΩΝ, ΕΥΣΕΒΗΣ ΕΣΤΩ.

HEROD. ii. 141.

* *

381. — *of the cave.*] Found in the lumber-vault. *Vet. Schol.* Lipless, or otherwise broken. *Id.*

Both: see v. 21. Indeed, the Venet. edd. of 1497, 1499, etc. have:

——————— *rearing on a stave*
A lipless jordan, gather'd from the cave.

One edition only, the elegant impression of the elder GRYPHIUS, 1543, has:

A chamber-chalice borrow'd from the cave. * *

Lastly, the nymphs of minor note appear.
A carboy in each hand, PAT slopes the rear.
As the heap'd clouds, their work of mercy done,
Roll, pile on pile, before the emerging sun;
As in a calm the dull sea's lengthen'd swell;
Or, on a summer's eve, when winds are still,
Gently the curling billows lave the shore,
Then slow retire; nor harsh their gather'd roar:
With such dark pomp, majestically slow,
Through the long aisle the solemn sisters flow.
But groan'd CULASSE, and writh'd her Flemish haunch:—
Would smaller puddings stuff'd that graceful paunch!
— Delighted still to bear thee, (BOUFFIE sighs);
But, MYSTIC ROSE! who ever felt such thighs!
O murm'ring subjects! think ye then, indeed,
Your chief rides easy on this sharp-back'd steed?
But what is pain to glory? (I reply'd:)
What chafing to RUBETA'S martial pride,
Dear to this heart, as sunshine to the day?—
Yet, bear me gently,—lest the pins give way.
And now, before the pensive Mother come,
Bless'd by the priest which chatter'd on her thumb,
(The holy pair, by flying courier warn'd,
To do me grace that hour the hall adorn'd,)

Ver. 395. — *MYSTIC ROSE!* —] One of the sacred titles adapted from Scripture, by the Romish Church, to the mother of the Redeemer. * *

Back fell the van, the rein'd-in courser stay'd,
And the chief stood amid his host display'd.
  Then rose the hawk-bill'd queen, whose marriage-bed
In nuptial bow'r of HEAV'N alone is spread,
And bowing thrice, (whereat I rais'd my crown,
And, gracious, three times wav'd it up and down,)
Hail son! — she cry'd, — return'd from parlous fight,
Deck'd with thy laurels as becomes a knight.
Blest, who dar'st fathom any jakes profound,
Nor fear'st a host of turnips under ground! —
More had she said; but BOUFFIE, sad to tell!
Here slipp'd her hold, and down RUBETA fell.
  O, such a vary'd clamor as then rose!
See, PUTAIN, see! thy pins desert his hose!
And pray'd green RICHARDS, and each virgin hand,

Ver. 412. — *parlous* —] Considered by JUNIUS a corruption of *perilous;* and rightly, says JOHNSON. The Abbess, therefore, or RUBETA for her, would seem rather to restore the word to its primitive sense, than to strain the expression. Though some commentators maintain that it is here used in the vulgar sense, to denote an enterprise which had tasked the wits of our hero still more than his courage. But some copies read *perilous*, and not a few *per'lous*. The latter reading is a cacophonous barbarism, unworthy equally of the gravity of the Poem, and of the exalted rank of the speaker. * *

414, 415. *Blest, who dar'st*, etc.]

> Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere caussas;
> Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum,
> Subjecit pedibus, ————————

VIRG. *Georg.* ii. 490.

Or strove to lift me up, or hoist my band.
But shriek'd the Mother's fife 'bove all their pitches:—
Daughters, for shame! let go the hero's breeches!
Hither, FRETILLE: PUCELLE, don't pinch his thighs:
Crown him once more, and help the saint to rise.
I have two garters, each a yard in length;
White are they not, yet of exceeding strength;
These, wed in one, may gird a waist so small,
And keep immur'd, what else might shame us all.
She said, and, gently whipping up her train,
Slid back her hand, and straight undid the twain.

Ver. 425. *Crown him once more* —] RUBETA has not mentioned the loss of his tiara; but it is easy to imagine that so heavy a headpiece would hardly keep its gravity where its wearer could not his. * *

430, 431. *She said, and, gently whipping up her train, — Slid back her hand, and straight undid the twain.*] All the critics, commentators, and translators, are in raptures with this trait of modesty in the Abbess. *Madame* DACIER says, that it is an evidence at once of the high rank and gentle breeding of the party, so that, were we not told expressly it was the Mother Superior who did the act of charity, we should know her hand by the very fact of her putting it behind her. A remark in which we coincide most cordially; for, if you will walk the streets during church-hours on Sunday, you will see many a sturdy servingmaid, whose stockings threaten a descent, stop before a door, cock up her leg upon the third step, and, turning up her coats in front, arrange the matter without regard to your blushes, and be long enough about it to give you time to cast a problem in the Mensuration of Solids: therefore the backward motion, the suddenness, the grace of the action, mark at once the lady, and the "lady superior." * *

There is one thing, however, which seems to have escaped the Editor. RUBETA'S practical knowledge in all things pertaining to the fair was certainly to be dreaded by one, who, being "past age," might not possess that roundness of contour which is said to delight the eyes of connoisseurs. *Corr.*

These took FRETILLE, and coupled them, still warm,
With facile fingers girt my pliant form,
Then help'd me rise, and whisper'd (angel sweet!),—
There wanted this; now, Saint, thou art complete.
On foot, my charger leading in the hand,
Before the Abbess, then, I took my stand.
Mother, (I said,) his grateful labors through,
Lo, your bruis'd son now waits to bid adieu.
Witness the tears, which rain from these sad eyes,
Forc'd by no common fate your walls he flies!
Too happy, could he but his stay prolong,
And pray with thee, and RICHARDS, all night long.
Ye too, dear maids, who, wedded to the Lord,
Scorn the lewd pastime nuptial rites afford,
Farewell! — thrice blest; for whom no seas by steam
Are plough'd; with whom the drowsy brain may dream.
O were I but a maid; O had this face,
This double chin, no excrement to rase;

Ver. 440. — *the tears, which rain from these sad eyes,*] A sensibility greatly to be admired in our hero, (as we think we have shown before,) and which has its parallels in the heroes of HOMER. So does ÆNEAS weep on a similar, though very inferior occasion:

Hos ego digrediens lacrymis affabar obortis, *etc.*
Æn. iii. 492. * *

446, 447. — *for whom no seas by steam — Are plough'd; with whom the drowsy brain may dream.*]

Vobis parta quies: nullum maris æquor arandum. *Ib.* 495.

448. *O were I but a maid* —] CERDANUS explains it into a regret

To Chastity I 'd dedicate my hair,
And consecrate my life to pills and pray'r.
Then should ye call me *Sister*, then these hips
No ravell'd brace should tantalize in slips,
But petticoats adorn my virgin thighs,
And a black cap add lustre to my eyes.
O life of ease! O joys to fancy dear!
And shall RUBETA never know ye near?
Ah! might the soul unbar her cage at will,
Then should his spirit mingle with you still,

of RUBETA that he is married. The learned SPANIARD forgot that the hero, as he is an epitome of all the virtues, cannot be deficient in conjugal attachment. The author of the *Priapeia* has another interpretation even less tolerable. The simplest meaning is undoubtedly the true one; namely: *O were I not a man:* a sense immediately confirmed, where, in the subsequent line, explaining at once and extending the idea, he says, *O had I not a beard.* * *

454. — *virgin thighs,*] As henceforth dedicate to Chastity. URSINUS, PONTANUS, TAN. FABER, &c., &c. — *Virgin* here signifies the nature, and character so to speak, of the hero's limbs, after induing the sacred vesture of a nun. *Mad.* DACIER. — We think, improperly. But the point is so doubtful, that we leave it to the reader to decide. GRUTERUS translates it *white, soft, polished*, such as suit a maid. Our own opinion is, that RUBETA means to denote the shrinking bashfulness of those parts, or perhaps their blushes and confusion at the nature of the investment: an opinion directly backed by the beautiful MS. lately discovered in the library at PASSAMAQUODDY, which reads *modest*, and perhaps by MURETUS, who, I am told, quoting in an unpublished book this very passage, writes, from I know not what text,

The petticoat would grace my blushing thighs. * *

458. *Ah! might the soul unbar her cage at will,*] A power said to have been possessed by ARISTEAS of PROCONNESUS:

Ἀριστέου τοῦ Προκοννησίου φασὶ τὴν ψυχὴν ἐξιέναι ὅτι ἐβούλετο, καὶ ἐπανιέναι πάλιν. HESYCH. Illus. *de Quorund. Sapient. libell.* (Extat ad calcem Diog. Laert. edit. Casaub.)

The expression of the wish in the text would seem to have been

Despise for you the bower on College-green,
Couch in your laps, and doze with you unseen.
Meanwhile this clay, these fingers should remain,
And do his jobs at home, which need no brain.
This were a life! this, this were to be blest!
But this— No more! my tears supply the rest.

And must thou go? — the pensive Mother sigh'd,—
Thou lov'd of maids! my own dear joy! my pride!
Cruel! Ah, had I been indulg'd one kiss,
One chaste impress of that pure mouth on this,

anticipative of the hero's subsequent conversion to animal magnetism. By the by, would it not be a proper subject of inquiry for the magnetic doctors of the learned city of PROVIDENCE, whether the Proconnesian poet employed the same means, (the kneading of the belly, etc.) which plumed the ubiquitous spirit of LORAINA, and made it fit company for the feathered soul of RUBETA, "used to that mode of travelling"? We suggest the proposition in all humility. SOLOMON has said that there is nothing new under the sun; and science is interested in tracing all inventions to their true original. Might not the seven-league boots of the Polyphemic FEE-FO-FUM have been a magnetic apparatus, whose contrivance is now unhappily lost to the world, — unless happily a CAPRON should restore it? * *

460. — *the bower on College-green,*] Not, as the author of the Pickwick Club has it, "one of those sweet retreats, which humane men erect for the accommodation of spiders," but the identical study in the identical house wherein the miraculous BRACKETT, after being twice told (pp. 28, 29, of *An. Magn.*) its precise locality, exclaimed so wonderfully, "It would be so sweet to sit and look out of those windows on the green" (p. 33); the bower, in fine, of which the hero said to his sister spirit, "This is my *den* — *my literary workshop* — where I can shut myself up, and be as secluded as I please. I built it on purpose." (p. 39.)]

468 – 470. — *Ah, had I been indulged one kiss,* — *One*, etc. etc.]

Saltem, si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset
Ante fugam soboles; si quis mihi parvulus aula
Luderet Æneas, qui te tamen ore referret;
Non equidem omnino capta ac deserta viderer.
Æn. iv. 327 – 330.

Not wholly then deserted should I be!
Yet go where Glory calls thee; mind not me.
Go! and when beauteous eyes repose on thine,
As Eden's figtree forms thy theme divine,
And, in the smiles of simpering dames around,
Thou read'st their wish to press the seat of sound,
Then think on me. Adieu! O God! adieu!
I bed with Richards, but my heart 's with you.
Then Putain sigh'd, — I shall not sleep to-night!
Nor I, — sobb'd Boiteuse, — by this blessed light!
Nor I! nor I! — in chorus chim'd the rest.
Green Father Richards equal cares confest.
Forth burst Clystera: — Stay! before you move,
Accept these tokens of your handmaid's love;

Ver. 469. *One chaste impress of that pure mouth on this,*] We ought to mention to the reader, that the beauty of the hero's mouth, which is fully described in Canto iv., is something remarkable. Hence, perhaps, the abbess' strong desire here, and in Canto i., to touch it; for women, even "past age," are never insensible to great comeliness in men. My own wife, (as will be seen in Canto iv.,) was so overcome by this prodigious feature, that I had great difficulty in keeping her in decent bounds.

* *

473. *As Eden's figtree forms thy theme divine,*] At his lectures, of which of course the Mother had been informed by the voice of Fame, as we on our side of the border hear of the speeches of Sutherland. See Canto ii. 498. * *

Might not the sisters have been listening to the hero's soliloquy (Canto ii. 498), and have reported it to the Lady Superior? *Corr.*

477. *I bed with Richards, but my heart 's with you.*] Here follow, in the more ancient editions, some twenty verses, showing how the abbess advised the hero (advice too fatally neglected!) before he should visit Bruno, to consult the prophetess Loraina, with an obscure description of the sibyl's residence, and an intimation of one Dr. Capon. * *

(Extending, as she spoke, with earnest tone,
A goat's dry'd bladder and a pipe of bone):
Take these,—she said;—and when, distent with beans,
Thy gusty bowels writhe in travail-pains,
Embrace the plenish'd sack; its warm tears shed,
In jets, will give thee comfort, in my stead.
Too happy pipe! thrice happy bladder too!
Would, would my hand might go along with you!

The rest brought unguent, balsam, wash, and pill,
And with the treasure every pocket fill.
And has thy father's saddle made thee sore,
Rub on this salve; the groin shall fret no more.
Rub on this salve, (each urg'd,) and think on me.
Thunder'd the Friar, — *Semper vérginè!*

Nor this was all: the very vase they stor'd
With nostrums chosen from their chemic hoard.
These since are gone, for various sorts of gripes.
The vase I would have truck'd for Connor's types.
Connor declin'd. I planted stonecrop then;
And the pot grac'd an air-hole of my den.

Ver. 497. *Thunder'd the Friar,* — "*Semper vergine!*"] From which misconception of sound, we gather the interesting but afflictive fact, that the reverend personage was somewhat advanced in years and hard of hearing.

However, the grateful epitheton, with which the Father facetiously tips the nuns' too modest *me*, is from his recollection of the tail of a monastic prayer: "Beata Maria semper vergine intercedente." **

501. *Connor* —] The principal typefounder in Manhattan. **

502. — *I planted stonecrop then;*] Why *stonecrop?* *Non liquet.* **

503. — *den.*] "Den," "private den," "literary workshop," are pet names for the little piggery, we mean "*snuggery*," into which the hero

Nor in like court'sies did your chieftain fail.
My hat, (he said,) my braces, eke my tail,
I leave with you; FRETILLE'S, CLYSTERA'S, those;
PUTAIN enjoys the last: and GOD he knows,
Could I go naked, I would leave my breeches!
But take this volume of my *Tales and Sketches*,
Which, for my solace, everywhere I carry.
'T is dirty, you will find; but witty, — very!
So the fam'd spring, where languid Fashion drinks,
Gives health and tone, and sparkles, though it stinks.

led the modest and guileless LORAINA, when "wrapped in insensible slumber so profound that the discharge of a park of artillery would not disturb her." See *Lett. on An. Magn.* pp. 38, 39, 1st ed.; or the note to v. 460.

"By the by," says Mr. DICKENS,* "we scarcely ever knew a man who never read or wrote either, who hadn't got some small back parlor which he *would* call a study:" and we, too, scarcely ever knew a man who scribbled shilling pamphlets, or wrote scandal for a newspaper, that had not some back-closet which, in facetious imitation of a great man's affected humility, he would call his *den* or *workshop*. A remark, however, which we would not for the world apply to the erudite RUBETA.

**

509. — *this volume*, etc.] See note to v. 520, 521. **

511. — *witty, — very!*] RUBETA's very just impression of his own extraordinary facetiousness we have already seen in Canto ii. 388–390.

**

512. — *the fam'd spring, where languid Fashion drinks,*] At SARATOGA, in the State of NEW YORK? **

511–513. *'T is dirty you will find; but witty, — very! — So the fam'd spring*, etc.] The hero's modesty is, in this place, rather too self-depreciating. We, for our part, really consider the delicacy and almost effeminate refinement of the "Tales and Sketches" even greater than their wit.

* In those very clever sketches of vulgar life, the Post. Papers of the Pk. Club, (pt. iv. p. 13. Phil.)

And thou, too, RICHARDS! bird of parlous beak!
Nibble this peanut for RUBETA'S sake.
'T is the last left, of half a pint or more,
Bought when, departing from MANHATTAN'S shore,
I beat the porter down, despite his fence,
And sav'd three coppers out of eighteen pence.

Let the reader taste the following delicious cut from the tender-loin, and judge for himself: —

"'I 'll be blamed, if you 'd seen Jim Fairbanks storm a hen-roost to-night, as I done, you 'd laughed ready to split.'

"'Yes, I guess you would,' added another; 'when he slipped off the ladder into the cow-pen.'

"'Hold your tongue, Bill Conkling,' replied the soldier who had encountered the misfortune; 'if you don't leave off poking fun at me, I 'll smash you into a cocked-up-hat, I tell ye.'

"'O don't,' said another; 'for he 's dreadful handsome, and if you dew it, there 's Molly Butterfield will cry like blazes.'"

Then a speaker proceeds to tell, how one *Joe Miller* "was jumping over" some "burs," when "an old critter catched him by the waistband of his breeches, and shook him like a dog would a black snake, a pretty considerable time. But the string 'gin way, and Joe he fell smack into the mud, as if heaven and 'arth were coming together." Then Joe enters "in a sorrowful pickle sure enough," — "holding up his trowsers;" and the dialogue is renewed.

"'Then you found the old man a raal sneezer, Joe,' inquired the worthy lieutenant in command.

"'I 'll be darn'd if I didn't,' replied Joe; 'and I 'll be shaved into a meat-axe, if I aint up to him for it yet, some day or other.'"

Myst. Bridal. (*Tales and Sk. Such*, &c. vol. ii. pp. 102, 103.)

The astonished reader will not find it easy to believe, that one man could be the sole author of such transcendent wit and elegant humor, wit and humor so sustained; but I assure him we could fill twenty or thirty pages with such delicacies, from the same volumes, if not from the self-same story of the "Mysterious Bridal." We refer him therefore to the work itself, which will repay, over and over, for the cost of the two volumes, him, and his heirs and assigns, to the fifteenth generation. * *

518, 519. *I beat the porter down, despite his fence, — And sav'd three coppers out of eighteen pence.*] Very absurdly condemned, by some of the commentators, as an act of meanness. Now we uphold, that genius

Take it, my son! kind HEAVEN it sav'd for thee,
Deep in this pocket, and deny'd to me.
And shall I not one token, too, select? —
Peace, Friar, peace! 't is done in all respect.
I said, and pluck'd, six digits from his waistcoat,
One plume, the flamen screaming, *Requiescat!*
Then, gathering up MONK's book, to take the place
Of my own *Tales*, unworthy such a grace,
The vase beneath my wing, — Fruits of my toil,
These roots I 'll carry home with me to boil, —

is no way better displayed than in driving a bargain, especially with a poor man. This being granted, it follows, that the more nearly you drive the bargain, the greater is the force of intellect displayed. Therefore, to make a common porter take fifteen pence when his lawful fare is eighteen, and this, too, notwithstanding all his skill in parrying, ("despite his fence,") is a most glorious achievement of the intellect, worthy of the antagonist of MONK and the immortal expounder of animal magnetism. Q. E. D. * *

520, 521. — *kind HEAVEN it sav'd for thee, — Deep in this pocket, and deny'd to me.*] It certainly would seem to be a most signal interposition of PROVIDENCE, that this solitary nut should remain buried in an obscure corner of his pocket, escape his frequent and long exploring, (which we gather from the phrase "deny'd to me,") and now only brought to light when, as we suppose, he drew out the immortal volume of his masterpiece. ST. AUGUSTINE.

An interposition doubly visible, since what was to prevent the nuns' selecting this individual skirt (we presume it was the pocket of his upper garment) to tear away, instead of the other? * *

525. — Requiescat!] i. e. *Let it be!* — The modest circumlocution by which the hero expresses the parrot's rump, in the preceding line, cannot be too much admired. * *

526, 527. *Then, gathering up MONK's book, to take the place — Of my own Tales, unworthy such a grace,*] An amphibology; SCALIGER says, wilful on the part of the Poet. * *

529. — *roots* —] Not the medicinal preparations in the jordan, as SERVIUS absurdly supposes, but the esculent vegetables which, it may be remembered, were pendant from his neck. * *

I said: — Once more, dear saints, — FRETILLE! — adieu!
Soon shall the press give brave accounts of you.
Not such as, in her after-dinner doze,
Dame IRVING ravels from her worn-out hose;

Ver. 532. — *after-dinner doze,*] "Non bonus somnus est de prandio," says the Scholiast, quoting from PLAUTUS, (*Mostell.* A. 3. Sc. ii. v. 8.); seeming thereby to intimate, that the old lady ravelled her stockings when she was asleep. But the Poet writes, precisely, *doze;* which is a state neither waking nor sleeping. Therefore understand it, ravelled *drowsily, heavily, languidly;* or better, as more applicable to the particular stockings in question, ravelled *at a time when she could do nothing more useful.* * *

532, 533. *Not such as, in her after-dinner doze, — Dame IRVING ravels from her worn-out hose,* etc.] See the *Crayon Miscellany* everywhere, but especially the volume which talks something or other about SIR WALTER SCOTT and about Newstead Abbey. How in the name of wonder, though, RUBETA should contrive to fall upon this truth, is better known to himself than to his readers, as will be seen anon (Canto iv.). It may, however, have been in the moment of inspiration which the success of his enterprise, and his exaltation by the nuns, had given him, or through the suggestions of envy, which makes up in private for any adulation it may pay a great name in public. ANON.

We are surprised at this observation; since to us it is very manifest, that RUBETA was quite able to discover a fact which is so gross a child might feel it blindfold; only his amiability, like that of all his brethren from one end of the United States to the other, makes him loath to say any thing publicly against the literary merits of a popular literary character. However, see v. 708 of the 4th Canto, which is the passage "ANON." would appear to refer to. * *

532–535. *Not such as,* etc. — *Which we the town for bran-new worsted buy, — And quote as extra-fine, yet know not why;*] See the more recent publications of that distinguished author. According to the French Theophrastus, "Il n'est pas si aisé de se faire un nom par un ouvrage parfait, que d'en faire valoir un médiocre par le nom qu'on s'est déja acquis." (Chap. 1er.)

This, I have no doubt, will be the first time that Mr. IRVING has heard the truth since he rose to eminence; (such being a consequence of greatness, even where more the result of accident than of merit;) and that we may not be thought to speak it only in a spirit of invidiousness, it becomes us to show that we are not the last of his admirers; al-

Which we the town for bran-new worsted buy,
And quote as extra-fine, yet know not why ; 535

though we are not so young as to grow passionate in his praises, nor so old as to slabber him with unmeaning slaver. Mr. IRVING's distinguishing excellence, then, is *good taste ;* a merit in composition not the commonest in this day. He never attempts to soar where it is his business to keep upon the ground, nor to burst into flame where coolness is more desirable. Then, he has a quiet and delightful humor that is found in but few writers besides himself, and those entirely, I believe, of a past age. Subjects which would be vulgar in the hand of almost any other man become pictures for a cabinet in his: such, for instance, as where the little dog (in *Bracebridge Hall*) is painted with his tail twisted so tight *as to lift him up from his hind legs.* It is in these representations, in minute and accurate drawings of the minor details of common life, that Mr. IRVING shows himself most truly *a master:* (we are using the word with deliberation, be it observed, and not as a sixpenny reviewer.) What the best pictures of the Flemish and Dutch schools are to the art of painting, such are GEOFFREY CRAYON'S writings to the productions of the pen in general. (Of this kind of excellence the latest example he has furnished, that we know of, is a little piece published in one of the annuals, and entitled *The Creole Village.*) But here Mr. IRVING'S praises must end. He is never great ; he has no fire ; he never tells you any thing that is new to you, (I mean to the most ordinary readers : to the scholar and the philosopher nothing in any writer is absolutely new, where the only variety one can introduce is in the mode of expressing what has been said again and again before him, and shall be said again and again years after he is dead.) As the author of the Sketch Book began, so he continues, and so will end. His Reflections in Westminster Abbey, etc., were those which may be found in your youngest son's youngest composition ; though rarely will your eldest son be able, with long study and years of polishing, to tell them half so well. And this being the case, it were well if Mr. IRVING retired from the field, and *hung his trophies o'er his garden gate.** But the desire of still keeping before the public, and, we nearly added, the love of money-making, are stronger even than the caution which is, I should judge, a part of his character ; and those who really admire this excellent writer, (and they are not those who flatter him most,) these, I say, must regret to see him

* POPE'S parody of Horace :

Our gen'rals now, retir'd to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates. *Epist.* i. 7.

* *

But something novel, something men may spell.
Once more, O virgins, oh! — a last — Farewell!

dawdling in such books as the Crayon Miscellany, or playing the old man prematurely in the wire-drawn wordiness of an Astoria. Not even WASHINGTON IRVING can beat furs into eloquence. *

To conclude: whatever the author of the Sketch Book has done, nobody else could do so well; but it is absurd, and where the exaggeration comes from men who should know better, disgraceful, as it is surely prejudicial to the interests of true taste, to elevate DAVID TENIERS or a GERARD DUOW into a RAPHAEL or a BUONARUOTI. †

* The style of this book, however, cannot be too much commended, if you look merely to the arrangement of words and the construction of sentences. There are passages in it which reminded me not unfrequently of Herodotus. Those who know what DION. of HALICARNASSUS says of the Father of History, will think this no small compliment; and if WASHINGTON IRVING himself knew how much we love the chronicle of the nine muses, he would know, that this article is written by one who is not to be held the enemy of his fame because he does not make an idol of him.

† As the head of the Florentine school is known to be the DANTE of painting, and as the leader of the Roman may, with equal propriety, be termed the VIRGIL of the same art, (I am not sure but Mr. ROSCOE has termed him so already,) it would scarcely be credited, out of the U. STATES, that any man of sense should have been guilty of such adulation towards Mr. IRVING as to justify our parallel; but here, it must be well known, that not merely the stupid newspaper-press, but even the quarterly reviewers, not content with giving Mr. Irving all the praise he really merits, (no small allowance,) have invented for him qualifications which he not only never dreamed of possessing, but which would be totally incompatible with the talents he really does enjoy (*a*). So much is extravagance the character of the age we live in.

Great genius *never* stoops to the embellishment of trifles: it seizes only the grander features of nature, the stronger passions of humanity. (We state this as a well-known fact, not as a precept.) He whose Titan spirit covers with a living canopy the Sistine chapel, and stands three hundred times repeated on its populous walls, could not take three days to paint a broomstick.

Note. There are some honest persons who will believe us, when we add, that we feel sorry to be obliged to tell Mr. IRVING to his face what the next century will say of him: but a principal object of our work could not be well effected without it. It were useless to clear the eye of smaller motes, if the biggest one of all be left behind.

(*a*) Yet what is there remarkable in this, when WORDSWORTH, the sonnetteer and ballad-maker, whose fancy sports with butterflies, and grows pathetic on the struggles of a dying lamb, when prosing, unmanly WORDSWORTH, has been paralleled with MILTON (1), and is frequently pronounced, by what is deemed ample authority, the greatest poet of his day! a

(1) See Blackwood's Mag. for Aug., 1822, (No. 67,): or, for that matter, see WORDSWORTH himself, in the most astonishing production (after the Letter on An. Magn., and the Introduction to D'ISRAELI's Tale of Alroy) we ever read,— the Pref. to his Lyr. Ballads,— where he has laughably run a parallel between himself and MILTON, — MILTON! whose "natural port is *gigantic loftiness*," and who leaves even HOMER behind him in his flight to Heaven.

Away, away, I shot with speed of light,
Left maids and mother in a woful plight:

Ver. 536. *But something novel, something men may spell.*] Less than the truth; for the perfect originality of the whole paper (the "Visit, &c.") was never surpassed, save by the unsurpassable, — the Letter on An. Magnetism.

However, the reader is not to feel surprise at this great man's comparing himself with Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, since he has more recently put himself on the same bench with a name infinitely superior, — that of the late SIR WALTER SCOTT: —

"*N.Y. Comm. Adv. Wedn. Evg. June* 14, 1837. — AUTHORS AND EDITORS. — We should hold ourselves much indebted to any body, who would give us a clear and authentic explanation of what is now-a-days understood by the word *editing*. It seems o have acquired a meaning very distinct from that which was attached to it several years ago, when we picked up our literary notions, such as they are:" [*Such as they are,* — a favorite phrase of modest self-depreciation, which this great man *will* affect, as we have seen in the title of his *Tales &c,*] "Then we understood what was meant, when we saw it stated that the best edition of Swift or Dryden was that edited by Walter Scott — or that Captain Riley's Narrative was edited by Anthony Bleeker — or Captain Morrell's by our old friend Samuel Woodworth. In the case of Dryden, for instance, we were enabled to comprehend that the task of the editor consisted in —" &c., "and perhaps in the expurgation of expressions that were tolerated in the time of Dryden, but which would prove offensive to the more fastidious delicacy of a later generation," etc. etc. etc. "*Of editing such as this we* can perceive the propriety, and the object, and the usefulness, — AND WE HAVE DONE SOME OF IT IN OUR DAY, *perhaps in cases of which nobody entertains a suspicion.*" [Wonderful man! why will you keep your light eternally under a bushel?]

Let not this self-parallel with the genius of SCOTT be deemed either vanity or presumption on the part of RUBETA, but a noble confidence, which, setting a just value on his own merits, leads him thus to compare himself only with the greatest. **

day which has seen the energetic spirit of a BYRON, the chastened elegance and close polish of a CAMPBELL, the gayety and splendor of a MOORE, and the chivalrous fire of a SCOTT! The cause is the same in both cases,—the reliance which is placed upon the *dicta* of reviews and magazines, and the diversion of criticism from its proper channel into empty declamation. When the day returns, as return it must by the mere revolution of fashion, when critics shall deem themselves obliged to give a reason for their opinions, under penalty of seeing them disregarded,— a day when JOHNSON shall be no more decried, and LONGINUS shall cease to be forgotten; when that day shall come, — WASHINGTON IRVING will assume his proper stand, as the neatest and purest writer of his day, and WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, descending below the lowest of the mighty names his ignorance and presumption durst dishonor (2), take his lawful place, a respectable seat in the fourth rank of British poets.

(2) See "Appendix," where the Author has given a running comment on WORDSWORTH'S Prefaces, (the same comment which is alluded to in the "Advertisement.") **

I heard their shrill hysterics, at the gate.
Poor nymphs! your Chief was in as sad a state:
The fount of grief, discharging all its stores,
Ran down his leg and madefy'd his draw'rs.
Now when the roosters, horologes true,
For the third time had struck their *Doodle-doo*,

Ver. 537. *Once more*, etc.] The beautiful Elzevir has the line printed thus: —

Once more — O virgins! — oh! — a last — Fare . . . well!

a typographical refinement quite unnecessary, as any reader, possessed of common feelings, would understand at once that the hero's heart was all but breaking, and read of course in a voice broken by sobs, rising in the second *oh!* to an absolute groan. **

540. — *their shrill hysterics* —] Giraldi chooses to assert, (see his Dialogues on the Poets,) that the hero mistook both the cause and kind of laughter! Some men will not see the nose before their face, till it is pulled for them. **

542, 543. *The fount of grief, discharging all its stores, — Ran down his leg and madefy'd his draw'rs.*] The author of that very ingenious posthumous work on the Ancient Lacrymatories, (now out of print,) after proving by mathematic demonstration, that it would be easy for any woman of ordinary moisture to rain at one shower, without the assistance of an onion, a sufficient depth of tears to fill half a dozen of such repositories, brings forward, as a curious fact, the remarkable flood which happened to the hero of the Vision; whereupon his Editor has the impertinence to make this dry remark: — that if his lamented friend had but set down the time the hero had been in the convent, and added the inordinate quantity of tea which he had drunk at the refection, (see Canto ii. v. 25.), he would have found, as the sum total, that his grief was in his kidneys. **

544. — *roosters* —] "Rooster," that which roosts; an American term applied, *par excellence*, to the male birds of the gallinaceous order, but especially to those of the genus *Gallus*, whether the same be the Bantam rooster, or the Frizzled rooster, or the Rumpless rooster, or any other variety of roosters. As this is an appellative exclusiveness injurious to our sex, forasmuch as the hen does certainly perform her part in roosting as well as her husband, I would propose to the Americans to say, masc. *rooster*, fem. *roostress*, as we write *ambassador*, *ambassadress*, *fornicator*, *fornicatress*. However, nobody in America says *cock*.

Aurora, quitting old Tithonus' bed,
Donn'd her gray socks and under-garment red,
And (clear'd the coals, with ashes cover'd o'er,
Which Phœbus had rak'd up the night before,)
Kindled the fire which was to last all day.
'T was 5 A. M., as honest merchants say,
When from the isle I took my pensive way.
Then Vulcan and the Naiads lend a hand,
And set me down where fareless Jarvies stand.

Therefore when you go there be careful never to use the word before females where it can be possibly avoided, unless you would have them swallow their handkerchiefs, but say, *Ma'am, your pea-rooster won't let me sleep; This house is much infested with 'roaches; Sir, the urn is next you, I'll thank you to turn the thing;* etc. etc. I 'm told, that a gentleman who was one day reading to a party of ladies, at the Springs, Sir W. Scott's romance of the Fortunes of Nigel, on coming to King Jamie's dish of *cockyleekie* made a full stop, and then read it out —— *rooster-leekie*, to the high gratification of the breathless party, and the relief of their circumambient brothers, who had determined to challenge him if he durst pronounce the odious word! Another instance of this remarkable refinement is that of a lady in the country, who, expecting me to dine with her, and fearing I would say the word, ordered all the cocks in the farmyard to be whitewashed and their spurs chopped off, that I might take them for hens: a *ruse* which, as I am a very intelligent person, did not succeed; and accordingly I cried out, the moment I heard them crow, "God bless me, madam! hear the hens there; they are learning to be cocks!" whereupon the lady fainted on the piazza, and was borne into the house insensible!

Trollope, *De causis Corruptæ Eloquentiæ in Americæ republica*, (Latin edition); Chapter, *De Shirtibus, et Cockibus, et Buggibus*: p. 63.

552. — *isle* —] On which the city of Montreal is built, and from which according to Rubeta, who should know best, it derives its name.

553, 554. *Then Vulcan* and the *Naiads lend a hand*, — *And set me down*, etc.] In place of this couplet, there are found in the anc. edd. one hundred and fifty lines, describing how Rubeta, in pursuance of the Abbess's

No delegation waited, as I thought,
To pray to feast me, as the people ought;
(Which shows the town, now given up to trading,
Has grown ungrateful: but I scorn upbraiding;)
So, stepping on the wharf without one sob,
I minc'd alone amid th' admiring mob,
Which shouted, as I wriggled through the press,
Lord, what a lovely creatur'! Clear the mess!
In the same room where copy'd RENI hung,
On the same peg, the blessed rod now swung.

advice, (see note to v. 477,) touched at the city which is called PROVIDENCE, in the State of RHODE ISLAND; and how he there had an interview with the prophetess, both being (as appears from the title of his pamphlet*) "in a state of somnambulism"; and how the modest and innocent LORAINA, being rubbed on the belly by the great CAPON, told him to seek another prophetess, residing in the gloomy quarter of the Five Points in the mighty city of MANHATTAN; and how the hero steamed it to MANHATTAN; and how he saw the temple of the priestess of the Five Points, with many things remarkable therein; and how he told the priestess who he was, and what he came for; and how the swarthy priestess thereupon took a pack of cards, and, in the most wonderful manner, showed him how she knew every thing about him, and what was the object of his visit! and how, after many mystic rites, she gave the oracular response, *Not to visit BRUNO's house until he should go there:* the neglect of which advice produces the catastrophe that follows. * *

555, 556. *No delegation waited — To pray to feast me —*] According to a classical usage most duly honored, like every thing classical, by the classical citizens of our classical republic. *Vide* PLAUT. *Amphit.* i. *Sc.* 1. *annot. in lin.* 8. (*ed.* Gronov. *Amstel.* 1684.)

563. *In the same room where copy'd RENI hung,*] See (can we ever quote it too often?) the divine *Letter on An. Magn.*, p. 43, which shows

* "Letter to Dr. A. Brigham, on An. Magn.: being an account *of a remarkable interview between the author and Miss Loraina Brackett while in a state of somnambulism.*" * *

Untouch'd it shone, in Copal lustre drest, 565
Bright as the wreath which props my father's crest,

us how the little "den" in Church-street was hung with various pictures, and how the tender-hearted "*clairvoyante*" wept bitterly at beholding "an admirable copy of the *Ecce Homo*, by Guido," and how she told all about the pictures, having been previously primed by the great CAPON, who, as it appears from p. 41 of the same Letter, had been told about these pictures by the hero himself a few days before. All of which, is it not "miraculous"? and is it not written down in the Letter aforesaid, which may be had of all the sons of WYNKYN, for the small gratuity of twenty-five cents? * *

564. — *the blessed rod* —] An expression by no means to be laughed at; for a man of RUBETA's transcendent faculties may see a miracle in a broomstick, and find astounding what ordinary people regard as child's play, or farcical imposture: thus, in his paper of Sept. 4, 1837, in which he announced to the awe-struck world the prodigious discovery of the omnipotence and absolute immateriality of the human faculties, he says:

"We have had our time and times of laughing at animal magnetism. *We shall laugh at it no more.* THERE IS SOMETHING AWFULLY MYSTERIOUS IN THE PRINCIPLE, BEYOND THE POWER OF MAN TO FATHOM OR EXPLAIN. Being in PROVIDENCE on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 26th, 27th, and 28th of August, an opportunity was offered us of seeing and taking part in a series of experiments with a young blind lady, while under the magnetic influence, *the results of which were not only marvellous in our eyes,* but ABSOLUTELY ASTOUNDING."

Truly may this great man, having, as we have seen, compared himself to HAMLET, whose "brains were zigzag," now parallel himself without offence to modesty with an African witch, where, at the close of the article from which we have quoted above, he observes:

"In regard to our narration, it is alike *wonderful* and *inexplicable.* As Paulding's *black witch* in Koningsmarke says — 'I 'VE SEEN WHAT I 'VE SEEN — I KNOW WHAT I KNOW.'" * *

566. — *my father's crest,*] "Those seals" (the "seven seals" with which he sealed up the "Eggs of Charity") "were strong and deep impressions *of my family crest, with the motto distinctly shown.*" *Lett. on An. Magn.* p. 54. — Ill-nature and envy has induced some critics to assert, that this very Letter was published for the express purpose of letting people know that the author had pictures in his house, and a crest upon his seal! What this crest was, (or if it were a *crest* at all,) has been much disputed, the more general opinion inclining to make it the same which belongs to the shield mentioned in Canto iv. (v. 472);

Till, on this eve, at CATO's warning call,
I snatch'd the heirloom from the pictur'd wall,

while others insist upon it, that this latter is but pure invention, and that the crest really belongs to his own well-earned achievement.

As it may gratify the two hundred and seventy thousand adorers of this magnificent personage, we inform them that, after very great research, having expedited at our own proper charges a messenger to the island of JAVA, we have discovered the original patent (with the subsequent grants) of the arms of RUBETA, which translated, as nearly as possible, into the language of English heralds, is as follows:

To all and singular, nobles, as well as private persons, to whom these presents shall come, HAM-HAM-FUNK, otherwise *Javan*, King of Arms of all that part of the large and mighty kingdom of BANTAM which lieth between the three rivers, sendeth greeting. For as much as from time immemorial, when the Sun was first created, and the Moon gave her light to beautify and render fruitful the ladies of the harem, whose eyes are like her own, the honorable deeds, and true glory of excellent persons, have been celebrated, and handed down to the veneration of posterity, by suitable monuments, whether the same have been deserved by valor or wisdom or exalted virtue, and among these monuments the chief has been the bearing of certain tokens in shields, vulgarly called arms, *etc. etc.*, and being required of RUBETA, of the island of MANHATTAN, *Colonel, Orator*, &c. &c., and *Defender of Virgins*, to make search, in the registers and records of my office, what arms he the said RUBETA might bear without prejudice to any other person, and considering that the said RUBETA, *Colonel*, &c. &c., and *Defender of Virgins*, did, [*Here follow the heads of his illustrious actions in the convent,*] and moreover that the said RUBETA, *Col.*, &c. and *Defender of Virgins*, is [*Here, the setting forth of his right to royal honors*] &c. &c., I, the said *Javan*, King of Arms, by virtue of the power confided to me by letters patent under the Great Seal of BANTAM, do assign unto him and his posterity, to the end of the Moon, the full achievement of a royal personage, to wit: Saturn, *an ass statant with a human face hooded and winged* Luna, *urinating* Sol; *and in a chief* Luna *a man potelé, habited in a nun's simar* Saturn *close-girt with a woman's garters* of the third, *sitting on a close-stool* Jupiter, *his left eye gutty* Dragon's Tail, *holding in his left hand a broomstick* proper *and in his right extended a mousetrap* of the first. For Crest: *An ass saliant on a matule** Jupiter, *surmounted of a crown* Sol, *holding in his mouth* Mars *a pamphlet* of the second. For Supporters: *Two asses gardant and matuled* Jupiter, *gorged with a collar* Sol, *having a chain of turnips affixed* proper *reflecting over the back and passing over the hinder quarters, both standing on a scroll inscribed with this Motto* (He turn'd him to the wall and quenched the flame) *from which issue the two royal badges of the hero's chief names,* to wit: *on the dexter side a Sweet-William, stalked and leaved* proper, *and on the sinister side a Pebble* Sol. In witness whereof, &c.

HAM-HAM-FUNK, Javan,
King of Arms.

* I know not what this can be, unless it be a term derived from *matula*, and relating to the utensil wherewith the hero is honorably crowned in the procession. *Matule*, and *matuled*, are therefore new terms, like *potelé*, added to the noble jargon of heraldry by the progressive march of science. **

And rush'd where BRUNO hatch'd his nightly twaddle,
Fix'd to destroy or turn his eggs all addle. 570

However properly a royal achievement might belong to the hero, (not from the temporal elevation to which his peers had raised him on the night celebrated by the Poet, but by reason of the perpetual honors conferred upon him in that vision which forms the august subject of this solemn Poem and the glory of the 7th Canto,) his modesty induced him to decline it. Whereupon, application was made to the Fountain of Honor itself, the Majesty of BANTAM: and the choice was given the hero, through the principal herald, of the two coats which follow, both being *Arms of Concession.*

1. Emerald *a corps de jupe, garni de baleine et rembourré, erected* pearl, *holding in each bosom-piece a globous pebble* diamond, *the entire upper hemisphere whereof is seen naissant, and having paleways in the busk the Roman letters* W. L. S. ruby: *in a chief parted per pale,* sapphire *an ass rampant double-headed* topaz *urinating of* the second, *and* diamond *a parroquet close* of the sixth *respecting a newspaper* proper. *The Crest, Supporters, and Scroll,* the same as in the royal achievement, allowing for the difference of blazon, and omitting, in the Crest, the crown.

2. *Quarterly: the first,* argent *an ass statant-gardant with a human face hooded and winged* azure, *urinating* vert; *the second,* or, *on a cross flowery* gules, *between four mice saliant* sable, *a mousetrap* proper; *the third,* or, *on a fess* sable, *between three parroquets* vert, *an ass's head* argent *erased* or, *and bearing in his mouth* of the same *a pamphlet* proper, *between two toads seiant* or; *the fourth,* argent, *a man potelé in a nun's simar* sable, *close-girt with a woman's garters* or, *sitting on a close-stool* azure, *his left eye* gutty de sang, *his head surmounted of a matule* of the fourth, *holding in his left hand a broomstick* proper, *and in his right extended a mousetrap* of the second. *The whole within a bordure quarterly* argent *and* or, *charged with mice and toads alternate, represented and tincted as in the escutcheon.* The Crest as above, and the Scroll thus inscribed: *Psittacus, mures, rana, asinus, matula, en mea signa!* This Coat being marshalled not for alliances or fiefs, but to denote the different illustrious actions of the hero, according to a custom at SURINAM and BANTAM, particularly honored by the female guard of his Batavian Majesty.

Accordingly, the first, as being blazoned by precious stones,* his modesty persuading him to reject as unbecoming a republican, the hero was graciously pleased to accept of the second, which, consequently, we have caused to be depicted in a Frontispiece: and it is our opinion, that the "crest" of the "seven seals" was seen as is there represented.

Note. The armorist to whose care we owe the English blazon of these

* Blazoning by planets and by precious stones, the former in the arms of sovereign princes and the like, the latter in those of noblemen, is a whim of the English heralds exclusively, which is worth noting, as showing the deference to rank in ENGLAND, where the grades in society are more distinctly marked, and maintained with greater jealousy, than in any other country that I know of. * *

It chanc'd the door-catch stood unsprung that night,
And the hall-lantern burn'd with sickly light.
Softly I enter'd, pois'd on sloping toe,
And listen'd at the keyhole; (right, you know,
To reconnoitre all your foe's defences
Ere your ramm'd cannon blaze upon his trenches.)
There came a sound like yelping from within,
And BRUNO's bark rose hoarse above the din,

Oriental coats-of-arms, supplies us with the following remark from PORNY. (*Elem. Her.* p. 134.) "The *ass*, which is the lively emblem of Patience, is not without some good qualities, for, of all animals that are covered with hair, he is least subject to vermin, &c." This, in ordinary cases, were well enough; but our correspondent seems to have been unaware of the circumstances, so well known to our readers, from which the illustrious personage, whose arms are here blazoned, derives this bearing. The same hand adds the following emblematic significations of the tinctures in No. 2. First quarter: *Argent*, or white, "consisteth of very much light, and is laudable, for that it is the messenger of peace, and *releever of the distressed.* * * * In morall vertues it signifieth *Virginity, clear Conscience, and Charity;* * * * with Blue (*azure*), *courteous and discreet;* * * * with Green (*vert*), *vertuous in youth, to the continuance thereof.*" Second quarter: Or, or Gold, "of itself betokeneth *wisdom, riches, and elevation of mind;* with Red (*gules*), *to spend his bloud* [as a Colonel] *for the riches and well-fare of his Countrey;* * * * with Sable, *most rich and constant in every thing*, WITH AN AMOROUS MIND." Third quarter: Sable signifies, "with Argent, *famous or renowned;* with Gold, *Honour with long life.*" Fourth quarter: Azure, "of itself signifieth *divine contemplation* * * * *godliness of conversation;* with Argent, *vigilant in service*: * * it is attributed TO CELESTIAL PERSONS, WHOSE CONTEMPLATIONS HAVE BEEN ABOUT DIVINE THINGS, *which was the cause it was so much used about the garments of the High Priests.*" SYLV. MORGAN'S *Sphere of Gentry*, Lib. i. pp. 3, 4. * *

571. *It chanc'd*, etc.] Here RUBETA, returning from his episode, takes up the thread of his apologetic story of disaster, where he had left it in Canto i. at v. 312. * *

And then my name, which must have follow'd *Dunce!*
I heard no more, but on the pack at once
Pour'd in. What 's this (I cry'd) ye do?
MARIA MONK! and FANNY PARTRIDGE too!

Out stepp'd the flamen: — Com'st thou here to try
Which of the two be stouter, thou or I? —
So fierce his tone, he made such ugly faces,
God help me! that I sprung back seven paces.

BRUNO, — I said, — I come not here to try
Which of the two be stouter, thou or I.
Fresh am I from the vaults of *Hôtel Dieu.*
This magic wand (nay, have it well in view;
'T is the same staff of which my paper speaks)
Essay'd them all, with divers other freaks.
Now, if yon PARTRIDGE be a bird of honor,
She 'll suffer me to try my stick upon her.

Therewith, to sound the vestal's situation,
I tapp'd the seat of dropsies and gestation:
When, strange to say! fierce BRUNO, in a passion,
Struck down the staff in most uncivil fashion.

Inkling of Horror! not such thrill was thine,
When rush'd the tom-cat down the flue to dine;

Ver. 599, 600. Inkling of Horror! *not such thrill was thine — When rush'd the tom-cat down the flue to dine;*] See the marvellous story of an anthropophagite Grimalkin, which, to the imminent petrification of a young gentleman, rushed down a chimney, upset the fireboard, and, leaping on a bed, was about to make cat's-meat of a dead body which the youth was watching; as may be read, under the title of a *Tale of Horror* (if our

Not such, mad JULIAN, quiver'd through thy breast,
When MARG'RET's lips thy pale cold forehead prest.
I would have fell'd him; but the man look'd big;
And his eyes flash'd blue lightning through his wig;
And was he not a priest?— I paus'd no more,
Gather'd my stick, and headlong sought the door.
Then rush'd the vixen MONK, then PARTRIDGE rush'd,
Priest elbow'd priest, and brother brother push'd;
And *Fool!* and *Blockhead!* rattled in a show'r;
And BRUNO's jaws stood open to devour.
I must have dy'd; but HEAV'N sent up the cook,
Or some kind deity her likeness took,
Who by the neckcloth drew me from their rage,

memory does not trick us,) in that marvellous production called *Inklings of Adventure*, by N. P. WILLIS, Esq.

If the above should offend the eye of Mr. WILLIS, he will find an excellent collyrium in the subsequent Canto, where his real merits are properly distinguished. Mr. WILLIS is a tolerable poet; but his poetry makes child's work of his prose. **

Ver. 601, 602. *Not such, mad JULIAN, quiver'd through thy breast — When MARG'RET's lips thy pale cold forehead prest.*] See the account of that prodigious kiss, which had the effect of stirring up sensation in the cerebellum of a man who was sitting torpid as a tortoise in winter, and stupid as any Stone, somewhere in the second volume of the *Confessions of a Poet*, — a defunct infant, which, like many others, should never have been born, and whose obituary notice will be found in Canto 7.

608. *— brother —*] The affectionate term of address between such extra-pious people as formed the congregation at BRUNO's on this memorable evening. **

612. *Or some kind deity her likeness took,*] The penetration of this acutest of men thus hit upon a fact which the kindness of the Muse alone has discovered to us; for this seeming cook was indeed none other than the goddess CAUTION, whom we have seen, in Canto 1st, set out for the very purpose of subtracting the hero from the perils which the Fates, through his own noble temerity, hung over him. **

Dragg'd through the hall, and open set the cage,
Then kicking me, releas'd my torn cravat,
And sent me down the steps without a hat.

Onward I sped, thank'd HEAV'N for my relief,
Nor minded that the people shouted *Thief!*
For still methought the vixens were behind,
I heard their *Blockhead!* screaming on the wind,
Nor stopp'd, till spent I reach'd my own back-door,
And saw my darling cane lock'd up once more.
So when the animal that lives in sties
From boys and curs along the kennel flies;
They follow not; yet still he runs and squeals,
Fancies the chase, and feels them at his heels.

In short, I cool'd; then hither pressed my tread,
Boldly reflecting: — What hath man to dread
Who travails righteously in his vocation? —
Here ends my exegetical narration.

Ver. 617. — *thank'd HEAV'N for my relief,*] Not even in the precipitation of his flight does the new Æneas forget his piety! Who can wonder at the temporal prosperity and moral greatness of a man so constituted!

**

621. — *my own back-door,*] It will be remembered, that "the house" which RUBETA deigns to dwell in "is very peculiar in its construction," like the occupant's immortal mind, "having no door upon the street," as the hero's brains have no communication with outer objects by the front way, like the thinking organs of other people. * *

628, 629. *Boldly reflecting: — What hath man to dread — Who travails righteously in his vocation?*] The same chivalrous spirit with which, in the Letter, after discovering, by "magnetic *clairvoyance*," that he was "setting himself up as a target, at which scores of witlings and brisk fools would be sure to let fly successive showers of arrows," this

The monarch paus'd, and spitting from the height,
His slumbering people woke in pure affright.
As when a fire-engine 's ceas'd to spirt,
The shouting rabble wheel it through the dirt,
Stretch the ply'd cord, and, as they move, unwind;
A swarm of little blackguards buzz behind:
So mov'd their chief the mob, his spouting o'er,
Dragging him with them ere he touch'd the floor.

brave soldier and poetical colonel adds: "Well — be it so. However well stored may be their quivers, and however thick and fast their missiles may hurtle through the air, I should feel myself but a sorry knight of the quill, to complain at receiving back a small portion of the change of which I have dispensed so much, though I should be pierced like another St. Sebastian." (p. 54.) In citing which, let us, by the way, call the reader to admire the felicity with which the judicious and elegant writer unites, in one image, the office of a shopkeeper dealing with a depreciated currency, and the gallantry of a knight-errant contending with a host of foes, nay! (let us say it reverently), the fortitude of a Christian martyr suffering for his faith, (for such is the saintly hero's own parallel between the *miracles of revelation* and "the admitted existence of the magnetic influence." See sub-note to v. 254, 255.) * *

630. — *exegetical* —] Probably a favorite word with the speaker, whom we have already shown to be a famous Greek scholar, as he is said to be versed in all the modern languages, including Cherokee. The introductory letter to "Tales and Sketches, — Such as they are," is pellucidly entitled "*Exegetical* Epistle." * *

633, 634. *As when a fire-engine* — etc.] A resumption, as it were, of the comparison in Canto i., where the monarch, about to eject his narrative, is likened to the same machine preparing to shed its water: —

> "Thus, when an engine is prepar'd to spout
> Whose jetting stream puts conflagrations out,
> First all is tumult with th' encircling crowd,
> And boys delighted shout their rapture loud;
> Hush'd is the din, in mute expectance laid,
> When the pipe 's pointed and the arms are sway'd."
> V. 237 - 242. * *

Midway the den a pineboard table stood,
Dropt with stale beer, with crumbs and ashes strew'd,
(The relics of some former party these,)
Sweet-smelling, too, of fish and fragrant cheese.
Hither they whirl'd the king with trampling tread,
And, yelling, whistling, set him at the head.

Ver. 639. — *den* —] Quite in a different sense from what RUBETA employs it in. SERVIUS says, fancifully, "*den*, as being the temporary habitation of a lion (*the King of beasts*)." * *

640 – 642. *Dropt with stale beer*, etc.] It is remarked, by some one, as very improbable, that the floor should have been newly sanded for the meeting, (as appears from Canto i, — *The sand fresh-sprinkled on the floor that night*, — v. 65,) yet the table left uncleansed. The critic failed to consider that this remissness, on the part of the housewench, was, as is usual in such cases, undoubtedly warranted by her knowledge of the folk she had *to do for*, as she would have expressed it; for nothing is more distinctive of the character of the party here assembled, than their noble disregard of essentials, and their particularity in trifles: provided the complexion of the floor looked renovated, what to them the nastiness of the table they were to occupy! as, in their journals, if the sheet be daily sprinkled with a fresh assortment of advertisements, what is it to the matter that, fixed in the centre, stands the same old *Salus populi*, the same *Unfortunate's Friend!* * their filthy odor, their uncomely aspect, their gross unwholesomeness, are trifles quite unworthy of "all journalists truly and seriously impressed with" what PETRONIUS calls † "the dignity of their vocation, and with a due appreciation of the inestimable value of" $30 per annum. * *

* Certain medical notices, for which we have no parallel in our journals. They are, or were, both especial ornaments in the advertising columns of the N. Y. Am., where the first is still conspicuous, with a reference from the *Doctor* in large letters, in another part of the paper, *to see his advertisement on the last page*. CORR.

† *N. Y. Am.* Dec. 4, 1837. * *

Dulness, who 'd stay'd to hear her son relate
The toils he 'd suffer'd to exalt her state,
Imprinted on his lips one soft caress,
Then sought her darling sheets on Harper's press.
But, ere she went, her influence, never lost,
She breath'd anew o'er all the cackling host.

Meanwhile, the hero, rising in his chair,
Knock'd on the greasy board, and call'd to pray'r.
Then rose a universal hubbub round.
Here Gerro groan'd; there Pupa scrap'd the ground.
The tripod stool dull Adam's proxy rides,
Crows like a cock, and claps his greasy sides;

Ver. 645. *Dulness, who 'd stay'd* — etc.] In the shape of a great blue fly. (Canto i. v. 187.)

"But, *waiting for her child*, from head to head,
Buzz'd the blue fly, and swallow'd all they said," &c. * *

648. *Then sought her darling sheets on Harper's press.*] Messrs. *Harper & Brothers* are publishers, in New York, who print all sorts of trash, and in the vilest manner possible, and thereby eminently merit the epithet which the Manhattanese journals bestow upon them, of "*enterprising*." * *

652. —*and call'd to pray'r.*] This, of course, we shall not go out of our way, as is too customary with annotators, to ascribe to any other motive than true piety, which is Rubeta's distinguishing and constant characteristic; yet we cannot but remark, how well the wish to open the proceedings with prayer becomes a man whose entire course of literary exertion has shown him to be deeply imbued with the spirit of the mighty dead, from whose works he drew the purity which is so fragrant in his writings, and the eloquence which is so brilliant in his oratory. Cato could not speak till he had prefaced his address with prayer, and crowned Latinus calls upon the gods before he gives the opinion of the throne: "Præfatus Divos solio rex infit ab alto." (Æn. xi. 301.) * *

655. —*dull* Adam's *proxy* —] Coprones, the representative, as we have seen, of Margites, whose baptismal name is *Adam*. * *

While roar'd one rebel, springing on a bench,—
O damn your sermons! let us have a drench!
With horror heard the chief, but gave not o'er.
Those reasons urge, and tears the wretch who swore.
I not deny (he said) your thirst; but still
Let HEAV'N be call'd to sanctify the swill.
No synod should be held without such grace;
Nor shall the present, while I hold this place!
So when the coach from RENNES to FONTENAY
At midnight stops to buckle the relay,
The stiff-neck'd team, led out against their will,
Think on their absent mares, and whinny shrill;
While *sacres* JEAN, and *pestes* their Flemish rumps,
Alternating his oaths with kicks and thumps.
Up starts the traveller from brief repose,
His casquette brushing on his neighbour's nose,
Who wakes: "My stars! Eh! what 's the matter there?"
GOD's name! — growls JEAN: — Stand still, you cursed bear!

Ver. 660. — *and tears the wretch who swore.*] Beautiful meekness, forgiving charity, and pious pity, in RUBETA, are all evinced in this one hemistich. Words of reason he has for the rest, but for the profane sinner only tears. He resents not his insolence, he reproves not his rebellion, he does not even check him for his oath; — he weeps! O son of VENUS and progenitor of CÆSAR! "hide thy diminished front!" **

672. — *casquette* —] French travelling-cap. **

674. *God's name!* —] *Au nom de Dieu!* The usual oath with which,

But, much less happy than the man of boots,
Ill might the newsman harness in his brutes.
And now dire waste of bawdry had befel,
Had not bold SCURRA rose and jerk'd the bell.
Silence! — he cry'd; — and thou, dread chief, whose croak —
(The door let in the barmaid as he spoke) —
Kept us, while thrice the cuckoo call'd, asleep,
We love thy wit, and joy to see thee weep;
But bottle up the pray'r, to grace thy books.
What, man! we 're not thy gulls, but brother-rooks.

in FRANCE, the postilions, and sometimes people a degree or two above them, usher in a long string of curses, usually ending with the three elegant exclamations dilated upon by STERNE. * *

675. — *the man of boots,*] The conductor and the postilions of a French diligence stand each in a pair of leg-pieces of such ample proportions, that they are usually stuffed with straw to help his calves, while in height they make about one half of the entire man. With his blue frock tucked over his arm, as he sometimes plods along the highway by the side of his animals, the man in boots looks beautifully like the picture of the cat in the fable. * *

678. — *SCURRA* —] Supposed, by the majority of commentators, to be the same with the rebellious man of oaths. * *

681. — *while thrice the cuckoo call'd* —] The parlor, it appears from Canto i. v. 64, was furnished with one of those old-fashioned kitchen-clocks which announce the hour by the appearance of a wooden cuckoo. The bird shows himself on the sudden resilience of a little door above the dial-plate, bows his head at each stroke of the bell, like an orator delivering a salutatory address, and then pops in again, when the door mysteriously closes. Wonderful things they are, these cuckoos, and must have been very consolatory to an unhappy husband; but they are almost unknown to the present generation. * *

684. — *man! we 're not thy gulls, but brother-rooks.*] It appears, from the rudeness of SCURRA, as well as from the fact that RUBETA himself always addresses the other members of the Convention as his *peers* or

And see! where KITTY, with her pipes and gin,
Impatient, thrusts her greasy topknot in.
Fellows! your stoppers and your souls prepare:
Your hearts her eyes will fire, your pipes her hair.
He said, and brush'd the table with his sleeve.
The comet, whizzing by them, took French leave.
As when the moon, some cloudless summer's night,
Pours on the world a flood of living light;
When not a zephyr wakes the silver'd deep,
And the black shadows of the mountains sleep;
The shore scarce murmurs, and the woods are still;
That all is hush through heaven, on lake, and hill;

mates, that, as the elevation of the monarch was but temporary, so his supremacy at the council-board was elective, and dependent on the favor of the conclave. * *

691 – 699. *As when the moon* — etc.] I beg that no person will endeavor to trace a lame resemblance between the *style* of this comparison, (the *subject* and *object* are altogether different,) and that of POPE's inimitable version of the moonlight-scene in the Iliad. The idea was suggested by an actual observation of the effects of such a scene, as they are described in the text; the scene itself being copied after nature. It was with infinite mortification that the writer recollected that some such picture had been given by HOMER, and rendered popular by POPE, and he accordingly endeavored to efface all similitude that might exist in the conception; and were it not that the four first words of his own comparison are unfortunately the same as those which open the lovely paraphrase by the great English poet, there would perhaps be no resemblance whatever. It happens that the precise passage from the translation of the Iliad is cited in a note to the fourth Canto.* The reader may therefore judge of the sincerity of these remarks; the egotism of which, as it is caused solely by my dread of appearing to have copied what I would not acknowledge, I trust he will have the kindness to pardon.

* See *Appendix*, p. 398. * *

Then sink the angry billows of the breast,
And man's deep heart is like the lake at rest;
Love reigns supreme, — glad youths adore the pow'r,
And maids grow kinder in the melting hour:
So at the gin the wit-hounds' clamors cease,
And their rude muzzles own the calm of peace.
Like as the flies, some chilly morn in fall,
Stick to the mantel, numb'd, or stud the wall;
Scarce may the touch their torpid limbs unglue:
Soon as the fire roars blazing up the flue,
Brisk through the room the buzzing parties move,
And, pleas'd, renew their little life of love.
Such spirits and life the sons of SCHÆFFER feel,
Warm'd by the pale elixir of the still.
They, who before had doz'd, perhaps had slept,
(Save in the tumult, when the hero wept,)
Now feel new pertness fire the vapid brain,
Sing their lewd songs, and tell their jokes again.

Ver. 701, 702. *So at the gin the wit-hounds' clamors cease,—And their rude muzzles own the calm of peace.*] The poet might here, as in v. 633, have taken up another of his own comparisons, and likened the newsmen, now contented, to the puppies when they taste again the teat; for it was just before RUBETA commenced his narration that the wit-hounds were resembled to these thirsty innocents: —

"So when the mother-hound, sore-pinch'd for food,
Steals from the kennel and her blue-ey'd brood,
etc. etc.
The *wit-hounds yelp'd dry sorrow for the treat*
Of pipes and drams, the puppies mourn the teat."
Canto i. v. 96–103. * *

Dulness with rapture would have own'd each jest,
And clasp'd the simpering blockheads to her breast.
But not the heroic saint would taste one drop;
He saw the jug fly past, nor bade it stop;
Then rais'd the water-flagon to his head,
Gulp'd down a mouthful, cough'd, and spit, and said:—
Let others quaff the sable berry's juice
Whose dull pulsation pleads a hard excuse;
No drench needs stimulate my brisker brains;
Zigzag their currents, like the royal Dane's.
Venus, all bounteous, flam'd upon my birth;
Which makes me wise 'bove other sons of earth,
(With beetle brows, and pencill'd under-lip,
And sweetly walking with an angel's step.)

Ver. 719. *Then rais'd the water-flagon to his head,*] Nasty fellows they must be, these newsmen, who drink out of the same pitcher, says a modern commentator; whom another corrects, by considering the act as one of brotherly familiarity. Both are wrong: it is evidently the high prerogative of his place which Rubeta assumes. * *

724. *Zigzag their currents, like the royal Dane's.*] It is a curious fact, that this extraordinary man, at a more recent period, chose to make this very statement a sort of *finale* to his philosophic Letter, as we have already shown. Were there further proof needed than that Letter itself, this iteration were satisfactory evidence of the truth of the declaration, as showing how strongly the hero himself is impressed with the fact of his intellectual resemblance to the rat-piercing Hamlet. * *

725–728. *Venus, all bounteous, flam'd*—etc.] Believing the hero's own assertion, that he was born under Venus, it is a singular fact, which may revive astrology, that almost all the qualities, personal and intellectual, her ladyship was said to bestow on the happy beings whose des-

Let a cag'd Tasso chant the Lord in sin,
Let beastly Juan sop his wit in gin,

tiny she controlled, may be found in this immortal man. "Venus est stella benevola, et facit natum *pulchrum*, et *maxime* oculis et *superciliis carnosum, mediocris staturæ:* secundum animam vero *blandum, facetum, eloquentem, musicalia diligentem, voluptatem, gaudium et choream desiderantem, ornatum corporis diligentem, et suaviter incidentem.*" Alb. Magn. *de Secretis Mulierum.* Lugd. 1582. It is true, that nothing is said of the thin and delicately marked lips, but that we suppose comes under the head of *beauty*, as delight in the fair is probably included in the *voluptat. gaud. et chor. desid.*, and an admiration of silk stockings (of which he once wrote an eulogy in his gazette), in the *ornat. corp. diligens.* * *

729, 730. *Let a cag'd Tasso chant the Lord in sin, — Let beastly Juan sop his wit in gin,*] The poet who sang Jerusalem Delivered was wont to attribute the inspiration of his epic muse to Malmsey, as Tassoni says in one of the notes to his amusing poem: — "Ennio, Orazio, e Torquato Tasso non sapevano comporre se prima non avevano ben bevuto; e il Tasso in particolare soleva dire che la malvagia sola era quella che gli faceva fare buoni versi, e lo faceva perfettamente comporre." To which he adds: — "Gli spiriti de malinconici si rallegrano e si sollevano, e grillano eccitati dal calore del vino possente e buono:" which is precisely the sentiment of Rubeta in v. 721, 722: and this being correct, as we have no doubt it is, it would follow inversely, that men of great vivacity would write better when abstemious: therefore Byron must have been sadly in the dumps when he put Don Juan upon paper, if the current scandal be true that that most characteristic of his greater works was composed under the stimulus of gin-and-water.

Rubeta, it has been seen on p. 159, loves to dwell upon the imputed faults of great men; not, as the Author would there have it, from a love of calumny, and the desire (so common to little minds) of depreciating the moral excellence of distinguished characters, but solely for the good of his fellow-creatures, and to gratify that indignation which human frailty always excites in the breast of "evangelical" virtue; for, as we have seen, —

> "An honest man he is, and hates the slime
> Which sticks on filthy deeds."

* *

729. — *chant the Lord* —] Critics quarrel with this phrase, as a strange allusion to the nature of Torquato's great epic poem; nor is it

I, like great PRIAM, am a Nazarene,
And taste no liquor, though I shave me clean.
Come! bright elixir my own ADAM drank!
When, with his long-hair'd rib, on PHRAT's green bank,

at all surprising, that BAYLE should accuse RUBETA of absolute ignorance of the Jerusalem Delivered, and attribute his expression to a conjecture founded on the title; but it must be observed that in matters of fact RUBETA has a phraseology of his own, and no more can be said about it. * *

731. *I, like great* PRIAM, *am a Nazarene,*] The *Ed. Passam.* has

I, like great HECTOR, *am half Nazarene,*

(*Nazarene*, as in the text, for Nazarite;) which is undoubtedly the right reading, unless SAMSON be the name, as I am more than inclined to suspect; for it is observable, that the note in POPE's Iliad, which relates to the very passage whereto the learned and classical RUBETA would appear to have reference, mentions SAMSON as a Nazarite, and therefore forswearing the use of wine, as HECTOR abstained from it through prudence: Il. vi. 329 — 331, (263 — 265 of the original.)

732. — *though I shave me clean.*] A Nazarite, or, as the hero has it, Nazarene,* did not shave the hair of his head during the continuance of his vow. "All the days of the vows of his separation, there shall no razor come upon his head; until the days be fulfilled, in the which he separateth himself unto the Lord, he shall be holy, and shall let the locks of the hair of his head grow." (*Numbers* vi. 5.) Hence, by a very natural exaggeration of zeal, these devotees not only suffered the hair and beard to grow, but wore a garment made of the skins of goats or camels, with the hair on, like the wandering prophets; such as ELIJAH and the holy BAPTIST wore, girt about with a leathern girdle.

* *

734. — PHRAT's *green bank.*] *Phrat* is said to be the Persian name of the EUPHRATES, one of the four rivers of EDEN: *Eu* signifying *water.* * *

* Nazaren, or Nazirean, is a name in church history (a darling study of RUBETA's: see "Visit, &c.") which, first given to JEWS who embraced Christianity, was afterwards confined to a sort of heretics whose tenets and religious rites were a mixture of Christianity and Judaism. * *

He chew'd soft fruits, whereof kind Eve was stripper,
And made the rind serve both for bowl and dipper!
Fill me, like him, with wit all wits above,
That I may breathe such strains as angels love,
And unpedantic Eves! — He said, and quaff'd.
His fellows rais'd their noggins, wink'd, and laugh'd;

Ver. 735, 736. *He chew'd soft fruits, whereof kind Eve was stripper, — And made the rind serve both for bowl and dipper!*]

> The savory pulp they chew, and in the rind,
> Still, as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream.
> *Par. Lost*, iv. 335.

The hand of so great a genius as Rubeta improves every thing it touches, as Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith: we are therefore not surprised that the master of sublimity himself should receive new lustre at his hands. The picture of Eve, peeling the fruit for our general sire, is a most beautiful addition to what Addison calls "the gallantries of Paradise." * *

738. — *such strains as angels love,*] Strains like Adam's. An allusion which will be readily understood by readers of Milton. * *

739. — *unpedantic Eves!*] This we consider, not, as some think, a mere allusion to the simplicity of the great mother in Milton, or, as others, a general reference to the principal class of Rubeta's readers, but the reflection of a loving look cast back upon his lectures. See Canto ii. v. 494. — Petronius occasionally comes up to him in this species of generous flattery. Stimulated by the great success, with the ladies, of his eloquent rival, the following year Petronius took his place, and, by a pardonable zeal common with the great men of the day, to prepossess the fair in favor of his own exertions, he took occasion, when puffing, as it is very vulgarly called, a public course of Lectures on Elocution, to pay his expected audience this merited compliment: — "We may do a kindness to the ladies, who are no bad judges, as certainly they are frequent inspirers, of eloquence, by saying to them, that these lectures are addressed to them as well as to the other sex." (*N. Y. Am.*, Dec. 13, 1837.) What prodigious children we shall have one of these days, when their mothers are thus made pregnant with all good things, it is not easy

Laugh'd to behold his modest eyes run o'er
To view the untasted cup he just forswore,
Like Rozinante, forc'd to cloak his fire,
Stav'd from the ladies of his heart's desire.
For mighty GERARD watch'd him, well he knew,
Sole pale ascetic of that jocund crew.

to say. No sphere of knowledge is now unvisited by the *gentler sex*. Even Anatomy opens to them its delightful regions, (see papers of the day.) And we shall soon have those happy times return, when a beauty shut her closet-door on CUPID, and, turning from her pigeonholes his mother's doves, filled them instead with calculations in arithmetic, and instead of nursing fools, (not to speak of chronicling small-beer,) was safely delivered of geometric demonstrations, and dandled in her snowy hands some bouncing problem of astronomy.*

743. *Like Rozinante, forc'd*, etc.] Alludes to the adventure of that noble animal with the Gallician mares, when, conscious of his own sleekness, and in the pride of youthful vigor, he would have shown his courtesy, but was ungraciously beaten off by the packstaves of the YANGÜESES. "No se habia curado Sancho de echar sueltas á Rocinante, seguro de que *le conocia por tan manso y tan poco rijoso que todas las yeguas de la dehesa de Córdoba no le hicieran tomar mal siniestro*. Ordenó pues la suerte y el diablo, que no todas veces duerme, que andaban por aquel valle paciendo una manada de hacas galicianas de unos arrieros yangüeses, *etc.* Sucedió pues que á Rocinante le vino en deseo de refocilarse con las señoras facas, y saliendo, así como las olió, de su natural paso y costumbre, sin pedir licencia á su dueño, tomó un trotillo algo picadillo, y se fué á comunicar su necesidad con ellas; mas ellas, que á lo que pareció debian de tener mas gana de pacer que de ál, recibiéronle con las herraduras y con los dientes, de tal manera que á poco espacio se le rompiéron las cinchas, y quedó sin silla en pelota; pero lo que él debió mas de sentir fué, que viendo los arrieros la fuerza que á sus yeguas se les hacia, acudiéron con estacas, y tantos palos le diéron que le derribáron malparado en el suelo." *Don Quijote*, Tomo 1°. xv.

The part we have italicized is so singularly applicable to the sen-

* As the unfortunate HYPATIA, daughter of THEON of ALEXANDRIA, is said to have done, composing commentaries on Apollonius and Diophantus instead of love-letters. One of her books on the Almagest of PTOLEMY is extant. * *

He, when the hero's latest spirt was play'd,
Quaff'd of the sacred lymph himself, then laid
His giant hand upon the regal head,
And, patting, mumbled, — Brother, 't was well said.
Now rose big-mouth'd PETRONIUS, rich in hair,
Round and ferocious as a Russian bear.
Too proud to imitate his peers by far,
He scorn'd the pipe, but sported a cigar.
With awful mein his hand thrice waving round,
He spread it on his chest; then came the sound: —
Good cheer — well cater'd — ay, in sooth, good cheer.
Capital wench! choice liquor — water clear:

timental gallantry of the hero of the Vision, that we have quoted it more for the amusement of the reader than as german to the matter. But as SANCHO says of Rozinante, — "*Jamás tal creí* de Rocinante, *que le tenia por persona casta y tan pacífica como yo.* En fin, bien dicen que *es menester mucho tiempo para venir á conocer las personas, y que no hay cosa segura en esta vida.*" (*Ibid.*) A sage reflection, which will solace every one who has been cognisant of RUBETA's chivalry and unheard-of sufferings in the cause of injured or appealing beauty, and wondered how such things could be. * *

745. — *GERARD* —] HALE, the Editor of the *Journal of Commerce;* whose baptismal name, however, is not *Gerard*, but David, as we have before observed: a mistake which the Author constantly makes in reference to this distinguished person; and therefore we shall not hereafter notice it. * *

250. — *Brother,*] Brother, in the familiarity of spiritual affection; as is usual with the citizens of the New Jerusalem.

751. — *big-mouth'd* —] Not, as some would have it, literally, for PETRONIUS is not in that way more liberally endowed than his neighbours, but in respect of his eloquence — *magna sonans* — "verba deo similis" *

* VIDA *of* VIRGIL: *Poet.* iii. *ad finem.*

That is — albeit — if — no — yea — ay — clear water.
Pledge we the cat'ress then, — our hostess' daughter.
The toast is drunk. Th' altisonant resum'd : —
None will gainsay what 's sequent — 't is presum'd.
The horologe, if dial-plate speak true, —
Scan him, RUBETA, for his jaw's to you, —
The horologe's thunder soon will roar,
Boom o'er our heads, and shake the soul once more,

— in which, as we shall take occasion to show, his capacity is immeasurable : —

> ———— a large mouth indeed,
> That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,
> Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
> As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs.
> *K. John*, ii. 2.

757. *Good cheer* —] See Petronius on public dinners, *passim.* * *

759. *That is — albeit — if* — etc.] This is the famous *staccato* style to which RUBETA refers in Canto iii. v. 24 : —

> "As thick as dashes on PETRONIUS' sheet."

The *ay*, *in sooth*, *catered*, *gainsay*, etc., are all favorite and familiar phrases belonging to the olden time and the N. Y. American. * *

764. *Scan him, RUBETA, for his jaw's to you,* —] Commentators are puzzled to make sense of this line, — a frequent occurrence with all readers of this distinguished newsman's ephemeral emanations. Obscurity is in some degree a consequence of super-eminence : the head of *Mont Blanc* is not always as easily visible as the Nose of St. Anthony. However, by substituting *face* for *jaw*, we shall see daylight more easily, and the line will stand as though it were written

> *Mark it, RUBETA, for it faces you.* * *

765, 766. *The horologe's thunder soon will roar, — Boom*, etc.] This is a passage of such astounding sublimity that few will be inclined to give any modern credit for it : but, when we assure the reader that such is a mere trifle for PETRONIUS, whose gigantic phantasia fashions in the

Till in yon cope be merg'd the dismal steven,
And men, amaz'd, shriek out, *There goes Eleven!*

Ætnean stithy of his volcanic cerebrum still-more-Cyclopean thunderbolts, which he fulminates with terrific bombulation, on the most nugatory parergy, to the occecation of his perstricted and all but dephlogisticated admirers, he will cease to wonder. For example, in his journal of Nov. 22, 1837, this Miltonic newsman thus describes the celebration of a party-triumph,

——————— cum
Herodis venêre dies, unctaque fenestra
Dispositæ pinguem nebulam vomuêre lucernæ;*

"The roar of artillery ushered in the morning — and while these lines are going through the press, a second salvo is again awaking the echoes of the *surrounding region.*" Etc. — "and the loud-mouthed cannon, *mingling its voice here with the roar of the Atlantic surge, will go booming through this great State until it be lost amid the eternal thunders of Niagara.*"

The roar of the surge at the wharves of New York is most happily descriptive of a well-known fact, and the idea of the great gun's going booming through the State, and ending its career by felo-de-se in the falls of Niagara, is conceived with an originality and grandeur that can only be surpassed by the sublimity of the expression and the magnificence of the cadence: it shall "go booming through this great State until it be lost amid the eternal thunders of Niagara!" Nothing could have inspired such eloquence for so ordinary an occasion, but what he himself calls, in the same article, an "invigorated hope in the recuperative power of republican institutions"!

Ὦ καλλίπυργον σοφίαν
Κλεινοτάτην ἐπασκῶν,
Ὡς ἡδύ σου τοῖσι λόγοις
Σῶφρον ἕπεστιν ἄνθος.†

It is in view of the above elegant extract from the American, that we would suggest a slight alteration in the text, and read, (as perhaps the Author really wrote them,) the 765th and 766th verses thus:

The horologe will thunder soon once more,
Boom o'er our heads, and wake us with its roar.

The line which follows supports our conjecture. Certainly the picture of the clock booming over the heads of the party, until it buried itself in the roof, would form a capital pendant for the cannon and Niagara. * *

767. — *steven,*] A pure Saxon word, signifying *clamor, loud noise,* and used by Spenser; and which must be particularly relished by all

* Pers. v. 179 — 181. † Aristoph. *Nub.* 1024 — 1027. * *

Then to our rites, ere yawn the cuckoo's beak.
The wreck clear off, — no, — ay! clear off the wreck.
The hirsute ceas'd, and with a martial frown
Order'd fresh candles, puff'd, and sat him down.
Hell saw the furrow'd forehead of the Colonel,
And o'er his eighteen banks flow'd Styx infernal.
The very damn'd shriek'd out. Ixíon's wheel
Then first felt friction, and forgot to reel;

who are familiar with the admiration and reverence Petronius so frequently expresses for pure "Anglo-Saxon"; though it is true that this is the only instance recorded of the sincerity of his devotion; which would make us suspect that the Poet had introduced it himself "ut intermortuum vocabulum in libris repullulet." (Turneb. *in Juv. Sat.* xii.) But for this point, and others in the great man's speech, — as its dubiousness, its *parentheticalness*, etc. etc., — we refer the reader to the next Canto, where all these matters are expressed in full. * *

772. — *puff'd* —] Not the cigar, as some suppose. It merely expresses the action of the masseter muscles after so extraordinary an exertion. Pierius tells us that, in the ancient copies, *blew* is the word. There are not wanting those who, recollecting the daily practice of newspaper-editors, would make Petronius guilty of a pantomimic allusion thereto; but they forget that the majesty of the epopee does not admit of such conceits, and, though Milton has made quibblers of his devils, a like liberty cannot be taken with the superior order of the press. * *

773. — *Colonel,*] By which it appears that Petronius enjoys a similar dignity with that of Rubeta. In the sixth Canto he is called, for distinction, "th' amphibolous colonel." * *

774–775. — *o'er his eighteen banks flow'd Styx infernal.* — *The very damn'd shriek'd out. Ixion's wheel*, etc.] An effect vastly superior to that of the frown of Jove. When this model of hen-pecked husbands bends his awful brows in Homer, all Olympus trembles,

——— μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὄλυμπον,
(*Il.* i. 530 :)
——— totum nutu tremefecit Olympum,

as Virgil translates it (*Æn.* x. 115:) but, at the wrinkled forehead of the

And Pelops' sire, who saw his pool stand still,
Seiz'd the dread moment, and took one long swill.
Now Kitty swept the table in a trice,
'Mid wink, and joke, and innuendo nice.
Coprónès, amorous, would have had her stay,
And curv'd his arm to intercept the way;
But the chaste quean eschew'd the mantling hand,
Tripp'd up his heels, and left him on the sand.
Sore rose the youth, amid the gen'ral roar,
Limp'd o'er the boards, and double-barr'd the door.
Befoul'd with spawl, which flecks of sand emboss,
He looked a back-log dotted o'er with moss.
This done, and clapp'd their mossy brother's back,
Up rose the sons-of-Dulness' dirty pack.

newsman, Hell itself, unused to terror, shook with an earthquake! This, too, it must be observed, when the frown was expressive but of dignity or determination. What then had it been of ire? Styx would have deserted his oozy bottom completely, and Pluto's hidden fires been quenched for ever. O had Longinus but waited for this passage! However, it is some satisfaction to know that poor Tantalus, whom we have always pitied, was somewhat better off than the rich man in Abraham's bosom. * *

790. *Up rose the sons* — etc.] In some copies pointed thus: —

Up rose the sons of Dulness, dirty pack!

a reading which, though recommended by Dr. Pearce, is not to be approved, for the epithet *dirty* is, it appears to me, not used emphatically, but as simply descriptive of the general or the generic character of the party, — a sort of delicate stigma, laid on *with all possible respect*, as Petronius says when he accuses Rubeta of ignorance and imperfect honesty.* * *

* "In very truth, the putting forth [of] such objections against the performance of an act of common honesty by the banks — the payment of their debts — does seem to us — we say

Then stripp'd the Chief his shoulders' comely pride,
And brac'd his breeches o'er the snow-white hide;
And the rest having bar'd a various skin,
But girt their loins, the solemn rites begin.

it with all possible respect, — to denote the gravest misconceptions of duty, or very inadequate knowledge of the subjects discussed."

N. Y. Am. of 11th Dec. 1837, on the Comm. Adv. of 8th of the same.

A day or two before, referring to the same article, he calls it "self-complacent," and says he does not mean it reproachfully. It is in the usual style of these curious people, who even give each other the lie direct with perfect indifference, and receive it back again as it is given. So you may hear two scavengers, or a knot of chimney-sweepers, damn each other to h—— with the greatest good-nature imaginable. Certain expressions are to be translated according to the grade of society in which they are used. Thus, collier A. says to collier B., who is spinning some tremendous yarn, *You be damned!* This elegant compliment would, in a set a few degrees above them, be softened into *Now you don't!* and again, in still more refined circles, would resolve itself into the simple exclamation, *Indeed! Is it possible!*

We have taken this etymological trouble for the benefit of the readers of newspapers, who in future will not be surprised to hear the *American* tell another journal, of equal standing, it is guilty of "direct" or "clear falsehood," and the latter perhaps retaliate, without either's being leaded for the civility. **

CANTO FOURTH.

CATALOGUE OF THE NEWSMEN.

ARGUMENT.

Solemn invocation.— RUBETA. Place of his nativity. His divine parentage. His extraordinary generation and conception. His birth. The ceremonies observed thereat. The attending deities. The infant is conveyed to modern Ida. What was done to him there : with an account of the adderstone, and of the sleep of enchantment. How the little hero was made to change cradles with the child of a herdsman. Extraordinary pains to rear him. His education. He attains manhood. How he was prompted to leave his supposed parents. Preparations for the voyage to Manhattan. What happened on the voyage. The hero commences his earthly probation. His distress in a garret. His invocation of his mother's gossips. Its success. The temptation. Artful reluctance of the hero. How dispelled. He devotes himself, soul and body, to his tempters. The hero commences his ministry. Rapid success. His works recounted, and briefly characterized. His journal analyzed. Concluding apostrophe. — PETRONIUS. His parentage. The Poet apostrophizes him. Petronius assumes a task for which he is unfitted. Is befooled by his correspondents. His felicitous style. His sound judgment. His perfect consistency. Enthusiasm in a grizzled head. Petronius, a patron to certain muses. Their individual merits recorded. Petronius, a warm friend, and a bitter enemy. His pardonable boast of *candor*, *impartiality*, *manliness*, and *independence*. His venality. His modesty and regard for feminine chastity. Petronius, the Palemon of the West. Summary of his character as a newsman.— MARGITES. He is disposed of in twelve verses ; and the Poet orders his amanuensis to take up the next character in the catalogue. **

THE

VISION OF RUBETA.

CANTO FOURTH.

O THOU who taught'st the bard, that liv'd by ration,
To muster in the field the croaking nation;
Who, in another needy poet's brain,
Butcher and bear didst sort on battle-plain;
Say (for, without thee, who on earth were able
To make one song of these ten sons of Babel?)
What graces rare invest, what virtues ripe,
These lampblack-heroes, thunderbolts of type,

Ver. 1. — *the bard that liv'd by ration,*] Allusion to the very sensible fable, that would make the author of the two greatest poems ever written to have been a wandering beggar. * *

2. *To muster in the field the croaking nation,*] In the Battle of the Frogs and Mice. * *

3. — *another needy poet* —] BUTLER, the immortal author of Hudibras; a poem which contains more moral *wisdom* than the works of all the poets put together, from HOMER and the dithyrambic THEBAN down, saving only the plays of SHAKSPEARE. * *

5, 6. *Say, (for, without thee,* &c.)]

Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι ———
Ὑμεῖς, κ. τ. λ.
Ἡμεῖς δε, κ. τ. λ.
Il. ii. 484.

8. — *lampblack-heroes,* —] Printing-ink is a composition of lampblack and oil. * *

Ib. — *thunderbolts of type,*] "Fulmina belli" is VIRGIL's expression,

That round the table stand, with shoulders stripp'd,
Like gangway-culprits sentenc'd to be whipp'd;
Say, that their glories Fame may trumpet far,
And men the jackdaws know for what they are!

First (for who else?) RUBETA! ULSTER'S pride.
Born where the Hudson rolls his purple tide,
On the high bank which morn's first shadows climb,
The hero's cradle was itself sublime.

applied to the SCIPIOS (*Æn.* vi. 844); exactly rendered, by DRYDEN, "thunderbolts of war"; whence POPE adopted it, in paraphrase of Στεράποντες Ἄρηος (*servants of Mars*), in the famous speech of AJAX, (*Il.* xv. 733.). * *

14, 15. *Born*, etc. — *On the high bank which morn's first shadows climb,*] There is much uncertainty with regard to the birthplace of the mighty hero of the Vision:

ULSTER, ONEIDER,* NEW YORK, DUTCHESS, county of SUFFOLK,
QUUN'TICUT† also, lays claim to the birth of the sage.‡

The Poet would place it somewhere on the west bank of the Hudson, in the county of ULSTER and State of NEW YORK; yet we have heard a person, long resident in that State, assert RUBETA to be a native of NEW ENGLAND, and, he believed, of STONINGTON in CONNECTICUT. And this nativity, as the reader is aware, we ourselves prefer for many reasons, which, as they are scattered through the second Canto, it is not necessary here to recapitulate. One of these days, when the hero shall be taken from the scene of his immortal labors, and all NEW YORK shall be overflowed with grief, city upon city will be founding claims, on this uncertainty, to the distinction of his cradle; that, as of HOMER, men shall say of the mighty RUBETA, with but a change of title,

* It is a curious fact that ONEIDA signifies the *Upright Stone*. This stone was a clumsy cylindrical mass, the god or goddess of the tribe which took its name: whence the name of the lake, and, as in the text, of the county. See MORSE'S *Am. Gazetteer*, 1797.

† The Indian name whence we have *Connecticut* is said to have been *Quunnihticut*. See MORSE'S *Am. Gaz.*

‡ Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodos, Argos, Athenæ,
Orbis de patria certat, Homere, tua.

Hence, in his works, that solemn strain he sings,
Which lifts the soul to HEAVEN on seraph's wings.

Seven wealthy cities claim'd the *newsman* dead
Through which the living *newsman* begg'd his bread:

where *begged* is to be understood in the poetical sense of pandering to the chaste tastes of the people by the publication of horrid accidents and beastly outrages, of coining extra-sixpences by the insertion of lying advertisements in editorial type and in the body of his newspaper, and of retailing political slanders to ingratiate a party, or subserve the purposes of private pique and malicious envy, — with other elegant and honorable arts, too numerous to mention, and for all which, verily, he hath his reward in the stately monument erected to his virtues in this grave epic poem, and in the grant of arms obtained by royal concession from the principal herald of the King of BANTAM. **

17, 18. *Hence, in his works, that solemn strain*, etc.] An allusion it appears to certain sublime stanzas, which occur in the *Mysterious Bridal*. As these are interwoven inextricably with the prose, the reader will allow for the necessity we are under of quoting somewhat at length; if indeed the pleasure he must receive, from even the prose of this extraordinary writer, be not a sufficient compensation for the time it may cost him.

——— "when a sudden *transition was imparted* to the feelings of the whole group. Erecting her bending figure to its full height, her dark eyes *kindling* like *sparks of lightning*, she [*sc.* the group] looked upwards, and pointing towards the house, with a clear and shrill voice pronounced these words: —

"A mischief, mischief, mischief,
And a nine-times killing curse,
By day and by night, to the caitiff wight
Who shakes the poor like snakes from his door,
And shuts the womb of his purse!"

The bridal poet must have *imitation* large, for certainly this is a very fine specimen of the exertion of that faculty on the Rhime of the Ancient Mariner. The *nine-times killing curse* would be just the thing for cats, and the *womb of the purse* explains very satisfactorily the pithy address of the footpad, when he calls upon his customers to stand and *deliver*.

We continue the quotation, as it is too favorable an opportunity for enriching these otherwise dull comments to be pretermitted, and because we consider that the famous description of the Sibyl's change of countenance and form, when (*see Æn.* vi.) she felt the *present deity*, is far surpassed by this stupendous genius.

For there, supine, the youth would drowse all day,
Enamor'd of the scene which round him lay, 20

"Then directing her attention particularly to the son and heir, and pointing her long bony finger at him, she resumed her wild malediction thus: —

"Talcott's son and Talcott's heir,
Shall never enjoy the mansion here;
Five years shall pass, — and his dying groans,
Shall fill these halls with tears and moans;
For a wreath of night-shade shall circle his head,
And the grave be his cold and youthful bed: —
Note well the hour! — it is said! — it is said!!

The passionate man was appalled! [Poor fellow! how could he help it?] He quailed beneath the *fiery flashings of her piercing eyes;* while every member of the household, and every guest, was petrified [*i. e.* turned into Stones] with astonishment." [Does not this, and the dark eyes kindling like sparks of lightning, *etc. etc.*, surpass in terrific sublimity the "cui talia fanti, *etc.*"?]

Of the above verses, it were too fatiguing to point out the particular beauties, or to translate into common English the poet's classical phraseology; we can merely exclaim, in the elegant language and honest admiration of one of the Bridal heroes, "Now that 's what I call a little too slick, —it 's true poetry, — and that 's what can't often be said, I calculate," or, in the less refined words of MOPSUS,

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona? (VIRG. *Ecl.* v. 81.)

Shall we go on, or shall we leave this "sanctissimus vates" till some future *Domenichino* transfer to canvass the bony finger and thunder-and-lightning eyes — the *vultus et pectus anhelum*, of the North-American Sibyl? We consult the reader's pleasure, — his improvement, — and continue.

At the catastrophe of the story, which appears to be brought about by a young man's walking home with a girl whom pity induces him to pick up in the "Cimmerian darkness" of *John Street* (in NEW YORK), seeing that she melted into tears, and whose "elegance in form and step" modestly interested him, as TAMAR'S did JUDAH by the road-side, we have another of those poetical denunciations, which must have been awful from the *fitful-headed Norna* who uttered them, "her eyes flashing with unearthly lustre."

"He is gone to his home, and Talcott's wife
Bewails her offspring — the pride of her life; —
Like a beautiful tree he was fresh and fair,
But the deadly blast hath left him *bare:* —
A blight 's upon Talcott! a worm 's at the core,
And that *proud-growing tree* shall blossom no more!"

"The utterance of these lines was accompanied with frantic gestures; and, as if overcome by the violence [beauty?] of her own *incantations*, [no doubt, poor creature!] she fell and expired."

Gaze, with close-window'd eyes, till evening-fall,
And, in magnetic slumber, see it all.
But not, though thus his modest lips have sung,
From earth-built loins the godlike hero sprung.
Where, in a shelter'd grotto's mossy cove,
DARKNESS and SILENCE nurs'd their ancient love,
DULNESS her sluggish limbs had laid to rest.
Here LEVITY the drowsy maid comprest,
What time the boy-god, wandering, hand in hand,
With IDLENESS, along the wave-worn sand,
(Their sport, to scare the sea-lark from her food,
And skim with missile flint the rippled flood,)

> Thus on Meander's flow'ry margin lies
> Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.
> (*Rape of the Lock*, Canto v. 65.)

We might, we dare say, have found even more delectable passages in other Tales and Sketches of this great production; but we have contented ourselves with looking here and there at this, and glancing over the final scenes of two others, and we conclude with the certainty that the interesting picture, here presented, of the young man stripped of his trowsers by the blast, and with a worm at his core, will induce all our readers to get the book for themselves and enjoy its elegance unmutilated.* * *

22. *And, in magnetic slumber, see it all.*] See our note to v. 260, Canto iii., which we have thus some reason to be proud of. * *

26. — *nurs'd* —] We are sorry to see this word in the past tense. How many solemn pilgrimages had else been made, to visit the spot where the peerless RUBY was propagated! * *

31. — *sea-lark* —] One of the local names of a species of sandpiper, the *Tringa Cinclus* of LINNÉ; a well-known little bird, which in spring and autumn is seen running along the edge of the water, on the banks of sandy rivers, with its tail in perpetual motion. * *

* To make *assurance doubly sure*, N. B. it is published by those gatherers of garbage, "the great bibliopoles," as the Colonel gratefully cognominates them, the brothers HARPER of NEW YORK. Price, we should suppose, some twenty-five cents.
* *

Chance led them by the grotto's mouth of stone,
And Curious Fancy drew him in alone.
Two mortal nights the youthful couple toil'd,
To mould the metal of the immortal child.
But when three times nine moons, with languor kept,
In Dulness' breast the callow babe had slept,
Hypocrisy and Cant (twin-gossips these)
The groaning goddess of her burden ease.
Hugg'd in their lap, the skinny hope they shawl
In amice old, then dab its lips with spawl,

Ver. 35, 36. *Two mortal nights the youthful couple toil'd*, etc.] As Jove and the daughter of Electryon for the generation of Hercules. Some suppose, for the same reason; namely, that greater materials were requisite for the mould of such a hero, and in order to make him of peculiar strength.* A conjecture very unnecessary. The time employed was merely because of the slowness with which Dulness conducts all her imperfect operations, and of the superficial manner which distinguishes those of Levity. **

37, 38. *But when three times nine moons*, etc.] See latter part of the preceding note. * *

41 – 46. *Hugg'd in their lap*, etc.]

Ecce avia, aut metuens divum matertera, cunis
Exemit puerum, frontemque, atque uda labella,
Infami digito, et lustralibus ante salivis,
Expiat, urentes oculos inhibere perita,
Tunc manibus quatit, et spem macram supplice voto
Nunc Licini in campos, nunc Crassi mittit in ædes:
Hunc optent generum rex et regina: puellæ
Hunc rapiant: quicquid calcaverit hic, rosa fiat.
Pers. ii. 31 — 38.

Of the ancient superstitions observed at Rome, on the *lustration* of the newly-born infant, see Casaubon's copious commentary, pp. 200, etc., *ed. Lond.* 1647, — Pliny on the efficacy of fasting spittle, *Hist. Nat.*

* — "in Alcumenæ adulterio duas noctes Jupiter copulavit, ut magnæ fortitudinis Hercules nasceretur. Hieron. *adv. Vigil.*" *Annot. in* Plauti *Amphit. A.* i. *Sc.* i. *vers.* 123. *ed. Gronov.* **

And rain gay fortunes on its fuzzy head: —
Through the wide world his virtues shall be spread;
Gold shall reward him, nuns his praises sing,
And where he treads the purple thistle spring.
Then simpering IMPUDENCE embrac'd the same.
Not that pert, giglet, lizard-visag'd dame,

xxviii, 7, *ed. Berol.* 1766, or *Cap.* 4. of the anc. edd. I am inclined to think, that the practice of the priests in the middle ages, at the administration of baptism, to rub with their saliva the nostrils and ears of the *competents*, as they were called, had its origin in this lustration of the Roman infants by their aunts and grandmamas. CASAUBON hints at the practice, and seems to have been of the same opinion. Superstitions live by traditionary habit. When we were a boy at school, we remember being admonished to put an eyelash in the hand, and the ferule of the master should break against it, not to speak of the more potent ear-wax (which PLINY says is good against the bite of serpents). Whence, the famous and cruel superstition, which the boys call *pulling pinkies*, is no doubt ancient too. * *

42. — *amice* —] "Amictus quo collum stringitur, et pectus tegitur, *castitatem interioris hominis designat:* tegit enim cor, *ne vanitates cogitet;* stringet autem collum, *ne inde ad linguam transeat mendacium.*" [BRUNO, cited at the word in JOHNSON'S DICT.] — Dulness' gossips would seem to have used this sacerdotal wrapper for the inverse reason; and with what effect, these pages have made or will make manifest, or at least it may be seen in the daily compositions of the hero. ANON.

Ib. — *dab its lips with spawl.*] Not to keep off the evil eye, and other witchery, as in the above verses of PERSIUS, but to infuse into his spirits their own eloquence. Thus bees are fabled to have settled on the lips of PINDAR, and touched them with honey. * *

45, 46. — *nuns his praises sing,* — *And where he treads the purple thistle spring.*] Some very judicious commentators have supposed this a prophetic allusion to the honors received at the Convent of the *Hôtel Dieu.* The first part may be; but for the concluding line, we regard it as simply declaring that every thing, in that future path of life which his great mother destined him to tread awhile on earth, should be according to his taste; which is the same sort of wish with that of the gossips in PERSIUS — *quicquid calcaverit hic, rosa fiat.* * *

48. — *giglet* —] SHAKSPEARE uses *giglet* as an adjective more than once: "giglet wench," etc.

Whom LUST on IGNORANCE engender'd foul,
But of high-dress'd CONCEIT sleek ambling foal;
The same her subtle dam: whence oft, 't is plain,
The sisters uterine, on earth mista'en,
Usurp each other's pow'r o'er mortal hearts,
And act, with either sex, both double parts.
Women the first, her sister men adore;
This moulds your fool, the other paints the whore.
Then IMPUDENCE took up the imperial boy,
And bore him to the mount which looks o'er TROY.
Here, in a cave, secure by human fears,
The goddess nurs'd the boy for five long years;

Ver. 57. — *imperial boy,*] Not *imperial* by a vague elogistic epithet, as ERNESTI supposes, but as being the offspring of two deities that divide between them a great portion of the world. * *

58. — *TROY*] To readers out of the State of NEW YORK it may be necessary to say, that this is the modern TROY above ALBANY, with its IDA, whose classical associations are so powerful that we are assured by persons, with whom, as certainly as with the magnetizers, "fraud, deception, and imposture were entirely out of the question," that the little boys read Homer for pure pastime, and call their bread and butter *ambrosia.* * *

59. *Here, in a cave* — etc.] Why she should nurse him here, instead of conveying him to her favorite haunts, has been explained in various ways. Of the two best explications, one is, that this was necessary on account of the singularly imbecile state of the infant, as shown in v. 71, &c.; the other, that it was a part of that education which was to fit him for the part his mother destined him to play for the promotion of her own views among the children of men. The subsequent lines confirm either of these conjectures. * *

60. *The goddess nurs'd the boy for five long years.*] As the men of the Silver Age were tied to their mothers' apron-string for a hundred years: —

——— ἑκατὸν μὲν παῖς ἔτεα παρὰ μητέρι κεδνῇ
Ἐτρέφετ' ἀτάλλων μέγα νήπιος ᾧ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ.
HES. *Op. & D.* 114, 115. (*Poet. Græc. ed. Lips.* 1818. Tom. viii. p. 33.)

(Not that her breast alone supply'd his thirst;
A goat's brown udder minister'd at first;)
Taught him to fret the spider, snail, and toad,
And twist long earth-worms from their strait abode.
Hence, in the *Tales*, sits grisly Horror bare,
With blanched lip, strain'd eye, and bristled hair;

But, in the present case, the tedious nursing of the little hero could not be owing to any inferiority of a degenerated race, for he was the child of two deities, or demons, who, connate with the world, only terminate their superhuman existence in the shock of its destruction, and therefore he shared their nature, as is shown and explained elsewhere. We are consequently to suppose, that this long lactation was necessary to the perfection of an animated structure which was to endure, (under whatever change of form, still to endure,) beyond the date of man's brief ages, and, moreover, that it was but in due course for an infant that had been for twenty-seven months in a fœtal state: this, unless you embrace the conjecture which we have given in note to v. 35, and suppose that his mother had enjoined on his nurse and her attendant goddess this mode of treatment, merely in the spirit in which she conducts all her operations. * *

61, 62. (*Not that her breast alone supply'd his thirst; — A goat's brown udder minister'd at first;*)] Why a goat at first? The answer is found in a very simple hypothesis: that the goddess was not provided just at this juncture. Otherwise: — The long period of the hero's infancy would have drained even the lacteals of a goddess, unless an assistant had been taken; and the hero was given first to the goat, that he might enjoy the milk of IMPUDENCE at a time when, being more mature, he would more thoroughly and readily imbibe all its virtues.

Be which as it may, one thing is certain, that the hero displays the advantages of this double nursing, combining in his mortal and immortal nature the qualities of both attendants. Nor may it be irrelevant to remark the coincidence between the infancy of RUBETA and that of the father of gods and men; both suckled by the same fragrant animal, each in a cave, each in his IDA. Thus, begotten as HERCULES, and reared as JUPITER, what wonder that the immortal hero of the Vision should have shown himself to men the prodigy he is! * *

65. *Hence, in the* Tales, *sits gristly Horror bare,*] We should like to feel RUBETA's head, says an anonymous critic: with diminutive intellect, there must be tremendous destructiveness, to account for his love of

Hence too, the feet of vault and trapdoor fond;
And hence, the hand durst wield the mystic wand.
This, when the game was brought within his reach,
Laid on his little breast or swaddled breech.
For yet the child could neither see, nor crawl.
No sound it utter'd, save melodious squawl,
Or when, laid on its nursing-mother's teat,
The infant wag would laugh the swelling globes to beat.
Lull'd by the changeless song of a cascade,
Whose silver Naiads near the grotto play'd,
The god-born cherub, nearly all the day,
Lay in the lap of SLUMBER, while away,

skeleton-hands which drop blood upon an old Dutch dinner-plate, tomahawked women whose "dark ringlets" were "ravished by the scalping-knife," and murdered tinmen, "horrible looking fellows" "whistling Yankee Doodle," "whose eyes gleamed like sparks of hell," and "whose horse, with three white feet," drove sleep from the eyelids of a master CONRAD who was "unimpressible even by waking visions of bliss with the fair Christina Diefendorff," (*Fye, thou dishonest Sathan!* *) "in his warm embrace." ANON.

The fact is here accounted for, the expanding organ having been fed with these daily indulgences. * *

74. *The infant wag would laugh* — etc.] This, as GIRALDI remarks, was LEVITY'S part in the little cherub, and showed him a true child of his vivacious sire. He might have added, that it was a promise of his future facetiousness: which is indeed implied in the phrase *infant wag*.

P. S. Our remark is amply confirmed through the late discovery of the *Cod. Passam.*, where the distich is written thus:

Or when, press'd to the rosy dug, it joy'd to hit
The soft-rebounding orb, and laugh'd, *sweet budding wit!*

* *

* From "Twelfth Night"; A. iv. Sc. 2. * *

Away on the air, his foster-mother hies,
Borne in a film by six blue-bottle flies,
With aid her darling votary to bless,
And turns the rounce of ADAM WALDIE'S press.
For harm might never wrong that baby lone;
Around whose neck was hung the lucid stone,
Toss'd by the knotted snakes in mystic ring.
Her own dear mother caught it on the wing,
And bore across the stream, with speed of light,
The vengeful serpents pressing on her flight;

Ver. 82. — *ADAM WALDIE* —] He is the printer and publisher* of the Am. Q. Review, the printer, and editor I suppose, of a Journal of Belles Lettres, and the ditto factotum of various other publications of equal value.

The text is illustrated further on in the Canto. * *

84 – 88. *Around whose neck was hung the lucid stone, — Toss'd by the knotted snakes*, etc.] A druidical superstition, mentioned by PLINY. Remains of it are said to exist at the present day, in WALES, SCOTLAND, and GERMANY. Perhaps the gilded beads, which we ourselves have seen hung with great solemnity, by very decent people, around the necks of children in some parts of NEW ENGLAND, to prevent bleeding at the nose, are but another shape of the same precious amulet. PLINY'S account of this famous serpent's egg is, that it is formed by the saliva and slime of a great number of snakes, which in the season of summer sociably meet and knot themselves together for the purpose. When formed, the mystic party toss it in the air, and the Druid who watches for it intercepts the treasure in a cloak, or blanket, before it can touch the ground. The happy owner then hurries away on a swift horse, pursued by the serpents till he shall have crossed a stream. The words of this excellent Mother Goose are as follow: — Præterea est ovorum genus in magna Galliarum fama, omissum Græcis. Angues innumeri,

* It is under this character, I should imagine, that he is at all mentioned in the Vision. It is the hireling he employs, whoever the same may be, that is hit over his shoulder. The *Am. Q. Review*, and the *J. of B. L.* are the two most impudent publications (that are not newspapers) in AMERICA. * *

Which, desperate that they might not bruise her heels,
Plung'd down the bank, and turn'd to great sea-
eels. 90

æstate convoluti, salivis faucium corporumque spumis artifici complexu glomerantur. Anguinum adpellatur. Druidæ sibilis id dicunt in sublime jactari, sagoque oportere intercipi ne tellurem attingat. Profugere raptorem equo: serpentes enim insequi donec arceantur amnis alicujus interventu. [*Hist. Nat.* xxix. 12. *ed.* 1766.] He adds, that it was in great estimation for rendering the wearer superior in disputes.* Hence RUBETA's triumph in the argument with BRUNO.

However, what became of this stone when RUBY grew to manhood is not known. Some suppose that it remained still in his possession, and that it is the identical pebble which figures above the dexter side of the scroll in his royal achievement (*see Canto* iii. ver. 566.), while others add, that it is from the actual possession of this celestial gift, that the hero derives his most familiar appellation, — a name which one would rather have thought was owing to the denseness and perfect solidity of his brain. The matter is worthy of investigation, and it is to be hoped that the Antiq. Branch of the Hist. Soc. of the venerable State of NEW YORK will take it into their consideration. * *

90. — *turn'd to great sea-eels.*] A transformation not so extraordinary as may at first appear, for CUPID of old made the congers and vipers very good friends. ACHILLES TATIUS, in his romance of the Loves of CLITOPHON and LEUCIPPE, (in the first Book, I think,† where the bashful hero begins to make court to his fair cousin,) tells the story of these famous anguilline amours: how the ardent viper stands, on his tail of course, on the shore by the sea, and hisses to his lady-love; whereupon the tender conger comes out, all dripping, from her bed; but knowing that her lover has, like HAMLET, something in him dangerous, the lady mounts a rock, until the viper has spit out all his venom and cleaned his teeth. PLINY mentions casually the same fable, or rather alludes to it as a notion current with the vulgar. ÆLIAN recounts it in full. In the same way, ARISTOTLE, OPPIAN, and others. * *

* So much so, that he accuses the Emperor CLAUDIUS of having made way with a Roman knight for its possession. "Ad victorias litium, ac regum aditus, mire laudatur: tantæ vanitatis, ut, habentem id in lite, in sinu, equitem Romanum e Vocontiis a Divo Claudio Principe interemtum, non ob aliud sciam." *Ibid.*

† *P. S.* It is in the *first Book*, I find; *Sect.* xvii. Ὁ ἔχις ὁ τῆς γῆς ὄφις, κ. τ. λ. My memory has served me so faithfully in the note above, as to supersede the necessity of quoting the passage at length. * *

But when brown IDA's top was hoar with snow,
She spread her hands before the infant's brow:
The babe to breathing ivory was turn'd,
And with the dormice slept till spring return'd;
When, crossing it again, she whisper'd, Wake,
And broke the rest GOD's thunder might not shake.
It chanc'd, that, near the hero's natal spot,
A herdsman's wife, by fortune's timely lot,
Was mother of a child (the country's talk),
Which knew nor sight, nor speech, nor yet could walk;
Of the same age; and, strangest part of all!
Whose very gender was equivocal.

93, 94. *The babe to breathing ivory was turn'd, — And with the dormice slept till spring return'd;*] A new wonder! Animal Magnetism owes not its origin to MESMER nor its perfection to Dr. CAPON. Here we see the soporific charm employed by the true inventor, IMPUDENCE the daughter of IGNORANCE. We shall come to further discoveries presently. By the way, the practice of this great science is of ancient date: the Sleeping Beauty, she who lay for a hundred years in the enchanted bower, was simply in a state of magnetic slumber; and the Prince who woke her, what was he but some potent magnetizer, some great CAPON, or still greater RUBY, whose breast was in magnetic affinity with hers? * *

95. *When, crossing it again, she whisper'd, Wake, — And broke the rest,* etc.] As corroborative of our last note, with regard to the celestial origin of Animal Magnetism, we quote the following passage from the prodigy of Letters: — "Dr. Capron [CAPON?] now again willed her away from me, resumed his control, and by the peculiar mental process of Animal Magnetism, together *with a few brushes of his hand over her forehead, awoke her,*" (p. 48,) from a slumber "so profound," as the Letter-writer observes on p. 38, "*that the discharge of a park of artillery would not disturb her.*" * *

Her babe unwean'd, the mother was drawn dry,
And strain'd a point to nurse her fancy'd boy.
For this a large full-bosom'd quean was hired,
Whose buxom birth VULGARITY had sired,
What time, beneath an elm's love-sheltering tree,
A milkmaid stoop'd to ease her prurient knee,
The god delighted spy'd her ruddy charms,
And clasp'd the fragrant beauty in his arms.
From her fresh fount the backward babe was fed,
And shar'd, at night, her modest truckle-bed.
Now when five times, around the central sun,
Spurr'd by the Hours, the circling Years had run,
The immortal nurse, whom borrow'd features hide,
Her mortal sister's pallet stood beside.
'T was the last hour before the dead of night;
But, through a window, stream'd the round moon's light,
And show'd the nurse, supine, in slumber deep,
Snoring to keep her little charge asleep.
An alliaceous odor, floating o'er her,
The goddess told her step-niece lay before her.
Whom, softly touching, she awoke, and said: —
And canst thou, careless, keep thy idle bed?

Ver. 116. — *sister* —] In respect of office merely; for VULGARITY is only the son of IGNORANCE, which therefore would make the relation between the nursing-mothers that of aunt and niece. **

Lo, on his straw, beside the mow of hay,
My brother waits thee! Thus he bade me say: —
Be not too long in coming; Devil take
His soul, if he would lie all night awake!
Haste thee, O haste! thy SCIPIO waits his queen:
Thrice hath he in the horsepond wash'd him clean.

Soft yawn'd the fair, and, rubbing hard her eyes,
Sprang from the sheets, and bar'd two lily thighs.
She saw the false one's jetty skin and hair,
And deem'd her cowboy's sister waited there.
I go, (she said;) but Lord! 't would serve him right,
To let the saucy villain snore all night.
Stay, — where 's my shift? O here! I run — I fly.
JUDE, take my place, for fear the baby cry.

She shot the door. The artful goddess smil'd,
Sprang through the roof, and bore away the child.
In IDA'S cave she laid the little head,
And bearing back the god-born, in its stead,
Breath'd on his face, as through the air they past,
And bade his features take the mortal's cast.

Ver. 144. *And bade his features take the mortal's cast.*] Considered by many to be altogether allegorical and poetical. Undoubtedly the whole story of the birth and education of RUBETA will bear such an explanation; but, for ourselves, we should deem it heresy to interpret otherwise than literally any the least particular of this marvellous narrative: for how else, as we have already intimated, could we account for the mira-

Thus Dulness will'd. She, plotting projects deep,
Rapt in the care profound of solemn sleep,
Design'd her darling son should prop the throne,
And wield his father's sceptre and her own,
Hatch novel follies in his mossy brain,
And add new subjects to her leaden reign.

As the dull earth ne'er images the sun,
Nor yet those orbs which stud night's dimmer noon,
Yet oft shall heaven's fantastic colors show
The forms of things which grace the world below;
So that, at sunset, in our brilliant clime,
The mottled clouds, oft ridg'd and ribb'd sublime,
Depict the wave-wash'd beach, while seems to be
The expanse beneath soft plain of summer's sea;
Even thus, may beings of celestial birth
Assume the gross, and sensual shapes of earth;
And thus, whom two immortal sp'rits had fram'd
Bore, from that hour, man's visage unasham'd,
The vulgar mouth, pert eye, and stupid brow,
Which loving Church-street sees him wearing now;
Himself deceived; though sometimes intuition
Gives him strange inklings of his true condition.

cles which New York, which Montreal, which Providence, has witnessed wrought by this one being, — poet, historian, novelist, lecturer, editor, virtuoso, vindicator of aspersed virginity, neophyte and propagator in and of the dark science of animal magnetism, colonel of a trainband regiment disbanded, grand nincompoop, &c. &c. &c.? Anon.

166. — *strange inklings of his true condition.*] See our notes to v. 260, and 273 of Canto iii. * *

But the true tadpole of the neatherd's loins
The simpering goddess in the cave confines
For twelve score moons. It felt not time's advance,
Rapt through all seasons in magnetic trance ;
But sightless, speechless, all but sexless, lay,
A sluggish mass of animated clay.
Then was it borne to ROGER WILLIAMS' bay.
Here, taking sex and speech, the changeling grew,
DULNESS' delight, and taught men follies new.
For though, by long seclusion from the light,
Its visual orbs had never perfect sight,
Kind IMPUDENCE soon turn'd that loss to gain,
And better organs planted in the brain,

Ver. 173. — *to ROGER WILLIAMS' bay.*] Narraganset bay. The city of PROVIDENCE is evidently here designated, of which ROGER WILLIAMS was the first settler. * *

176, 177. — *by long seclusion from the light, — Its visual orbs had never perfect sight,*] The cause of LORAINA's blindness (for there can be no question that the herdsman's child, whose wonderful history is given in these pages, is "the young lady of delicate mind and manners, modest and diffident," and tender withal, of the Letter on An. Magn.,) the cause of LORAINA's blindness is not therefore as RUBETA, deceived by his great medical knowledge, assumes it to be, an *amaurosis of paralytic character*, the consequence of the *fall of an iron weight of several pounds from a considerable elevation on the crown of her head* (see p. 10 of the Letter), and which *entirely deprived her of her reason* for several months, in order to endow it, in the interim, with *omnipotent* powers, though it has something certainly to do with *neurology.** * *

179. — *planted better organs in the brain,*] The reason why the blind

* See *Letter*, &c., where that great etymologist, and rival of PETRONIUS in the pure use of English, employs the term *neurology* in a sense which we hope to see adopted by all correct writers : for example : "Animal Magnetism has from the first been prescribed by the practisers of the art in cases of neurology." * *

Taught her, (for now the frog wore woman's
clothes,)
To see men's bowels through their button'd hose,
Use priest and layman for her pliant tools,
And make dull Capons of a score of fools.

prophetess, in order to see a picture, held it over the crown of her head, as is told in the Letter. It is a great happiness to us, that thus, in our office of Editor of this poem, we find it in our power to throw light upon the pages of another work which we really consider the most surprising production of the age. * *

181. *To see men's bowels through their button'd hose,*] This is a miracle which the Letter on An. Magn. does not tell us was performed by LORAINA, but by another *lady* of magnetic affinities. The *Appendix* to the first edition of that luminous work makes one Dr. BROWNELL, of PROVIDENCE, tell a story of this latter *somnambulist, then at his house,* who discovered the secret diseases of one of his patients, though the latter was "more than a quarter of a mile" off. Among other things, says the sage Doctor, "while I was gone into the library, she said to a lady present, *Every once in a while I saw fluids pass from his stomach into his bowels.*" (p. 65.) This is really ravishing news for the world of science; for now shall there be, no longer, bars to human discovery in the arcana of nature; but while LORAINA is sent to EGYPT to finish the work begun by the unfortunate CHAMPOLLION, who, alas! could not, like her, read what is legible only to the "*eye of Omnipotence,*" this maid of the appendix shall inspect the process of generation, and man no more be analyzed into tadpoles at the will of a LEUWENHOEK, or fluctuate in doubts what part his mother furnished of his composition. * *

By the by, it is a little surprising, that Drs. CAPRON, BROWNELL & Co. should not employ these ladies in their special practice. Can it be that they fear the cure of diseases would be too speedy; or that they should have no loophole to creep out at, in case they misapplied the remedy? * *

The latter possibility cannot exist; for the same *omniscience* that discovered the diseases would of course have prescribed the exact remedy. It is a shame, indeed, that men should have their lungs explored with stethoscopes and their bladders searched by sounds, when a nice young woman, "modest and diffident," can find their tubercles and feel their stones, by simply going to sleep. CORR.

183. — *Capons* —] BENTLEY writes this word with a small *c*, which

Meantime the little hero (glad surprise!)
Op'd, in the humble cot, his glowing eyes;
Next taught his flaccid limbs to know the ground;
And his lips last, to form the vocal sound.
Wondrous his progress then! 'T is said he sneer'd,
Six months before his cutting-teeth appear'd;
And when the nurse would teach her mammet *Ma*,
It laugh'd outright! and softly bleated, *Baa!*
That the pleas'd dame exclaim'd, in honest glee,—
This witty boy will be the death of me!

would make of the passage, if not nonsense, at least no very precise sense. *Capon* is undoubtedly the name of some eminent pupil in the magnetic art. In the Letter on An. Magn., the name and style of the great thumber of LORAINA is Dr. CAPRON. * *

191. *bleated Baa!*] Supposed by some to be the recollection of his first ideas, the impression of the voice of his Amalthea, now called up by the similarity of sound between what his present nurse would teach him and what he had often heard from the former; by others (and these would write it *Bah!*) to be in contempt of a title which he knew was wrongfully applied to the wife of the herdsman. The first hypothesis is at least plausible; the latter, however apparently approved by the first hemistich, cannot be sustained by the previous text, for in v. 165 we have "Himself deceived." For our own part, we incline to the idea of the honest nurse, and consider it the first verbal sally of that playful fancy, which, in after days, became the delight and wonder of MANHATTAN. Thus does the hero (whose first lustre is to be counted but as the first twelve months of ordinary infants) stand foremost in the list of examples of precocious genius; greater than HEINECKEN himself, who at fourteen months knew the whole Bible, and at four years could talk divinity, repeat hymns innumerable, and discourse most fluently and understandingly in three languages besides low Dutch; greater, inasmuch as wit is a higher and rarer quality than a strong memory and powers of theological ratiocination, and as, unlike to HEINECKEN, who met the fate of all antedated talent, the hero of the Vision has been constantly advancing in every qualification which these pages show to have adorned his diaper, and shed a lustre round his red-sized cradle. * *

O might we tell the fancy'd mother's care,
The nurse's pains, to rear the immortals' heir!
How on his face a paper mask was ty'd,
To keep his eyes from turning of one side,
Like marry'd pair, or steers before a load,
That pull two ways, although they keep one road.
How when, in travail with its teeming gum,
The babe sought solace from obstetric thumb,
They rubb'd the harden'd ridge, to allay the itch,
With pig's brains and the milk of pupping bitch,
And round its neck a viper's tooth suspended,
Which brought out twins at once, as was intended.

Ver. 197. *To keep his eyes from turning of one side,*] Paul of Ægina, and after him Ambrose Parè, according to Mauriceau, recommended that a mask perforated with two small holes for the eyes should be put upon the face of an infant affected with obliquity of vision, who would thus be compelled to look straight before him. It was probably the adoption of this ingenious contrivance, (which, but for the instance in the text, we should hardly have thought would succeed, except with children without hands, or much less restless than any we ever begot,) it was probably the adoption of this contrivance which has given the hero that remarkable sharpness of vision, which we can only describe, to those who have not had the felicity of seeing him, as a *gimlet-expression*, or by comparing it to the glowworm-glimmer in the eye of that very respectable, and philosophical animal, which we may observe, in the kennels, so generously employed in removing the garbage and ordure that would otherwise offend us. It is a shrewd *terebracious* sort of twinkle, possessed by no other eye in creation, except that of the animal we have mentioned, and the visual orbs of some millions of peculiar beings of congenial disposition and equal intellectual capacity. * *

202 – 205. *They rubb'd the harden'd ridge to allay the itch, — With pig's brains and the milk* — etc. etc.] "There are many remedies, which divers persons assert have a particular property to help the cutting of the teeth, as rubbing them with bitches' milk, hares' or pigs' brains, and hang-

How too, the child to scare from childish tipple,
When Nurse put mourning on her russet nipple,
The dauntless godling still admir'd the teat,
Till his lips found the bitter of the cheat.
More to divulge the modest Muse denies,
And, blushing, spreads both hands before her eyes.
This only may she add: — the nurse, 't is told,
Was amorous, and had hair like ruddy gold.
Hence, with his milk, the suckling drew, though meek,
A love of ladies, and satiric pique.

ing a viper's tooth about the neck of the child, and other such like trifles, etc."

MAURICEAU, by CHAMBERLEN, who observes of the pigs' brains, that "they may and do soften the gums." (p. 346, 8th ed.) * *

208. — *still admir'd the teat,*] It is delightful to find, that even at this tender age the hero showed himself superior to vulgar prejudice. We have seen that the color of the skin makes no difference with the liberal RUBETA, (Canto iii. v. 289, and note,) except it be that he prefers *the deep grain Sietta's houries boast:* in accordance with which preference many editions read "*more* admir'd" for the phrase in the text. * *

215. *A love of ladies, and satiric pique.*] RAPIN thinks that his primitive nursing-mother, the goat, had more to do with the first of these qualities, or propensities, than the red-haired nurse. For the last, it will surprise the reader; who will hardly believe that so gentle and unoffending a being could have any thing like pique or sarcasm in his disposition. But we have it twice on his own authority. Thus, speaking of his first impressions of animal magnetism, he says (p. 7): "I was not only an unbeliever, but a *satirist* of the whole affair." We know that it will be said, by those who differ from us, that this is merely RUBETA's peculiar phraseology, and is the same as in ordinary language would be termed, a *satirizer* of the whole affair; but then we have that magnificent passage (pp. 54, 55) which we have quoted at v. 628, 629, of the preceding Canto. * *

But lo! the hero wean'd. The nurse yet stay'd;
For SCIPIO's sake 't is thought, — the babe's, she said.
Rather than leave that dear, cherubic face,
She 'd stoop, though loath, and take black JUDITH's place;
Her pay, one monthly pound and daily feed;
Her pleasure all, to teach the darling read.
CHRISTINA spoke; and from that hour, 't is clear,
No hand but CHRISTY's catechiz'd his rear:

Ver. 219.— *black Judith* —] The sister of SCIPIO, as we have seen in a preceding verse:

"JUDE, take my place, for fear the baby cry." * *

220. — *pound* —] Two dollars and a half. In the days of RUBETA's infancy, all calculations were made in pounds, shillings, and pence; nor is the practice yet wholly abolished, thanks to the mint, which still allows the old Spanish *real* and *soldo* to circulate, though, for all the purposes of money, our national coin is the best, as being the simplest of computation, in the world.* * *

222. *CHRISTINA* —]

Tu quoque litoribus nostris, Æneïa nutrix,
Æternam moriens famam, Caieta, dedisti,

says VIRGIL (Æn. vii. 1, 2). With a like gratitude, the modern Æneas has consecrated the memory of his foster mother, the red-haired daughter of VULGARITY; for who else can be "the fair Christina" that figures in his *Tales and Sketches*? See note to v. 65. * *

And the young DUTCHMAN therefore "who was inaccessible to waking visions of bliss, *etc.*" was the gallant SCIPIO! What a privilege is theirs, the great men who thus immortalize their favorites! CORR.

223. *No hand but Christy's catechiz'd his rear,*] The extent of RUBE-

* Not to say that any inequality we can level in the customs of the several States makes the structure of the Union still more stable. At present, a person who goes from our own part of the country to the State of NEW YORK, from NEW YORK to PENNSYLVANIA, from PENNSYLVANIA to the Southern States, feels that he is a stranger, and is perceived to be such, the moment he enters a shop. In *cents* we are one people, but in *pence* we are a league. * *

She mark'd the book; she shap'd his accents wild;
And, when he slaughter'd sense, 't was CHRISTY smil'd.
Swart SCIPIO added many a greasy jest.
For still the boy lov'd oral wisdom best.
Nay, books would throw him often into rage.
Then would he reach, to tear the slabber'd page,
Or scratch the letters with his dirt-grim'd nails.
Except his nurse's book of smutty tales.
This, from the first, he took in better part;
And when his Helot breech was taught to smart,
He threw his Reader by, and got them all by heart.

TA's learning is therefore no longer to be wondered at, though universal as the 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra, — which comprises the entire alphabet. * *

226. *Swart Scipio added many a greasy jest:*] Of which the influence is still seen. *See* the *N. Y. Comm. Adv.* once or twice a week; or, for the present, the examples in *Canto* 1st, at v. 515, 516; also in *Canto* 4th, at v. 713. When a man takes the trouble to cull such flowers to decorate the table of his ordinary, his love for FLORA (everybody knows what the rites of this goddess were, and by what sort of persons they were celebrated,) must be strong indeed. But, early imbued from the source above-named with a love of facetiousness, or having it innate from his goddess-mother, it would be difficult for RUBETA to resist an occasion for its indulgence; and it will be seen anon that this delightful pleasantry of disposition is one of the hero's chief characteristics.

ANON.

231. *Except his nurse's book of smutty tales.*] Consult the references of the last note. * *

233, 234. *And when* — etc. etc.] A degree of spirit which foreshadowed the future hero of the vaults, of whom the Abbess said:

Blest, who dar'st fathom any jakes profound, *etc.!*
Canto iii. v. 414. * *

234. — *Reader* —] Rom. ed. *Grammar:* less correctly: for it is evident, that the hero never opened a grammar in his life; not to say that

Now, when the Grand Absurd to age was grown,
And his red muzzle glisten'd with the down,
His mother, DULNESS, started from her rest,
And thus her handmaid IMPUDENCE address'd: —
Go, favor'd of thy mistress, seek my son,
Thy heart's most cherish'd darling, as our own.
Fill'd with his sire's gay spirit, mix'd with mine,
And radiant with the sparkling grace of thine,
Rich too in gifts his birthday-friends bestow,
CANT's honey drawl, HYPOCRISY's smooth brow,
With all those minor charms, of head and heart,
CHRISTINA's care and SCIPIO's lore impart,
Now is he ripe to take the part which Fate
Assigns him, and assume my sceptred state,
Rule o'er MANHATTAN's imbecile and blind,
And be to it what I am to mankind.

the daughter of VULGARITY would hardly be the one to teach it, even were she able. NANNIUS.

Reader, unquestionably: for what should a genius do with grammar?

* *

235. — *Grand Absurd* —] Considered by all the commentators, with one dissenting voice, as the proper title of the heir-apparent of LEVITY and DULNESS (see note on v. 255); but that dissenting voice is the voice of JOS. SCALIGER, who regards the expression simply as prospectively indicative of RUBETA's greatness; like the title *hero*, which is applied to him while yet at the breast. * *

235, 236. *Now when the Grand Absurd to age was grown, — And his red muzzle glisten'd with the down,*] By which it appears, that the hero attained not to puberty till his one-and-twentieth year; a slowness of growth to be expected, considering the womb from which he sprung, and that at five years he was yet at the breast, and in the semi-sentient state of a newly-littered puppy. Some, however, make the second line of the distich but an amplification of the first, and read:

And bristled on his cheek the yellow down. * *

The Mighty Mother said, nor adding more,
Sunk on her couch, and soon was heard to snore.
But the pert goddess wing'd her eager flight
Swift through the void, till Hudson saw her light
Where on his banks the full-grown infant lay,
And gaz'd, with darken'd eyes, his soul away.
All as a dame who liv'd the homestead nigh,
By jealous neighbours mark'd with scornful eye,
Th' immortal stood; in dress, in paint the same,
She look'd a worn-out mother of the game.
Thrice his patch'd breeches and her slipper meet,
Ere rose the hero to his shoeless feet:
When thus began the daughter of CONCEIT: —

Ver. 251. *The Mighty Mother* —] A term borrowed from DRYDEN, and applied to this same divinity, by POPE.

255. — *infant* —] Great dispute exists with regard to this term: some consider it as applied to the hero as heir to the joint empire of LEVITY and DULNESS, and write it therefore with a capital *I;* while others insist, that it alludes to his perfect innocence, and the virginal vacuity of his mind, at this period of life: though how this latter sense can accord with what his imperial mother has said of the prince immediately above is not easily seen. Perhaps it is only intended to allude to his freedom from all practical vice at this first stage of manhood, or to the seeming nature of his amusement, as at the moment when the messenger-goddess finds him; for though really rapt in the most sublime of contemplations, and in the most studious of abstractions, yet externally this would not appear, and we find that even the goddess, in her assumed character, addresses him reproachfully. Perhaps, after all, it would be better to read, with VALLA,

Where on his mountain-banks the hero lay. * *

256. *And gaz'd, with darken'd eyes, his soul away.*] As described in v. 19 — 22: a partial abstraction which we cannot condemn as idle, since to it the world is indebted for its highest model of the sublime and its most bewitching pattern of the beautiful. * *

260. *She look'd a worn-out mother of the game.*] Here we have the goddess usurping the part of her sister, as is told in v. 53. * *

For shame! so great a boy, and loll supine!
I would do something were my limbs as thine.
Responsive star'd the youth, so soft a stare
The goddess would have kiss'd him, did she dare,
But simply tapp'd his fuzzy, sun-burnt cheek: —
Fortune, (she adds,) my son, is still to seek.
Would'st like to eat white bread, to roll in riches,
And have an unpatch'd bottom to thy breeches?
Darn'd if I won't! (the ready wit reply'd;)
And many another handsome thing beside.

Ver. 262. — *shoeless feet:*] Not, as the *miracle of learning** would have it, in allusion to the neglected and vagabond condition of the hero's youth, but as simply indicating the simplicity of those early times, (of which, alas! few vestiges remain, even in the villages of Ulster,) when people threw no broken bottles in the road, and shoes, as an unnecessary protection, were considered an effeminating luxury. * *

267. — *kiss'd him, did she dare,*] In the copy left by Sanadon, and now in the King's library at Paris, there is a marginal note, in which that able jesuit observes, that the hero's face was probably too dirty, as is commonly the case with idle boys. We would rather, however, consider it an awful reverence, on the part of the goddess, which would not permit her to take a liberty with the person of the son and heir of her superior, whom she saw already, in anticipation, invested with the high honors to which he afterwards attained. * *

If we may be permitted the correction, such a feeling could never possibly be known to the pert daughter of Conceit and Ignorance. She probably refrained because she was disguised in no very attractive person, if we may judge from what is said in v. 260, and though Rubeta may, at that early day, have glowed with much of the ardor which inflames his maturer age towards the lovely of Eve's daughters, it is questionable whether he had ever any particular partiality to the old, the "past age," as he calls them in the "Visit." Corr.

Ver. 272. *Darn'd* —] An elegant mode of asseveration used by Rubeta, and probably derived from his intimacy with the lover of Christina.

*Salmasius. The titulary panegyric of a friendly contemporary, himself of no vulgar erudition. * *

Hie to MANHATTAN then: there learn what 's life:
Not ty'd for ever to a herdsman's wife.
If he thou deem'st thy sire should say thee nay,
Take up thy sack, and fairly run away.
That 's what SCIP says. How monstrous like you be!
Only you 're fair, and twice as fine as he.
Ah! (cry'd the pert transform'd, o'ercome with joy,)
How all his mother festers in this boy!
Know, lovely offspring of an endless line,
No common fate of vulgar life is thine.
Go seek the mighty city. This I swear,
There crawls no dirty thing shall match thee there!
Yet should thy mother fail thee, in that hour
Invoke HYPOCRISY and CANT'S twin power:
Their aid, thy father's blood, shall be enough
To prove thee fashion'd of right vulgar stuff.

For an example in the most ornate of his compositions, see the scene we have cited at v. 511, 512, 513, *Canto* iii. * *

Ib. — *if I won't!* —] BENTLEY, to plaster Priscian, would amend the line thus:

Darn'd if I wouldn't then! the wit reply'd.

See the note to v. 234. * *

282. — *endless line,*] *i. e.* immortal.

Vet. Schol.

Endless line, *i. e.*, the race of fools.

BRITANNICUS.

The learned ITALIAN evidently regards the dialogue between IMPUDENCE and her fosterchild as belonging to that allegory, to which all machinery may be reduced where it is not defective, the *Dignus vindice nodus* to the contrary notwithstanding. * *

Ver. 288. — *thy father's blood,* —] Levity is at this very day the chief

Go, court success; thank HEAVEN thou 'rt void of brain;
What gravels other knaves shall prove thy gain.
Cant, quibble, lie, recant; be not afraid;
DULNESS shall save thee, IMPUDENCE will aid.
She said, leap'd o'er a stump, and, swift as light,
Shot through the furze, and straight was out of sight.
Bewilder'd, gaz'd the youth with all his eyes;
He marvell'd much to find a frock so wise;
But watch'd its motions as it clear'd the stump,
And knew the goddess by her quivering rump.
Why what a witch! (he cry'd:) To SCIP I 'll hie;
And if he bid me, — father mine, good-bye!

ingredient in the compositions of this wonderful and various being. See, *usquequaque*, N. Y. Comm. Adv. * *

290. — *thank* HEAVEN —] BENTLEY thinks this a very strange expression for IMPUDENCE, and proposes to read, for "Heaven," *Fate*. We think quite the contrary, — that it is the very expression IMPUDENCE would be most likely to use. And, after all, it is saying no more than *thank your stars;* for why should the daughter of CONCEIT and IGNORANCE use that seriously which nobody else ever thinks of so doing?
* *

300. — *witch* —] J. CÆS. SCALIGER would spell this word with *b:* but, besides that such an expression would be quite out of character with RUBETA, who we cannot doubt displayed the same reverential attachment, though in a minor degree, to the sex in his youth, that we see give beauty and grace to his riper years, (for we have found the elements of every other quality of his manhood very plainly at work in his infancy and adolescence,) besides this, unless we retain the reading in the text, what becomes of the assertion in the preceding line? for that the word goddess, there used, is perfectly synonomous with witch, must appear to every one who reflects that the youth's instructors were CHRISTINA and SCIPIO only. * *

But sire and dam the impelling Fates obey,
And speed the future newsman on his way.
Two shirts, a hat, a razor for his lip,
And three clipp'd shillings in a dog-skin scrip,
A pair of brogues that lov'd his ample feet,
And lo! LORAINA'S destin'd dupe complete!
His bran-new kersey not became him more,
Than did his form the kersey which it wore:
If to his share some female errors fall,
Look on his back, and you 'll forget them all.

300. — *to Scip I 'll hie.*] Beautiful and affecting trait of gratitude! which could only have been displayed by our Manhattanese Æneas. He forgets not, in his puberty and adolescence, the friend of his childhood, but flies to consult him in the very first dilemma. * *

Ib. — *Why what a witch!* etc. —] As this is the last sample, with which we are indulged, of the hero's juvenile dialogue, we cannot quit it without remarking upon the extraordinary simplicity, and infantile innocence, it developes in the "god-born" at one-and-twenty: in whose language through this entire scene we discover the seeds, as it were, of that elegant, yet unaffected oratory, which distinguishes the well-known lecturer, and the sublime author of the *Mysterious Bridal.* * *

302. — *sire and dam* —] That is, the herdsman and his wife. What a satisfaction this must have been to the pious feelings of the young Trojan, who otherwise would have found himself forced to go without it, and without the advantage of the handsome outfit inventoried in the subsequent verses! * *

306. — *lov'd* —] *Subobscurè. Lege, meo periculo,* wrung.
GRÆVIUS.

307. *And lo! Loraina's destin'd dupe complete!*] We are disposed to consider this an interpolation, written over an obliterated passage: the more so, that PIERIUS assures us, that all the ancient editions have,

And lo! the god-born, goddess-nurs'd, complete!

and we are told that the *Cod. Passamaq.*, the most perfect MS. yet discovered, has the line distinctly written thus:

And lo! the god-born pilgrim stands complete! * *

Even Scipio's self admir'd the long-tail'd coat,
And shouted when he saw his chum afloat.
The fare is paid; the herdsman bids adieu;
Swift-flashing from the wharf, the thundering steamer flew.
Pleas'd Impudence, array'd in porter's guise,
Perch'd on a log, the fated voyage eyes.
Red Vulcan sweated at each dripping wheel,
And the glad Naiads urg'd the roaring keel.
Now Dulness, careful mother, upside down
Had turn'd the brainpan of an Orange clown,
Who, thus befogg'd, an evening print had bought,
To pass the hours, innocent of thought.
Egg'd by his mother's busy go-between,
(Who o'er her boy now hover'd, though unseen,)
His heels the god-born laid athwart a stool,
And begg'd the paper of his brother-fool.

Ver. 310, 311. *If to his share*—etc.] Pope.

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget them all.

Rape of the L. Cto. ii. 17, 18.

311. *Look on his back,*] Not because of the coat, as some have idly conjectured. The back of the hero is in that interesting condition, in which ladies wish to be who are lawfully married: his shoulder, as Biron says,* is with child. Some editions, however, read *mouth*, others *eyes*. All three expressions are equally good, and for an equal reason. * *

322. — *befogg'd* —] Not English, I think, though analogical. * *

326. *His heels — athwart a stool,*] The approved fashion, in every country, with the nurslings of the daughter of Conceit and Ignorance, and by them mistaken for independence. Whence Mrs. Trol-

* *Love's Labor's Lost*, A. iv. Sc. 3.

O who may tell the immortal youth's surprise,
The joy which now flash'd cinders from his eyes!
Not lover when he finds his mistress warm,
Not rag-wrapt rascal shelter'd from a storm,
Not COLON when he made the land ahead,
Not twinning mothers safely brought to bed,
Not *Flaccus*, when, by KING'S dogmatic nod,
He found himself a rhymster spite of GOD,
Such transport of delight can feel, e'er felt,
As thrill'd the immortal when the news he spelt:
For here he found such ribaldry in use,
Such wholesale falsehood, such obscene abuse,
Right set at naught, and decency defy'd,
He deem'd he listen'd while his SCIPIO ly'd.
This! (said he to himself,) this! be to me
Pattern and guide! My trade I see, I see!

LOPPE and congeners, who, by reason of the very general habit of travelling among us, and the uniformity of prices, saw more of that class in AMERICA than they could possibly meet in their own country, where the people are less *locomotive*, and steamboats are not *democratized*, would have it to be an elegance peculiar to republican citizens. * *

327. — *brother-fool.*] The remark made at v. 307 applies here, but we have not the same means of correcting the text. * *

334. — Flaccus —] A ridiculous contributor to the N. Y. American, of whom by and by.

343. — *My trade*, etc.] Not of an editor; for, as it will presently appear, it was some time before his ambition ventured such a flight: he read with wonder the delightful scurrility of the paper, which was probably some leading political journal, (for in those days the parties of Federalists and Democrats ran furiously high, and were, if possible, more inveterate in abuse of each other, than the present Whig and Tory factions, so called;) he read; and he admired an art which enables

O tedious bark! When, when shall I begin!
Spit at Discretion, and set types for Sin!
  Pleas'd heard the hovering Spirit, softly smil'd,
Breath'd all her virtues on her foster-child,
Her mission done, the vapor-float forsook,
And cross'd the Hudson in a cloud of smoke,
Skimm'd o'er the cities and the fields of men,
Till reach'd the town of pertinacious PENN,
Then whirl'd through Seventh and broad Chestnut streets,
And once more nestled in her WALDIE'S sheets.
  Fast by the dike, where frown the granite eaves
Of the huge dome MANHATTAN rears for thieves,

men to put such things on paper; and from this hour his fate was sealed, and the future newsman determined to turn compositor, or at least to play the devil. From such trivial causes the mightiest events in the lives of all great men deduce their ultimate origin; even as the sources of the largest rivers are the slender rivulet, and the little noisy torrent, which wear themselves an humble channel beneath the shadows of the mountain-forest. * *

342–345. *This! said he to himself,* &c.] We may observe here the effect of inspiration. He, who but a [illegible] or two back was but a boy and talked of *Scip*, now, inflamed by the prospect of his glorious art, takes upon him the language of a man, and shares, for the moment, the power of expression which passion gives to the most vulgar spirit. Therefore RAPIN, when he condemns this passage as unnatural, inconsistent with the language of the youthful hero, and totally at variance with the horsepond-calmness of all his after life, forgets that the character is uniform, though its aberrations are diversely colored. It is the consistent inconsistency which ARISTOTLE speaks of and Nature exemplifies. * *

355. — *huge dome MANHATTAN rears for thieves.*] The not unstately pile, more like a castle than a prison, now in course of building on the site of the old *Collect*. Here run the common sewers of the city.

A range of filthy dwellinghouses stood,
Fac'd with dull brick, and bridg'd with steps of wood.
Here, in chalk'd spaces, seven feet by four,
Crowd various families a common floor;
The night's straw sack their musty couch by day,
While on the loathsome plank their broken victuals lay.
Dogs, cats, and children in one litter cry,
And mud-cak'd pigs encroach upon the sty.
Without, all wreck and nastiness; within,
Starvation, sickness, vermin, stench, and sin.
Such hives as still are found, with ev'n less room,
In Laurens-street, the southern side of Broom;

Ver. 358 – 359. *Here, in chalk'd spaces, seven feet by four, — Crowd various families a common floor;*] Many years ago, when the Editor was a resident of New York, a committee of physicians was appointed to investigate the causes of an epidemic fever which then raged in Bancker-street. In the course of their report, they stated that, in many of the houses, there were various families living in one common room, where the particular portion of the floor allotted to each tribe of occupants was marked off in chalk, and that one or two of these families even took boarders! That such wretchedness has once existed is a good reason for supposing that it exists always, to a certain extent, everywhere, as its causes are, like disease, one of the heirlooms of humanity: therefore, though that nest is broken up, and Bancker-street no more exists in name, there are no doubt many places within the locality of the Five Points which would *physic pomp** most effectually. * *

* ———— Take physic Pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.
K. Lear. A. iii. Sc. 4. Corr.

Their common sign, the walls one beastly stain
And an old hat stuck in a shatter'd pane.
Here, in a garret, near the close of day,
Stretch'd on his straw, the incarnate Dulness lay.
Seven years he 'd dabbled at CORSEILLES's trade,
Each year advanc'd, yet still had nothing made;
And now his term was up, gone was his place,
And ruin star'd him in the very face.
His beauteous brows contracted in a frown,
The lovely angles of his mouth turn'd down,
His eyes suffus'd like green ditch in a calm,
And cheek indented by his smutty palm,
He look'd, o'erwhelm'd with economic woes,
More dull than ROBERT OWEN's woodcock-nose.

Ver. 373. — *had nothing made;*] How then had he advanced? The advancement refers to his grade as a printer, or rather (since it will appear presently he was in no good odor with his master), to the regular increase of his wages according to the stipulation in his indentures: *his making nothing* is said according to the usual phrase with tradesmen and artisans, when they save nothing clear of their expenses; the youth's entire wages being probably consumed for his lodging, board, clothing, and charities. But to this latter item of his expenditure he owes his resuscitation and future advancement: so certainly are our good deeds rewarded in this life, no matter what the motives which prompted them.

ANON.

381. *More dull*, etc.] A well-known Parisian author, in his translation of the Vision, has rendered this line,

Plus triste *que le nez de bécasse d'Owen:*

but, although this is much better than the absurd mistake of another French version,

Plus triste que ne sait la *bécasse d'Owen,*

yet it is evident, to me, that the expression "dull" has not been properly understood. It is true, that the preceding lines of the text would seem

'T was then that, gazing on his minish'd hoard,
Where the last fragrant onion grac'd the board,
He thought on her whose damn'd advice he took,
And, sighing, thus the filial Dulness spoke: —
Was it for this I left my native soil:
To earn starvation by a sev'n years' toil?
To eat, to doze all day, to snore all night,
Was then my care, my study, my delight;
While SCIPIO's moral tales, and polish'd glee,
Made Sunday pass a happy day for me:
But now, of seven, six days I toil and fast,
And hear some old dog preacher bark the last.
This, at the best. In time, since wages fail,
SATAN may hear me yelp myself, in jail.
Said not that harridan, in giglet's dress,
That folly would be sure to win success?

to assign to it the sense of *triste*, but the comparison which succeeds it intimates, very plainly, that the expression on the hero's face is termed *dull*, simply as being such as becomes a son of Dulness. The Author's note (below), upon the *nose*, confirms our opinion. **

381. — *ROBERT OWEN's woodcock-nose.*] Every sportsman must remember with pleasure this conspicuous feature in the visage of the founder of NEW HARMONY. It seemed to have been given him on purpose to penetrate and draw sustenance from the marshy grounds of metaphysics, and his eyes appeared to watch the process of speculative suction with peculiar satisfaction. Hence, nobody could look upon that very ingenious person without having the reasonableness of his doctrines stare him in the very face. His nose was like the editorial columns of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, the extended personification of self-satisfied stolidity.

395. *—filial Dulness —*] DRYDEN, in *MacFlecknoe.*

My master every day my task arraigns,
And swears a pig has twice my share of brains,
The devils themselves my awkward fingers note,
Laugh at my blunders, and surname me *Goat*,
And lately, as I pass'd a neighbouring school,
The children character'd my back with *Fool*.
Am I then rich? I scarce have bread to eat;
And still my breeches show a window'd seat.
False hag! But no; she warn'd me of this hour.
"Invoke HYPOCRISY and CANT'S twin power."
I know not if there be such gods on high;
But if there be, such votary as I
Must favor find. I 'll try. I should be willing
To call the Devil just now for one poor shilling.
O thou! whatever title suits thee best,
Goddess or god! who wean'dst me at the breast,
Taught'st me with screams new accidents to feign,
That sugar might relieve the fancy'd pain,
And shap'dst this mouth (through life thy dearest charge),
Where GOD has written *Hypocrite* in large;

Ver. 398. *My master every day,* — etc.] He was so recently dismissed from his situation that he still speaks in the present time; the habit of his apprenticeship being not yet thrown off, and therefore conveying to his mind the customary images. **

404, 405. *Am I then rich?* etc.] Alluding to the implied promises of IMPUDENCE, in the scene on the bank of the Hudson. See v. 270, 271. **

413. — *wean'dst me at the breast.*] It is a species of hypocrisy, the masking of the mother's nipple with soot to disgust the suckling. **

And thou! her brother, or twin-sister fair,
Who prick'st my tongue, and tun'st my weekly pray'r!
All hail, HYPOCRISY and CANT! dread twain!
Guide of these lips, while DULNESS sways the brain:
If, for your sake, in fanes I 've courted sleep,
While zealots deem'd I cloak'd my brow to weep;
If seem'd my ear to drink the good man's drone,
While, to my heart, lov'd MALICE preach'd alone;
If, where the hallow'd bread I knelt to eat,
I 've spit my venom on my neighbour's seat,
Then hatch'd, as home my way demure I trod,
The plots concerted in the house of GOD;
O, if to give your gracious power delight,
My earnings vanish'd in my soul's despite,
While CHARITY reck'd little that I ly'd,
But took the unwilling tribute paid to PRIDE;
In fine, if all my actions still have been
Sway'd by your laws, which govern'd though unseen,

Ver. 428, 429. *Then hatch'd, as home my way demure I trod,—The plots concerted in the house of God ;*] By the comprehension of this distich in the same clause with the preceding, we are taught, that RUBETA does not mean to say that he actually went to church to talk scandal (though such a thing is not improbable), but that he indulged himself by effusing his spleen *in petto*, and on his way home matured the plots he had there laid. Such, we may imagine, was at a later day the divine origin of the aspersion of the characters of Mr. S——, Mr. B——, and (an instance which will be found presently cited) Lady ——. ANON.

Vouchsafe the aid was promis'd by that ronion!
I cannot sup nine days on one small onion.
Scarce had he finish'd, when, behold! the door,
On its sole hinge shrill-screaking, shaves the floor;
And 'twixt the narrow posts two forms appear;
Both manlike, from the straiten'd dress they wear;
But all the woman mantled in their air.

Ver. 440, &c. — *'twixt the narrow posts two forms appear;* etc. etc.] All that follows, with regard to the "two forms," EUSTATHIUS sets down as pure allegory. We cannot say of the bishop of THESSALONICA what he says of ULYSSES, that he tells a manifest falsehood, but he is certainly very much mistaken. It was the object of DULNESS to prevent her son from knowing his celestial origin; otherwise he would certainly not play the part designed for him: and we find that, to this day, he is ignorant that he is any thing more than an extraordinary mortal, whatever suspicions, as has been intimated, he may have to the contrary. Now, his mother's gossips had an equal interest in maintaining the secret; and consequently they assume a disguise, as in the text: for, as their nature is *essence*, they could not have been manifest to him otherwise than by a voice from the wall, or by the intuition of animal magnetism. Why they did not use this latter method is evident; RUBETA's time was not yet come: why they had not recourse to the former may be gathered from our argument; it had disclosed the secret. * *

My son, who, the reader will remember, is a student of arts, and therefore conversant with this same matter, assures us that the editor is certainly playing the fool with sober criticism, or otherwise he would never jumble a bishop of the twelfth century with a tract-distributor of the nineteenth; and that, however such an anachronism might have been winked at in the Poet, (who, however, does not anywhere indulge in it,) it cannot be pardoned in a grave commentator, who has all his wits about him, and has no business to be playing the *Childe*. He therefore argues that the poem is all burlesque!! Good Heaven! can it be possible? We cannot, we will not, believe him! Whatever the faults of the Editor, no buffoonery on his part can hang the bells on the crowned head of that sagest of sublime personages, the royal and pontifical RUBETA.

CORR.

We correct the revise by assuring the proof-reader that his son, though a very good boy, does not understand what he is talking about: nevertheless, we permit his observations to remain, that we may through them, once for all, set right those of our readers who may be disposed to think that either the Author or ourself are burlesquing the epopee. The se-

Portly and pursy one, with eyes demure,
Cheeks vermil-red, and as a vestal's pure;
The other gaunt, and freckled like a toad,
With straight sleek hair, and orbs that only show'd
Their jaundic'd whites six hours out of seven,
The pupils roll'd devoutly towards Heaven.
This last the mouth-piece. Sweet his accents fall,
Mix'd tone between a snivel and a drawl:
While sigh'd his solemn mate, as sore distress'd,
His heavy eyelids ever low depress'd,
And clasp'd a heap of pamphlets to his breast;
Whereon the prentice-newsman's glance might see
This legend printed: — *Eggs of Charity.*
They enter'd arm in arm, and, strange to tell,
Though this was plump, that merely bone and fell,
You scarcely might distinguish one from th' other!
For when the silent spoke, he drawl'd just like his brother.

riousness of the poem is not less indisputable than the virtues of its hero. **

455. — "*Eggs of Charity.*"] The very book whose title RUBETA carried in his pocket, and thence copied in "a note for the blind lady to read, sealed with seven seals"! "The note," (he says,) "written and printed, as we left it, was in these words: — 'The following is the title, etc.: — "*Eggs of Charity, layed by the Chickens of the Covenant, and boiled by the Waters of Divine Love. Take ye and eat.*"'" (Comm. Adv. of Sept. 4, 1837; and the same, with the alteration of the editorial *we* for the authorial *I*, in *An. Magn.* p. 53.)

The hero would therefore appear to have made a memorandum of this title, after the visit, and treasured it. Could the Monkbarns of bibliography have carried the Eggs in his pocket ever since? **

Began the stranger of the freckled face: —
Art thou the apprentice? he that 's in disgrace?
(The youth assented with a flood of tears.)
We come for thy salvation. Loose thy fears.
The wholesome savor of thy virtues rare
Reach'd us in sister WEASEL's house of pray'r:
How to poor slaves thy night-shirt thou didst part;
With other gracious quick'nings of the heart.
Therefore, a shining light thou shalt be made,
A trap to SATAN, even by thy trade.
But gird thy loins; thy tale to us disclose:
No common history that visage shows.
The goddess ceas'd; ('t was CANT herself, disguis'd;
Her sister by;) and thus the youth, advis'd,

Ver. 470. *But gird thy loins;*] We are not to imagine, from this expression, that the youth's breeches were down, as SCIOPPIUS would teach us; who indiscreetly reads, in the second hemistich, *thy tale thou wilt expose*, — and thereby, from the ambiguity of his own construction (which may either imply command, or be considered as simply predicting an event,) infers a double meaning. It is the use, or rather the abuse, of scriptural language, in which CANT especially delights; and the sense is, simply, *Come, my good fellow, let us have thy story; for appearances are deceitful indeed, if that scaramouch's visage of thine do not promise us some rare buffoonery.* * *

472, 473. —(*'t was CANT herself, disguis'd; — Her sister by;*)] Thus explained, in the language of MILTON, and after the practice of HOMER:

——— For spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; —
* * *
——— in what shape they choose
* * *

His tale commenc'd, while groan'd the bigger guest,
And clasp'd his Eggs still closer to his breast: —
From Pisa, on the Danube's banks, I came;
My sire, a mighty satrap known to fame,
De Petra call'd, — of old descent; whose shield
Bears three brown pebbles on a silver field.

Can execute their airy purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
Par. L. i. 423, 424, 428, *and* 430, 431.

476. *Pisa, on the Danube's banks,*] It is singular, that every sensible critic should consider this error on the part of Rubeta as the effect of ignorance, and not the voluntary part of the subtilized dissimulation, so worthy of a great and wise man, which the hero, an Ulysses at little more than the age of Telemachus, displays at this crisis of his mortal fate.

The word *satrap*, in the next line, comes under the same remark. * *

479. — *brown* —] There is no such tincture in heraldry. Read therefore *red;* the arms being probably blazoned thus: — *Argent, three paving-stones gules.* Bentley.

A bad correction. Rubeta was but then an apprentice; therefore had not attained that universal knowledge which puts him since beyond the chance of error. How happily, in later days, his knowledge of blazon adds ornament and vigor to his style, has been frequently observed by his admirers. An instance, fresh in the recollection of the readers of his journal, is that where, noticing the departure of the great steam-vessel with the ridiculous name, he launches forth, in the spirit of Walter Scott, into the following *felicity* of description: —

"From the topmast" [she has four] "of the ship floated a *banner*, quartered with the flags of England and the United States — the stars of our country being *blended* with the cross of St. George, on the *dexter point*, and the stripes occupying the ground of the *lower sinister quarter*."

Certainly (not to speak of the excellent English) the exactness of heraldic cant with which he so happily emblazons the dexter and sinister *quarters*, and the variety which his synonyme of *point* and *quarter* gives to this delicious passage, most strikingly evince the truth of what rhetoricians have observed, that no branch of knowledge can be superfluous to a poet, or, as we might more accurately express it, that the author of the Sepulchre of David should find himself at home on every topic. * *

478, 479. — *whose shield — Bears three brown pebbles on a silver field.*]

Lib'ral and wise, and such by wide report,
The sons of Science ever throng'd his court.
Among the rest, there came a needy GAUL;
His art unknown; his work, a magic ball,
Enormous globe! within whose silken round
The viewless winds, by wizard charms, were bound.
To this a fragile osier car was ty'd,
Prepar'd for voyage in the coastless void.
I, who was ever of a dauntless mind,
Straight to the bark my princely form consign'd.
In vain my sire, in vain his court oppose.
Up to the clouds the wind-borne shallop rose.

How beautifully is truth mixed up with fiction in this Odyssean invention! for can it be doubted that this is the very shield, the mysterious allusion to which forms not one of the least wonderful of the wonders of the wondrous Letter on Animal Magnetism? Some, however, as we have stated in our observations on the preceding Canto, will have it that this pretended shield has, like the principality of the Satrap, no existence whatever, save in the heraldry of the hero's imagination; while others maintain, with us, that it is a sprig of genuine truth engrafted on the stock of the fable, and found their argument upon the fact, that in the three pebbles we have, after a well-known fashion of heralds, a quibbling allusion to the name of *Petra*. Appropriately of this name, we may just mention that a few of the ardent admirers of the great man, whose youth is set before the reader in such fascinating colors (where the wisdom of the serpent is seen to blend with the innocence and tenderness of the dove), that these amiable enthusiasts regard *De Petra* as the real designation of the herdsman, and make him a descendant of one GABRIEL DE PETRA, a Latin translator of Longinus; whence they derive that just perception, that keen relish, of the sublime, which is so distinguished an attribute of the author of the *Tales and Sketches*. Pleasing conjecture! might it be considered true: but the Muse, from whose eyes nothing is hidden, shows the fallacy of such a notion, and deprives the hero of the hereditary laurel to wreathe his brows with amaranth. * *

Three days, three nights, again another day,
Through heaven's wide sea we took our trackless way,
Such as the moon through clouds is seen to take,
The billowy vapors surging on her wake.
'T was the fourth night: my head lay on my breast,
And famish'd youth sought sustenance in rest:
When, suddenly, I heard a rushing sound,
As when a hurricano sweeps the ground;
Upturns the car; down, down, I feel me fall,
Like seamew stricken by the fowler's ball;
And then, the plash of waters; and I woke.
Wide o'er my head your bay's green surges broke,
And, by the dawn's gray light, I saw afloat
The wizard foul, his car become his boat,
While round his limbs the fluttering silk was wound,
Monstrous no more, as when it spurn'd the ground.
I saw: next moment, lo! the accursed GAUL
A dogfish swallowed up, car, silk, and all!
Why then I perish'd not, I fear to think;
Things doom'd to hang, men say, can never sink.
Sir Shark no more an appetite might feel,
And sav'd me doubtless for his noon-day meal.
Ere noon, a fisher pick'd me up. The rest,
Want and misfortune will explain it best.
Happy alone in that I yet survive,
Still happier, saw my foe devour'd alive,

But happiest now, if, by your timely aid,
To this poor onion I may add some bread.
Come to my heart! — Hypocrisy reply'd, —
Dear as myself, so sagely hast thou ly'd.
But say, thy name? how by thy fellows known?
As *Stupid Will*, or *William the Buffoon.*
Ah! — cry'd the goddess of the downcast eyes, —
There blush'd the truth! For once, thou art not wise.
Yet *William* simply thou shalt be no more,
But, with the name thy satrap-father bore,
Soon shalt thou reign the pacha of a journal,
Esquir'd in print, while wits nickname thee *Colonel.*

Ver. 520. — *Hypocrisy reply'd, —*] An eminent instance of the force of great virtue. Even Hypocrisy, who has hitherto let Cant do all the speaking, is roused from her divine abstraction by the congenial wisdom of her godchild. Similar is a scene in the thirteenth Book of the Odyssey, between Minerva and the double-dealing Ithacus. We have intimated already, that, as in the qualities of his heart Rubeta is Æneas spiritualized and perfected, so in wisdom and versatility he resembles, resembles to surpass, the favored of Athena. Indeed, the Author has so told us himself: —

——————— th' unborrow'd glory
Of him, the *Ulysses* of this brave old story.
Canto i. 46. **

525. *There blush'd the truth!*] Why *blush'd?* Dacier says, because it was ashamed of being found in his company. **

527. — *the name thy satrap-father bore,*] That is, *Petra* added to *William.* Taubman.

528. — *pacha —*] Heyne says, of three tails, or with the letters *E. S, Q,* annexed to his designation. An interpretation perhaps sanctioned by the first hemistich of the succeeding line. **

529. — *wits nickname thee "Colonel."*] Heyne reads *cits;* for, as he justly observes, why should the designation be ascribed to the jocu-

Nay, more; if studious our lov'd will to please,
A nobler title shalt thou bear than these:
Haply some muse, enamor'd of thy fame,
Shall consecrate to Time thy future name,
And men, delighted, see their Stupid Will,
Limn'd on the mists that shroud Apollo's hill,

larity of wit, when it is the familiar style and title of Rubeta? The same able critic conjectures that *nick*name should be *sur*name, for the same reason. The melody of the verse would certainly be improved by the two emendations. * *

529. "*Colonel.*"] At this word we find a note which is evidently an interpolation. Some vulgar fellow (for who else would so misinterpret a character that is the very aloe of epic excellence?) rails thus, in the style of Doll Tearsheet: — "*Colonel!* Thou abominable *newsmonger!* art thou not ashamed to be called *Colonel?* A *Colonel!* These fellows will make the word *Colonel* as odious as the word *editor;* which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted. Therefore *colonels* had need look to it." *K. Hen.* iv. A. ii. Sc. 4. * *

535. *Limn'd on the mists that shroud Apollo's hill,*] By this, the Author means to intimate that he himself never saw the hill of the Muses, but only draws his pictures from the clouds, which settle on Parnassus, and are taken for the mount itself, by short-sighted people, and that they are even like them fleeting, — *quales ego, aut Cluvienus.** But if so, what does he mean by consecrating them to *Time?* Lipsius would read *in verse;* not observing that, as the Poet has said *Muse* in the preceding line, this reading would give place to a slovenly tautology. However, the text may need no emendation; for, as the words are put in the mouth of Hypocrisy, it may be that this goddess (notwithstanding she sometimes speaks the truth) is really exercising her function on the ex-apprentice, and, when she promises him notoriety, is cheating him with a bubble.

The above, by some anonymous hand, is false criticism. Hypocrisy indeed does never speak the original sentiments of her own heart, (which would certainly be to utter falsehood,) but her words are, almost always, truth counterfeited from the lips of others; for by this forgery

* Juvenal of himself: *Sat.* i. 80. * *

In grov'lling ways and venom'd froth surpass
The hedge-toad, and in ignorance the ass.
Meantime, there 's earnest. Take thou. Buy and eat.
Who serves us well shall never want for meat.
As some tall lily, crush'd by showers of rain,
While beats the storm lies levell'd with the plain;
On the soak'd soil its leafy honors lie,
While the bare root confronts the inclement sky;
When kindly hands the prostrate plant have found,
Reset its stem, and bid it grace the ground,
Soon to the sun it spreads a gorgeous flower,
And looks, reviv'd, more lovely for the shower:
So from his woful dump the hero rose:
O'er his soil'd cheek the joy of dulness glows:

alone is she plausible, and able to play her part with effect. In intimating the probability that some poet might consecrate to Time the name of RUBETA, the goddess by no means says that Time will accept the offering. * *

536, 537. *In — venom'd froth surpass — The hedge-toad, —*] ALEXANDER AB ALEX. considers the illustration to be adopted with great propriety, because as the saliva of the toad is really harmless, though reputed poisonous by the vulgar, so the sweltered malice of RUBETA blackens no man's character, though he spits it with a spite that, to ordinary eyes, looks mortal! *Schol.*

537. *— hedge-toad, —*] We have chosen this occasion for a conjectural explanation of the name RUBETA. "Sunt, quæ" — says PLINY, speaking of toads — "Sunt, quæ *in vepribus tantum* vivunt, ob id RUBETARUM nomine, ut diximus, quas Græci phrynos vocant, grandillimæ cunctarum, geminis veluti cornibus, *plenæ veneficiorum.*" (*Hist. Nat.* xxxii. 18.) This of itself would seem to answer the description of animal; but again we have, "ILLATIS IN POPULUM, SILENTIUM FIERI!" which sets the matter beyond dispute. * *

And oh, — he cry'd, — ye heaven-inspir'd two!
For gifts so rare what shall your servant do?
Do? (Cant reply'd:) Do nothing; only lie.
With this one merit nothing else can vie.
Thou own'st the virtue: to sustain it try.
Detraction; slander; skill to hide the right,
Or smother it whenever brought to light;
The fear of God in mouth-religion shown;
The zeal for all men's morals but one's own;
All are but forms of that one gift divine,
And all these forms, my son, are thine, are thine!
This, to maintain our rights and triple rule;
But, for thine own amusement, play the fool:
In books, gazette, or pamphlets; where you will;
Place cannot lack to such consummate skill.
When thou art great, as great thou soon shalt be,
Since Dulness' self resigns the throne to thee,
The lecture-room thy foolery shall share,
And wise committees lead thee to the chair,
As showmen bid their long-tail'd monkeys pray,
To gather crowds, and make the laughers pay.

Ver. 550. — *he cry'd, — ye heav'n-inspired two!*] This shows Rubeta to be still ignorant of the character of his visitors. He believes them to be holy persons, sent expressly by Providence to reward a man of his consummate piety. * *

557. — *mouth-religion* —] The hero's "worst fault," like Jack Rugby's, "is, that he is given to prayer. But nobody but has his fault." (*M. Wives of Windsor*, A. i. Sc. 4.) * *

Thus in all places scatter all thy trash,
Gemm'd thick with lies. Nor fear thou to be rash.

Ver. 567 – 570. *The lecture-room thy foolery shall share, — And wise committees,* &c.]

——————— Redit ad pulpita notum
Exodium * —

We see by the papers, that the immortal panegyrist of EVE's green petticoat is again to favor the public with one of those delightful effusions of eloquence, which thrilled the hearts of some hundred misses at Clinton-Hall the past winter; the generous creature having volunteered his services to extricate the N. Y. Historical Society from debt. The committee (on which, by the by, his portly rival PETRONIUS figures: happy society! in such an orator, led to the rostrum by such a committee!) the committee have placed him sixth upon the list of lecturers. What his subject will be we do not know; but, to judge from the fact of his now growing pale over the biography of a Mohawk savage, and from his notorious modesty, it will doubtless be a recommendatory sample of that elaborate compilation. As we are, happily, domiciled for the winter in NEW YORK, we shall go to hear him, and take with us our three little girls, and two small boys, baby and all, *personæ pallentis hiatum in gremio matris formidantem infantulum.*†

* *

* JUV. iii. 174.

† Friday evening, Feb. 23, 1838, 9½ o'clock. I have just returned from the *Stuyvesant Institute*, where the divine lecturer on ADAM's emblematic language kept wisdom and loveliness chained down upon the benches, nearly two entire hours, to listen to the eulogy of BRANT: for it was, indeed, as we conjectured, of a portion of his gatherings respecting BRANT that this illustrious being condescended to deliver himself. Unprepared as they were for the discourse, (for, until the gazette came in which advertised it, we were not aware of the substitution of the ready Colonel for one of his brother-lecturers earlier on the list,) unprepared as they were, my wife, and even the children, cloaked and shawled themselves with great animation; Nurse tied up our precious baby's throat to secure it from the sharpness of the freezing weather; the carriage drew up to the door; and in ten minutes we were in the Lecture-room of the Institute.

The classic exercise commenced. The Athenian, wriggling gracefully, informed the audience, that he had been pitched upon, quite unexpectedly to himself, "as a forlorn sort o' hope," whereupon he wittily remarked, with that inimitable expression of his unrivalled mouth, that he was afraid they would find *him* very *forlorn*. I thought the baby would have gone into convulsions! — He then added, that he had himself a cold, muttered something which, we regret to say, was lost to us in the immensity of his shirt-collar, finished the observation on catarrhal impediments by remarking that he was not always thought to *croak like a raven*, coughed five times, spoke of militia-offi-

If scented, call them errors. This shall pass:
Nobody minds the stumbling of an ass.

cers and epaulettes, with a beautifully jocose allusion to his own military honors, and at last condescended to fall *into the midst of things*, assuring the ladies that, though the INDIANS did butcher women, they never violated them, as, he said, was always the case in Christian warfare. (*a*)

He then told us how the poet CAMPBELL was guilty of a great want of magnanimity in not altering his elegant poem, after he had been informed by the younger BRANT of the error of his statement with regard to the Oneida chieftain, said he should not have put the correction into a note, but have altered the text, &c.; a suggestion which, should Mr. CAMPBELL by any odd chance light upon these pages, he will doubtless adopt, coming as it does from a member of the N. Y. H. S. and a colonel of militia. And by the way, of our own accord, we advise that distinguished poet in future to pronounce the locality of his story WYO'MING and not WY'OMING; that having been the pronunciation of the lecturer throughout, except once in the middle of his discourse, when, perceiving my little boys to stare, he observed, parenthetically, *that he believed the true pronunciation was* WY'OMING, *but that he had got a habit in his boyhood* (when SCIPIO taught him) *of saying* WYO'MING, *and* HE HAD EVER AFTER STUCK TO IT: which, as my youngest boy remarked, is being very spirited.

Moreover, on the same occasion, we learned that *audacious* must be articulated *ow-dash-us; occupation, ok-koo-pa-tion; regular, reg-gil-er;* &c. &c. &c.

But my wife! She shall never see RUBETA again! never! I thought she would have gone crazy from the mere fascination of his mouth! Were the dear susceptible creature in the way she contrives to be, to my delight and affliction, every two years, I should certainly have removed her. And my little AMELIA asked me, *what that funny man did eat?* To the readers of the Vision, who are aware of the beauty of this uncontracted feature in the hero's celestial physiognomy, this enthusiasm of the females of my family will not appear surprising. Even I, I myself, grey as I am in divers patches, had almost laughed aloud in pure delight of contemplation; for the recollection crossed me of what IAGO wished his fingers were for CASSIO's sake, and I could not help wondering, if CASSIO's mouth were like RUBETA's, that it should suggest to the brain of the malicious and envious Ancient so savory a fancy.

In conclusion, we heard a great deal that we did not understand, but we were entertained with sundry sallies of the facetious historian's wit, learned that officers on parade must be said to *gambol about*, when they ride their horses briskly up and down, and had the inexpressible felicity of seeing represented the very idea we had formed of the Lecturer's manner when toying with LORAINA; for, at the close of his discourse, having occasion to speak of a young savage bursting into a room with "a baby" in his arms, he paused for a moment; his eyes scintillated in their own peculiar manner; "skipping," said he, "like — *like a young fawn*"; and, as he spoke, the mighty Colonel tossed his arms like a cradle, lifted his inferior members one after another, and showed us a living picture of the nursery. He then closed his sheets, and remarking, as he raised the foot of the pamphlet so as to let the light glance on it, and show us it was printed, that it was part of a work which would very soon be published,

(*a*) A favorite subject of his, as will be seen at v. 707, and as is well known to the readers of the N. Y. Comm. Adv.

Laugh with the foe: stand firm. If vain their fire,
To save themselves their forces must retire.
Rare strategy, for which Fate made thee fit,
Who gave thy modesty to match thy wit!
Thus she. But, joy dissembling, while he sigh'd,
Dulness' dull offspring thus, demure, reply'd: —
Ah! might this be! But this (thou know'st it well)
Were cheap'ning pleasure at the mart of HELL.

Ver. 575. — *stand firm. If vain their fire, — To save themselves, their forces must retire.*] CANT, whose metaphors are usually taken from the sacred writings, yet does not hesitate to borrow them from every use and circumstance of life; as is known to those who are most familiar with the ways of this pleasant goddess. Here, for instance, where she has dropped the language of her office, and comes to plain dealing with the hero, the allusion is almost a translation from the tactics of PUYSEGUR:—

"Mais, dira-t-on, comment ces figures de bataillon peuvent-elles marcher et tenter de se retirer, surtout ayant les rangs et les files si serrés? Je sçai bien que quand l'ennemi, après s'être soumis à leur feu, marche pour les attaquer, pour lors ces bataillons ne doivent pas marcher, mais attendre le choc de pied ferme. L'ennemi attaque de force, ou ne le fait pas; s'il n'attaque pas, ou *qu'après avoir attaqué il n'ait pas réussi, il faut qu'il s'éloigne pour ne pas être soumis au feu, et ne pas perdre inutilement du monde.*" Art de la Guerre: *Chap.* xiii. *Art.* viii. (4to. T. i. p. 289.)

578. — *thy modesty to match thy wit.*] We have shown, (and proofs must multiply as we go on,) that both are unrivalled. But for the former quality, ah! nobody ever came near it but SOSIA.*

he curtsied, and, with a soft and winning smile, gave the audience permission to go home and get warmed.

As we left the hall door, a pretty girl remarked, that she thought the lecture "*forlorn*, and should not go again." — "But the mouth, the mouth!" said my wife. "But the mouth!" said AMELIA. "My dears," said I, "both, — you will leave the mouth till a reggeler opportoonity: that 'ere 's the car-ri-age, and it 's time to gambol home." My wife pressed my arm in rapture at my improved elocution, called me her *dear Colonel*, and took her seat. I felt like OTHELLO; and all that night I lay with my back to her. Certainly, never shall she see that basilisk again! * *

* In the *Amphitryon*, where that worthy fellow says of himself, (*A.* i. *Sc.* i.)

Qui me alter est audacior homo? aut qui me confidentior?

* *

Smil'd the twin-goddesses a solemn smile,
To find their charge transcend them both in guile;
And CANT resum'd: — Know'st not it hath been said
Lies are but breath, and cannot weigh with bread?
'T is the mouth's care the stomach to supply.
Curse then your stomach, if its pantler lie;
And nobly dare, since to the gap thou 'rt driven;
Nor hope, a newsman thou, to go to HEAVEN.
Or fear'st thou me? O son, too wise by far,
Behold! and know us both for what we are!
Straight, to the prentice-hero's swelling eyes,
Up from the floor a fog appear'd to rise,

Ver. 585. — *Know'st not it hath been said — Lies are but breath, and cannot weigh with bread?*] We suppose that CANT, (who, whether in her real essence, or in her assumed character, would be conversant with the history of all heresies,) alludes to the doctrines of PRISCILLIAN; this amiable bishop having taught, that false oaths, and of course ordinary lies, are perfectly justifiable when recommended by utility and convenience; a tenet which the snivelling goddess knew must be peculiarly acceptable to the future newsman. And, accordingly, it has ever since proved the rule of his action, as it is the basis of the wisdom of half his tribe.

But RUBETA was already in possession of this principle, as he himself has boasted, and CANT herself acknowledges. Why then was it necessary to teach it? *Ans.* To confirm him in his lofty course of conduct: for, during his mortal term of life, the immortal changeling would necessarily be subject to the inconstancy of humanity, which needs every caution, and encouragement, to maintain it in rectitude. * *

593, &c. *Straight*, etc.] Those, who maintain that the deification of RUBETA's visitors is but poetical embellishment, bring forward this passage in proof of their argument, and pretend to tell us, that the fog and sunbeam are no more than the gloom of the chamber as the twilight thickens into darkness, and the transformation of the righteous

Which wrapp'd the strangers in its dusky shade,
While through the veil a parting sunbeam play'd,
And lo! the brother of the Eggs was seen,
In sober bonnet and with simpering mien,
A damsel cautelous of plump eighteen;
Such as, on Sunday, mincing from her pew,
Looks o'er the shoulder, when base men pursue.
He of the freckled cheek appear'd no more;
No more in bulk; but, heavenly as before,
His upturn'd eyes were seen, and mouth's dry twist,
Floating and flickering on the cloud of mist;
Yet ever nigh the bonnet kept their place,
Like a booth-brother breathing sounds of grace.
All this above; but, 'neath the damsel's clothes,
Peep'd out an alligator's scaly toes.

couple a mere optical delusion, consequent upon the imperfect vision of the hero, and his now thorough perception of their character. * *

607. *Like a booth-brother breathing sounds of grace.*] Alludes to the confidential exhortations, in those abominable howling-matches in the wilderness which go by the name of *camp-meetings;* and which, be it remarked, are as gross an insult to the majesty of religion, as the mummery of the ancient priests of Isis, and only less licentious than that horrible superstition because less general. * *

609. — *alligator* —] This well known species of lizard, whose drowsy nature makes it love a state of quiescence, is said to make up for its want of bodily flexibility by assuming the motionless appearance of a log on the water, which induces the duller animals to come within its reach: whence, and from the popular and poetical notion of its counterfeiting distress, it has been at all times an emblem of hypocrisy.*

* The difference between the alligator of Florida and the crocodile of Egypt is not well established, or is so trifling as to be confined to a very few, and exceedingly slight, physical distinctions; though Cuvier has enumerated not less than twelve species as distinct families of this monster.

Down in the dust, before the awful shade,
The hero knelt unmask'd, and thus ecstatic, pray'd:—
Take me, good angels! soul and body take,
Mould by your will, and what you 'd have them make!

Ver. 612, &c. *Take me, good angels!* etc. etc.] Imitated from the *Clouds*. Certainly there is a remarkable family likeness, between the qualities for which STREPSIADES conditions and those of which RUBETA is in happy possession, as will be seen particularly in the parts of the original we have underscored.

Νῦν οὖν χρήσθων, ὅ τι βούλονται
Τουτὶ τό γ' ἐμὸν σῶμ' αὐτοῖσιν
Παρέχω τύπτειν, πεινῆν, διψῆν,
Αὐχμεῖν, ῥιγοῦν, ἀσκὸν δαίρειν·
Εἴπερ τὰ χρέα διαφευξοῦμαι,
Τοῖς ἀνθρώποις τ' εἶναι δόξω
Θρασὺς, εὔγλωττος, τολμηρὸς, ἴτης,
Βδελυρὸς, ψευδῶν ζυγκολλητὴς,
Εὑρησιεπὴς*, περίτριμμα δικῶν,
Κύρβις†, κρόταλον, κίναδος, τρύμη,
Μάσθλης, εἴρων, γλοιὸς, ἀλαζὼν‡,
Κένταρων§, μιαρὸς,
Στρόφις, ἀργαλέος, ματτυολοιχός.
439–451.

As ARISTOPHANES uses many words that are of rare occurrence, and not unfrequently in senses that are peculiar or unusual, the general reader will perhaps not be displeased, that I attempt to render in English the verses I have cited, (if he will pardon an extemporaneous and doggerel, but almost literal, version of that melodious wit.) ‖

* In one sense, his contemporary, the elegant PETRONIUS, shares with him in this gift. **

† This his goddesses would not allow to our Strepsiades, but have made the qualification over to PETRONIUS.

‡ Shared with PETRONIUS.

§ Characteristic of the whole tribe.

‖ I have no copy of Mr. MITCHELL'S Aristophanes, or I should transcribe the version therefrom. It is several years since I met, in some review, or magazine, with

Lo! for all jobs your trusty servant fit;
To your great cause, obedient, I submit

Strepsiades is addressing the Clouds, the demons which the satirical dramatist feigns to be the deities of Socrates.

Now let them use me as they please.
This, my body, I give to these,
To beat, to expose to hunger and thirst,
To parch with heat,* to stiffen with cold,
To strip of the hide, (if it come to the worst,)
So that my creditors loose their hold,
To men I may seem a rascal bold,
With the gift of the gab, pert and audacious,
Flagitious, loquacious,
And above all, mendacious;
Vers'd in the strife and the wiles of the court,
Of law-stuff to prattle,
A turbulent rattle,
A sly-creeping fox; an old stager in short:
A slippery knave, and as pliant as leather,
A thorough dissembler and braggart together,

certain extracts from that work, which delighted me exceedingly. One passage I remember: it is the translation of these lines:

Discip. I. Ἄνθρωπε, τί ποιεῖς;
Streps. Ὅ τι ποιῶ; τί δ' ἄλλο γ' ἢ
Διαλεπτολογοῦμαι ταῖς δοκοῖς τῆς οἰκίας;

which Mr. Mitchell thus happily renders, (I hope I shall not be found to misquote him?) in the very spirit of his author; that is, as Aristophanes would have written had his language been English:

1*st Discip.* Old fellow there, what are you after?
Streps. I 've a knotty point with your schoolroom joint,
And some logic to chop with your rafter.

If all his translation be like this specimen (1), I am forestalled in a labor of love which I had set by for some future day.

* I do not know why Brunck, and others, have preferred to translate αὐχμεῖν by *squalore conficere*, when the ordinary sense affords so agreeable an antithesis.

(1) This, I think, is a mistake. Mr. Mitchell, I believe, never translated the Clouds, but published, in his volumes, the version of Cumberland. An accomplished friend advises me, that it is, without doubt, a version of the *reviewer* of Mr. Mitchell's performance, which the Author, by a lapse of the memory, has ascribed to the latter gentleman. The work of translation, therefore, is still open in English; for Cumberland's *Clouds*, however elegant, is not the *Clouds* of Aristophanes. **

These brains (if any be,) these hands, this face,
Reckless of scorn, and callous to disgrace.
All that I ask, — Feed, feed my craving purse!
And, worthless as I am, still make me worse!
Known through the isle for impudence, audacity,
Emptiness, malice, arrogance, loquacity,
Dissembling, cunning, boastfulness, mendacity;
My mind and morals most consummate matches,
Py'd as my journal, patches set on patches:

A cloak of odd patches, obscenely impure,
A Jack at all tricks, and most hard to endure,
And ready at all times to cozen the poor. *

* *

624. *Py'd as my journal,* —] The journal over which his god-parents had promised to set him (v. 528). He seems already to conceive a very exact idea of its nature. Whence many have supposed that his time had

* Though I cite from the favorite edition of BRUNCK, I have chosen, for convenience, the common reading *ματιολοιχὸς*, notwithstanding that excellent editor pronounced it *nihili esse*.

Ματιολοιχὸς, qui ex falsa mensura lucrum captat: a nomine μάτιον, significante genus quoddam mensuræ. [Eust. — Aristoph. in Nub.] An explanation which, if it can be defended (1), cannot be considered as inapplicable. However, for the emendation preferred by BRUNCK, *ματτύη* is *mattya*, *πᾶν πολυτελὲς ἔδεσμα*: *ματτυολοιχὸς* therefore, *mattyarum linctor; Anglicè*, smell-feast: a sort of character which applies so well to RUBETA, PETRONIUS, & Co., (who, it is known, will *puff* any tavern for a hot dinner, and who fall into raptures when the master of a steamer invites them down to *mortadella*-sandwiches and iced champagne,) that, had I time to spare, I would leave my rhymes no longer extemporaneous, but amend them for the sake of the last line.

(1) BENTLEY scoffs at both the old readings. *Μάτιολοιχὸς* is considered above, and is certainly very suspicious. But for *Ματαιολοιχὸς*, though the prosodian may object to it, the interpreter cannot be so nice. *Qui frivolas res consectatur, eas velut delambens*, (STEPH. Thes.,) is not only a natural sense, but a sense which is applicable to the occasion. In this light, the greatest objection to the phrase is that it is weak, and, coming at the tail of the long string of characteristic epithets and epithetic titles which STREPSIADES is willing to have applied to himself, makes but "a lame and impotent conclusion." The emendation of BENTLEY (which is that adopted by BRUNCK) is perhaps the true reading. See, however, what SCHÜTZ says of it, vol. i. of his edition of Aristophanes, Part ii. p. 349, (Lips. 1821.)

* *

In fine, in all things yours and DULNESS' tool,
Unrivall'd whether mountebank or fool!
Thus pray'd the hero. Meantime, denser grows
The mist: melt into shade the goddess' clothes,
And floating mouth and eyes, and crocodiline toes.
But still the drawl ethereal caught the ear,
While thus spoke CANT the adoring garreteer: —
Well hast thou pray'd. Ere twice ten weeks, my son,
This isle shall feel thy ministry begun.
For IGNORANCE to IMPUDENCE shall grant
A loan to aid our projects. Trust in CANT.
And now, adieu! Before three nights expire,
Another roof shall shield thee, fresh attire.
But, O my child! one warning ere we part:
Guard from the fair that too susceptive heart.

been served under the printer of a thing of this kind: a supposition altogether necessary, if we are to believe this scene is allegorical.

* *

630. — *ethereal* —] MURETUS reads *celestial;* falsely, and with little reflection. The voice cannot be called either celestial or infernal, as these goddesses are neither of HEAVEN, nor (though on intimate terms with the inhabitants of this latter empire) of HELL, but, as will be seen in another part of the poem, the denizens of atmospheric space; being demons which hover round humanity, and, like their various fellows, conflict incessantly with the opponent virtues, except where they have complete possession of the man, or, as in the present instance, are his friends and ministers by birthright. * *

638, &c. *But, O my child!* etc.] The arrangement effected with her godchild, CANT no more compels herself to plain speaking, but continues in her favorite style. * *

Wo 's me! I hear thee blubber at the thought.
SAMSON, thy locks are shorn, thy strength is naught,
And Dalilas shall lead thy wit astray!
Be it; but only in a moral way.
As in the day when ZION'S curse began;
When seven virgins seiz'd upon one man,
Saying: Not for thy rank, or wealth, we sigh,
But, mercy! make us women ere we die;
So maids shall flock to thee. O be they spurn'd!
Before, like ISRAEL'S king, thy heart is turn'd.
Write of the sex, incessant; but so write,
As if thou woo'd it in thy soul's despite:
Clap on the virgin honor of thy brain
RACHEL'S twin garters and her tinkling chain;
And let not Egypt's fleshpots fire the vein;

Ver. 644 – 647. *As in the day* — etc.] "And in that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel; only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach." *Isaiah* iv. 1.

649. — *like Israel's king* —] It is a curious and pleasing study to trace the mighty current of some strong imagination up to his little and remote origin. In this hint from the goddess lay, it seems to us, the seed of that luxuriant poem, whose giant branches shadow, with a solemn yet graceful umbrage, the *Sepulchre of David.* See our note at v. 343. **

653. *Rachel's twin garters and her tinkling chain:*] A custom with the Hebrew people, thus explained from Maimonides by the Huguenot ALLIX:

— "une coutume que le juste désir de conserver la virginité des filles contre toutes sortes d'accidens avait introduite parmi ce peuple. Les filles portaient une espèce d'entraves appelées dans le Talmud *Cevalim;* dont voici la description faite par le célèbre fils de Maiemon, Moïse: *Cevalim sunt compedes in forma periscelidis, inter quos interposuerunt catenulas. Illis compedibus ornabant se virgines,*

But live on salep, arrow-root, and sago,
Thou of absurdities thrice-blest farrago!
She ceas'd. Down rush'd the night. The voice no more
Rous'd the dull echoes of the attic floor.
Lull'd by his hopes, the hero ceas'd to weep,
Peel'd his sole onion, and lay down to sleep.
But the twin-power cleave the star-lit air
To Mother WEASEL'S den of privy pray'r,
In their first shape, as deacons, welcome light,
And with the sisters howl the livelong night.
Thrice wan'd three months. Then DULNESS, with a smile,
Saw her son's genius tickle all the isle.
His gallimaufry girls and grandames bought,
And lik'd a page that sav'd the toil of thought.
Once learn to float, the waters ever please,
Till, like a duck, you paddle at your ease.
Charm'd with the plash he made, the gazetteer
Plung'd deeper in, and flounder'd spite of fear:

ut non intercederent passu magno, ne contingeret ipsis damnum in virginitate sua." Reflex. sur les 5 Livres de Moïse, pour établir la Vérité de la Relig. Chrétienne : 2e Part., chap. xx. p. 258, (*Lond.* 1687.)

It is this *guard-chain* to which the prophet ISAIAH alludes (iii. 18) : — "In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments (*about their feet*, the translators add).

RACHEL, of course, is put in the text for any Jewish maiden. * *

For when men's laughter reach'd him from the
banks,
He deem'd it praise, and cut still rarer pranks;
Div'd on his belly, swam with dash and thump,
Here jerk'd a heel, and there display'd the rump:
Then, issuing from the pool, with ooze all grim,
Ye gods! he cry'd, what royal sport to swim!
Thence *Masonry* her bright primordial fetches;
To this we owe your fire, seraphic *Sketches!*

Ver. 673, 674. *For when men's laughter reach'd him from the banks, — He deem'd it praise, and cut still rarer pranks.*] — "tam frigidis dictis captans risum, ut ipse sæpius, quam dicta sua, rideretur." THOM. MORI Eq. *Utopiæ Lib.* 1. (*p.* 49, *ed. Foulis*, 1750.)

679. — Masonry —] Some years ago there was a violent excitement caused in the state of NEW YORK, and elsewhere in the Union, by the supposed abstraction, by a party of Free Masons, of one MORGAN, who had divulged their mystery. Party lays hold of any thing; and soon *Masonry* and *Anti-masonry* became the rallying-shout of opposing political factions. The great RUBETA pounced upon the occasion; as, more recently, the imposture of a vagabond swindler, the calumnies of an apostate nun, and the infatuation of a parcel of soft-headed doctors, all in succession, furnished him with similar quarry. Were a fit to seize upon the people of MANHATTAN to eat eggs at the side instead of the end, we should have forthwith, from the same sublime pen, a treatise on the advantages and disadvantages of the lateral infraction, &c. Like SIR JOHN of the belly, *there is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but he is thrust upon it.**

680. — Sketches!] "As to the title of these vols., etc. the author has chosen it exactly for its fitness, *etc.* He desires not to deceive the public, and therefore tells them honestly at the threshold, that these volumes contain 'TALES AND SKETCHES, — SUCH AS THEY ARE,' *and nothing more.*" An assertion which we assure the reader is strictly true. * *

* *2d Pt. Hen. IV. A.* i. *Sc.* 2.

* *

Writ for a fashion, and to prove the pen
Fits other hands than those of letter'd men.
There WASHINGTON is seen to tread the floor
In the same pumps ALCIDES us'd before;

Ver. 681. *Writ for a fashion* —] "Everybody writes books now-a-days, and one does not care to be singular." *Exegetical Epistle* of the *Tales and Sketches* — *S. A. Th. A.*

Ay, ay,

——— stulta est clementia, cum tot ubique
Vatibus occurras, perituræ parcere chartæ! *

681, 682. — *and to prove the pen* — *Fits other hands than those of letter'd men.*]

"One of Solomon's objections to 'the making of many books' seems to have arisen from the fact which he asserts immediately afterwards, that 'much study is a weariness of the flesh.' But with all his wisdom the Hebrew monarch seemed little aware [How the deuse should he, my dear Colonel? he was not a prophet] of the facility with which the article would be manufactured in these latter days." *Exeg. Ep.* &c.

Having our eyes on the T. and S., we will countersign this, *more pædag.*, Approved.

By the by, it may please a man of the Sketcher's singular modesty, to know that he has accidentally trodden in the steps of an author once very famous; for we have not the least idea that the author of the Myster. Bridal would knowingly copy so very inferior a writer as VOLTAIRE: — "Ils ont raison, lui dis-je, il y a long-temps qu'on se plaint de la multitude des livres. Voyez l'Ecclésiaste; il vous dit tout net qu'on ne cesse d'écrire, *scribendi nullus est finis.* Tant de méditation n'est qu'une affliction de la chair, *frequens meditatio afflictio est carnis.*" *Lett. Chinoises*, xii.

683. *There* WASHINGTON *is seen to tread the floor,* — *In the same pumps* ALCIDES *us'd before;*] "The illustrious *chieftain* himself did not hesitate to countenance the elegant amusement by participation, as the *heroes and statesmen of antiquity* — the *demigods of the Greeks and Romans* — had *done before him.* Mrs. Peter Van Brook Livingston and Mrs. Hamilton, were successively honored by the chieftain's hand in a cotillion." *T. and S., Vol.* ii. *p.* 211.

684, 685. *There* Madam Hancock *culls young* ALNWICK *out,* — *Or charms with blandishments her husband's gout.*] "Her acquaintance," *(Mad. Hancock's,)* "was extensive with the principal statesmen and warriors of the revolutionary era, and likewise with the officers of the

* JUV. i. 17, 18. **

There *Madam Hancock* culls young ALNWICK out,
Or charms with blandishments her husband's gout;

British army, &c. Her conversations, *therefore*, on suitable occasions, abounded with all the *savoury recollections* and piquant anecdotes which, from the lips of a fascinating woman add such a charm to the social circle, etc." (Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?*) — The Sketcher then proceeds to say, that "the young Earl of Percy was her decided favourite," and, with a rare talent, contrives to embody a trait of simple conjugal tenderness in the midst of the most brilliant qualities somewhat opposed to it, as follows :—

"She presided at table with dignity and grace, at once gratifying her husband's ambition, and his vanity; taking her full share in the conversation, and often leading it, even upon important topics, in those days of high political excitement. *When her husband was irritable from the gout, she soothed him by her blandishments.* She loved admiration, and obtained it, etc." [*Myster. Bridal, chap.* ix. Tales and Sk. — Such &c. Vol. ii. p. 88.] For our own poor part, we are so charmed with the effect of this *inserting* in the embroidery of the work, that we have forsworn Aristotle for ever, — though, perhaps, it is a specimen of skill which it may be difficult to imitate. It beats KIPPIS on the Bishop of DURHAM,† and is only matched by Justice SHALLOW,‡ or by the book of SAMUEL"§ itself.

* Twelfth Night: A. iv. Sc. 2. * *

† Dr. KIPPIS, in his Life of Bishop BUTLER, has this queer passage: — "His benevolence was warm, generous, and diffusive. Whilst he was bishop of BRISTOL, he expended, in repairing and improving the episcopal palace, four thousand pounds, which is said to have been more than the whole revenues of the bishopric amounted to, during his continuance in that see. Besides his private benefactions, *etc.*" It is very possible, that the biographer considered this expenditure on the episcopal palace as the act of a warm, generous, and diffusive benevolence. If so, it is a fault of sense and not of style. See *Works of Bp. BUTLER. Vol.* I. *p.* xvii. *Edin.* 1804.

‡ *Shal.* — death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old DOUBLE of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead! — See, see! — he drew a good bow; and dead! — he shot a fine shoot: * * * Dead! * * * How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old DOUBLE dead!

2d Pt. Hen. IV. A. iii. *Sc.* ii. * *

§ And MEPHIBOSHETH had a young son, whose name was MICA: and all that

While *poufs of gauze*, and ribands in a row,
Make the tale glitter like a raree-show.
All which the Hudson heard of old with joy,
When Scipio sung them to the growing boy,
And taught his rocks to echo to the sound,
Till the Sun slept, and walk'd the white-rob'd Moon her round.

Ver. 687, 688. *While* poufs of gauze, *etc.*]

——— vos tenui prægnantem stamine fusum
Penelope melius, levius torquetis Arachne.*

"Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work," says Autolycus:† and thus every thing comes handy to Rubeta; but especially every thing connected with the ladies. There is his true element; *c'est un vrai pilier de toilette.* For example, in the same Tale or Sketch, mantua-making: — "*pouf* of gauze" . . . "plain gauze caps, after the form of the elders and ancients of a nunnery," (though what sort of elders and ancients these are, it is not said.) *Noster illis*, as Casaubon writes of Persius,‡ *Noster illis potissimum quæ rebus addere pondus sunt idoneæ, et ἡδοποιΐᾳ καὶ ἐναργείᾳ, pene regnat.* "They wore large gauze handkerchiefs upon their necks, with four satin stripes around the border, two of which were narrow and the others broad."

*Recte facis * * carissime, qui ita diligenter studiis incumbis, ut etiam munitiora quæque perpendas: quod si aliqui facerent studiosi * * non in tantis ignorantiæ tenebris versaremur.* Barth. Fontius de Mens. et Ponderibus in Epist. ad Franc. Sax. quæ Persii ad calcem ed. Merulæ Venetiis impress. 1494.

689 — 692. *All which*, etc.]

Omnia quæ, Phœbo quondam meditante, beatus
Audiit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros,
Ille canit; pulsæ referunt ad sidera valles:
Cogere donec oves stabulis, numerumque referre
Jussit, et invito processit Vesper Olympo.

Virg. *Ecl.* vi. 82 – 86.

dwelt in the house of Ziba were servants unto Mephibosheth.

So Mephibosheth dwelt in Jerusalem: for he did eat continually at the King's table; and was lame on both his feet. *2d Samuel: chap.* ix. 12, 13.

* Juv. ii. 55. **

† *Winter's Tale:* A. iv. Sc. 3. **

‡ In the *Prolegomena* of his edition. **

Then came *Matthias*, sold by Scandal's aid;
Dragg'd by his own brave efforts from the shade.

693, 694. *Then came* Matthias, *sold by Scandal's aid; — Dragg'd by his own brave efforts from the shade.*] The import of the text, in both members of the sentence, may be gathered from RUBETA's own review of his own book, which is, in epitome, as follows:

"MATTHIAS," *&c. &c.*

"Such is the title of a very handsome octodesimo, published this day by the great bibliopoles of Cliff-street. The reader will perceive, from the name of the author, *the delicacy of our position in writing a notice of it.* But if forbidden by modesty" (multum est demissus homo) "to *praise the style and manner in which the work is written*, it is otherwise with regard to the strange and extraordinary facts it developes." * * * "The writer has traced the progress of this lamentable mental disease" (fanaticism,) "step by step, through its multitudinous *ramifications*, and unless he is greatly deceived, he has in this volume presented the public with *the most extraordinary chapter in the history of delusion*, and the MYSTERIOUS WORKINGS OF THE HUMAN MIND, THAT HAS EVER BEEN PUBLISHED OR WRITTEN." * * * * — "*the interest of which will be yet farther enhanced by the personal narrative of Mr. and Mrs.* —— [the name given in full, as was done in the cases mentioned at v. 246 of Cto. iii.] *of the origin of their acquaintance with the false prophet*, and *of the proceedings of the whole community at Sing-Sing.* THIS NARRATIVE FORMS AN EXTRAORDINARY CHAPTER OF THE BOOK. — But the public will doubtless read and judge for themselves. The Harpers have brought out the volume in very pretty style, and we doubt not that it will be sought by the reading public with avidity." *N. Y. Comm. Adv.* July 8, 1835.

It has given us much pleasure to separate from the lumber of bilious pills, corn-plasters, and Russia diapers, this precious evidence of RUBETA's virginal modesty, imprinted on the sheets of his journal; and we only regret that its length in the original did not permit us to copy it entire. We will but add from the same remarkable notice, this one sentence, which contains a sentiment so applicable to his own case: —

"The design of the writer," (says the *autocritic*,) "was not only to make an historical record of facts important in themselves, but to raise a warning voice against *the indulgence, by Christian professors, of a self-righteous, a censorious*, and a fanatical spirit, by showing to what excesses it may lead." If the reader recollect the facts stated at v. 246 of the preceding Canto, or will have the complaisance to turn to them, he will see at once how justly this Aristides has condemned himself.

Having added this portion, we proceed, in conclusion, to observe, that there is a great similarity between the advertisement just cited and that of an equal genius, Mr. THOS. DOWNING, Carpet-shaker and Oysterman

Him follow'd Anti-Mary; last, the sheets
Where Folly's self with Craft and Dotage meets.
All works of pith; five sons; yet, great and small,
Thy journal holds the marrow of them all.
Proud journalist! and bulky-big as proud!
And loud as bulky-big! and dull as loud!
And pert as dull! and ludicrous as pert!
Fit weed (or none fit else) to vegetate in dirt!
Alas! a tougher fork should spread, as th' use is,
The fragrant compost where thy root finds juices.

in MANHATTAN; whose parallel review of his own performances is as follows: —

"To MERCHANTS AND OTHERS. — Having received *a very superior lot of fine* oysters, *which I have pickled in that superior style which I have been accustomed to do for my customers for a number of years*, I have them already for exportation or family use, and shall be happy to fulfil all orders that you may please to favor me with.

"THOS. DOWNING, 3, 5, and 7 Broad st.

"N. B. — Collations, suppers, &c., [the decocted *rapes* and nicely-kneaded *puffs* of the newsman,] served up at the shortest notice."

Had Mr. THOS. DOWNING, instead of saying he should be happy to fulfil all orders, &c., but wound up his card in the style of RUBETA, and declared he *did not doubt his oysters would be swallowed by the eating public with avidity*, he would have been in nothing inferior to his rival huckster and fellow-classic. As it is, he must yield the palm in modesty to the hawker of *Matthias*.

695. — *Anti-Mary* —] "Visit, &c." **

695, 696. — *the sheets — Where Folly's self with Craft and Dotage meets.*] "Letter, &c."

699 – 702. *Proud journalist!* etc.]

Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
And happy (if aught happy *here*) as good!
YOUNG. *Night Th.* — *Narcissa.*

Yet should kind Heaven impart me length of days,
And the soul worthy to exalt thy praise,
Not BOWLES' dull *Birthday* should surpass my strain,
Nor lovely HUNT'S bold *Captains, Sword and Pen*,

Ver. 705 – 712. *Yet should kind Heaven* — etc.]

O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
Spiritus et, quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!
Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus,
Nec Linus; huic mater quamvis, atque huic pater adsit,
Orphei Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.
Pan etiam Arcadia mecum si judice certet,
Pan etiam Arcadia dicat se judice victum.

VIRG. *Pollio*: 53 – 59.

707 and 709. *Not BOWLES' dull* Birthday *should surpass my strain*, — *Though* [she] *should nod o'er vulgar WORDSWORTH'S* lyre,] See the Birth-Day, a Poem, by CAROLINE BOWLES, who, following a bad example, mistakes, at times, vulgarity for simplicity. Witness the following lines: —

"Lo! what a train, like Bluebeard's wives appear,
So many headless! half dismembered some,
With battered faces — eyeless — noseless — grim,
With cracked enamel, and unsightly scars —
Some with bald pates, or hempen wigs unfrizzed,
And ghastly stumps, like Greenwich pensioners;
Others mere Torsos — arms, legs, heads, all gone,
But precious all." *

Again: —

"These clove pinks
Yield not such fragrance as the true old sort
That spiced our pot-pourrie (my mother's pride)
With such peculiar richness, and this rose,
With its fine foreign name, is scentless, pale,
Compared with the old cabbage." ———

And once more: —

"'This is Missy's work!'
Quoth the old man, and shook his head and smiled —
'Lord bless her! how the child has toiled and moiled

* See, for the original of this famous picture, the continuation of the Author's note, at the end of the volume. * *

Though that should nod o'er vulgar WORDSWORTH's lyre,
And this his mother Dulness still inspire:

To scrape up all this rubbish. Here 's enough
To load a jackass!' "

Miss CAROLINE's dolls, cabbage-roses, and jackasses, are precisely drivelling WORDSWORTH's babies, daisies, and ponies; and the last extract, especially, has all that trifling vulgarity, or, to use Mr. WORDSWORTH's own expression, "the triviality and meanness both of thought and language," * which distinguish the taste of that "mild apostate from poetic rule," † who would teach the world, that to copy nature is to paint her only in the stable and the nursery, and that lofty language, magnificence of imagery, and that art which, by selecting the more striking features of a scene, and discarding all that is little, and uninterestingly accessory, curtails description of its tediousness while enhancing its effect, that these are quite unworthy of a poet, nay, are to be directly avoided; ‡ such being the decision of him

" Who both by precept and example shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose." §

[*The rest of the note being too long to be inserted here, it will be found continued at the end of the volume.* * *]

708. — *HUNT's bold Captains, Sword and Pen;*] "*Capt. Sword and Capt. Pen.* A Poem. By LEIGH HUNT. With some Remarks, &c."

" As a specimen of Mr. HUNT's versification," (says some one of the English magazines, — we do not know which, as we copy from the N. Y. *Albion*,) " and of his graphic power, take the following excerpt from a battle-scene: —

* Preface to the Lyrical Ballads.

† BYRON of WORDSWORTH, in the *English Bards, &c.* — We are told, that, in a recent number of an American review, Mr. WORDSWORTH is pronounced to be a *critic*, and Lord BYRON *not* to have been such! As for his lordship's critical abilities, we know too little of his compositions to pronounce upon them, but we do know, that the man who wrote the above line on the poet of the Lakes showed, at a boy's age, the judgment of a man, while the author of the Lyrical Ballads has never been otherwise than puerile, saving when apostate from his own rules.

‡ " There will also be found in these volumes," (says Mr. WORDSWORTH in his Preface,) " little of what is usually called poetic diction; I HAVE TAKEN AS MUCH PAINS TO AVOID IT AS OTHERS ORDINARILY TAKE TO PRODUCE IT [!!!]." For the " pains," *credat Judæus.*

§ *English Bards, &c.* * *

John Waters even, should he brush the string,
Waters should drop his "conch" to hear me sing!

"Death for death! The storm begins;
Rush the drums in a torrent of dins;
Crash the muskets, gash the swords;
Shoes grow red in a thousand fords;
Now for the flint, *and the cartridge bite;*
Darkly gathers the breath of the fight,
Salt to the palate and stinging to sight;
Muskets are pointed they scarce know where;
No matter: *Murder is cluttering there:*
Reel the hollows: close up! close up!
Death feeds thick; and his food is his cup.
Down go bodies, snap burst eyes;
Trod on the ground are tender cries;
Brains are dashed against plashing ears;
Hah! no time has battle for tears;
Cursing helps better — *cursing, that goes*
Slipping through friends' blood, athirst for foes'.
What have soldiers with tears to do? —
We, who this mad-house must now go through,
This twentyfold Bedlam, let loose with knives,
To murder and stab, *and grow liquid with lives,*
Gasping, staring, treading red mud,
Till the drunkenness' self makes us steady of blood?"

We think the entire "specimen" must pass for unrivalled: but the particular passages we have put in italic type "contain" (as Messrs. Saunders & Otley say of *Mr. Willis's* verse) "the true essence of poetry."

708. — *vulgar* Wordsworth —] Consult the *Appendix.* * *

711, 712. John Waters *even, should he brush the string,* — Waters *should drop his "conch" to hear me sing!*] *John Waters* is a favorite correspondent of the judicious Petronius's. We shall, as occasion serves, trace his poetical progress for the benefit of the reader, who will thus be enabled to form a correct opinion of the acute judgment, delicate taste, rich experience, and critical honesty of the Manhattanese "Arbiter Elegantiarum." *John's* first step was as follows: —

"*For the New York American.*

"The following lines, &c. &c.

"John Waters, Hys Springe.

* * * *

"Nought was more pure, agayne I 'll synge,
Fitte draughte for Fancie's daughters;

What stores of wit and wisdom mingle here!
What nursing cares for chastity appear!

The honest manne that own'd that springe
Chang'd a faire name, to call hymselffe *John Waters!*

"Howe stoode the cattel in yt shade,
Moyst'ning their hoofes by the coole streame!
Car'd they for foode? — Their choyce was made,
Like those who dreame of love, and love agayne to dreame.

"The Traveller bless'd it as he came;
Prays'd the flatt stones that round it stoode,
Its mossy tronke, — 'Had it no name?'
He quaff'd agayne — 'Waters! the verie name is goode!'
Etc. etc. etc.

"JOHN WATERS."

Ah, exquisite simplicitie!
Welle dost thou imitate the songe
Of auncient times, for seem'th it me
Its polish and its witt to thee alyke belonge,
John.

This "Springe," which, as the gentle PETRONIUS says, "flowed so charmingly through the columns of the American," produced a very singular effect for a spring; it "opened a new fount of sweet waters in a neighbouring State." (*N. Y. Am.*, Aug. 27, 1837.) The new fount was something clearer than the parent spring, and altogether of too pleasant a water, though not very deep, to have its marvellous production from such a muddy source. Thereupon, PETRONIUS calls it *beautiful*, and bids *John Waters* and the fountain *B.* (the new one) "sing on." Whereupon *John Waters* issues out in a new channel of double torrent-force tumbling precipitous. We extract the introductory *lay*, and the third stanza, of which PETRONIUS so justly asks, "Who has seen finer lines?" But stay! we must begin with the beginning, and let the same usher introduce the poet here, that goes before him in the journal of the Muses: —

"JOHN WATERS, on his *Springe*, pours forth another most delightful melody to-day. The poetry of the mighty deep — and few things under the sun are so poetical — has truly inspired this lay, of which the imagery is at once natural and sublime. Who has seen finer lines than the third stanza?

"[*For the New York American.*]

"To B.

"Know'st thou John Waters? Know'st him 'well,' dear B.?
His boast might well be, to be known of thee,
Being of love celestial! — wit, — song, — mirth, —
That *by green pastures* lead'st thy flock o'er earth!

Here too the world finds study held in scorn,
And sees, with open eyes, a critic born;

> Not the less surely heavenward, I opine,
> For such one index of the life divine;
> And, while with thy rich blessing we are grac'd,
> Who doubts if hands Episcopal were plac'd,
> Or, o'er thy brow, the blessed sign were trac'd! —
> Would thou wert ours! — then, ours the stainless truth,
> The eloquence that charms gray beard and youth,
> Conviction shedding o'er the last; the former, ruth.
> — In distant glades I caught thy sportive strain,
> In fancy trode with thee the waves again,
> And sought a lyre should echo thine, — in vain —
> YET ONCE MY FINGERS O'ER A CONCH I THREW,
> And since my verse some favor wears with you,
> List the rude notes from this sea-shell I drew."

Quere: — In the third line of this introductory *lay*, "Being of love celestial"; ANCHISES? or ÆNEAS?

All the rest, we confess, is beyond our comprehension, and is therefore to be considered perfectly sublime. *Who has ever seen a finer line than* the twenty-sixth?

"Yet once my fingers o'er a Conch I threw."

Delicious that! "Yet once, *etc.*": perfectly perfect! so descriptive of the instrument, his *throwing his fingers over a Conch!* (has ASHTON any of the *article* on sale?) so expressive of the act, "my *fingers o'er, etc.*" and, lastly, so poetical, "Yet once *my fingers o'er a Conch I threw*, — And, &c. &c."

We should willingly quote the whole of this intelligible and most "delightful melody," but can only spare space for the great unsurpassable, "the third stanza": —

"But no! — no line of foam, —
No long-resounding roll that booms afar, —
No battling wave from elemental war,
That comes to die at home," —

True, we do not understand the idea about the wave's coming to die at home; but it must be very fine: —

— Πολλά [σοι] ὑπ' ἀγκῶ-
νος ὠκέα βίλη
Ἔνδον ἐντὶ φαρέτρας
Φωνᾶντα συνετοισιν,*

eh, John? Which is all right. — And here rest, darling, for the present.

* PIND. *Olymp.* ii. 149.

Born for this task, to cleanse the spotted page,
And prop the morals of a sliding age.

Ver. 711. — *should he brush the string,*] John's *conch* we judge, from the action of the musician's *fingers*, to be a stringed instrument: —

"Yet once my fingers o'er a Conch I threw,
And since my verse some favor finds with you,
List the rude notes from this sea-shell I drew."

We cannot believe, that any thing so exquisite could be *blown* out of a *common* Conch.

713. — *mingle here!*] In the "journal," doubtless. See v. 698.
* *

Ib. — *stores of wit* —] We have not now to observe for the first time, that the Colonel is distinguished for facetiousness,

——— joco mordente facetus,
Et salibus vehemens intra pomœria natis;*

but we have yet to give a specimen of his peculiar talent. In his paper of April 24, 18 —,† noticing a juggler, (the honest creature notices anybody that will pay him,) he says: "His doings constitute a very pleasing and memorable share of the evening's entertainment at the Museum, although there are many other *great* attractions — Major Stevens, for example, who commands admiration by being very *small* [precisely so printed]." Funny fellow! "an I had but one penny in the world, thou should'st have it, to buy thee gingerbread." — "O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father would'st thou make me!"‡

But perhaps the best specimen of his manner should be found in his book, where it is probable some pains were taken to perfect it. Thus the commencement of chap. xi. of the Myst. Brid.; which is printed precisely as follows. "The brisk reveillée did not rouse the valiant *in*-mates of this important *out*-post from their slumbers, &c." * *

* Juv. ix. 10. * *

† The year, I believe, is 1835; that being the time when I made the selections for illustrations of this part of the satire, which was intended to have been written and published in that year, though in another form. I beg that this note will be particularly observed; because the remoteness of the date might lead one to suspect that I had *hunted* for these wretched examples of folly, insignificance, and, in some cases, immorality, in the newsman; whereas they are always passages taken at random from his and other papers just as they fell under my eye. Every day will furnish the like, in every year.

‡ *Love's Labor's Lost:* A. v. Sc. 1. * *

Here unknown wits from paradise are driven,
And the known lift their tinsell'd horns to heaven. 720

Ver. 714. *What nursing cares for chastity appear!*] This chaste gentleman publishes, on his first page, an account of the propagation of fornication by the whites among the HOTTENTOTS, with certain judicious and *succulent* remarks upon the preference of Hottentot women for white men, and, lest the little girls should omit to read it, he inserts a paragraph in the body of his paper, directing them to an "article of instructive interest." See *N. Y. Comm. Adv.* of April 25th, 1835.

Frontis nulla fides: quos enim non vicus abundat
Tristibus obscenis? *

715, 716. *Here too the world finds study held in scorn,—And sees, with open eyes, a critic born;*] *Criticus noster nascitur, non fit.* It will hardly be believed, out of NEW YORK, that half of the mass of ordinary readers are in that city governed in their literary tastes by such a man as RUBETA; a man so totally unfit, as well from defective education as by reason of his native imbecility, for a task which, according to the master of the sublime, is the *last fruit of much experience.*† The other half is under the rival tutorage of PETRONIUS: of which, presently. YOUNG says truly, though somewhat clumsily:—

Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair. ‡

717. *Born for this task, to cleanse the spotted page,*] As BAXTER says of RICH. BENTLEY:—"Magnus Bentleius, natus emaculandis Græcorum scriptis." *Annot. in* HOR. *Serm. Lib.* i. *Sat.* 2. *edit. Zeunii. Lond.* 1809, 8vo. p. 303. * *

See, for illustration of the text, the note to v. 725, 726, below. A pleasant contrast to the case there cited is furnished by this natural critic's observations on *Roderick Random*, (in 1836). "Roderick," he mildly says, "is *sometimes coarse*, but the very mirror of human life and character, and irresistibly amusing. But who needs to be told this?" No one; but we should wonder to hear it from RUBETA's virgin lips, which abominate all naughtiness, did we not know a thing or two:—

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censurâ columbas. §

Do, dear Colonel, since established reputation has such weight with you,

* JUV. ii. 8. * *

† — ἡ γὰρ τῶν λόγων κρίσις πολλῆς ἐστὶ πείρας τελευταῖον ἐπιγέννημα. LONG. *Sect.* vi. * *

‡ *Love of Fame*, ii. * *

§ JUV. ii. 63. * *

Here hoodwinked Malice takes her biding rest,
And makes e'en crime a theme of pleasant jest,

do, the next thing, let us have CLELAND's modest work,* which, we would be sworn for it, has never been out of print since it was burnt by the hangman.

718. *And prop the morals of a sliding age.*]

——— felicia tempora, quæ te
Moribus opponunt! habeat jam Roma pudorem.†

"Par-là on peut voir que [*le Sieur de Galimatias n'est*] pas seulement un habile rhéteur, comme Quintilien et comme Hermogène, mais un philosophe digne d'être mis en parallèle avec les Socrate et les Caton. Son livre [*The Tales and Sk.*] n'a rien qui démente ce que je dis. Le caractère d'honnête homme y parait par-tout, et ses sentimens ont je ne sais quoi qui marque non seulement un esprit sublime, mais une âme fort élevée au-dessus du commun." The reader has had proof of this assertion in the large extracts we have given from it; and, for our own part, we can add, with the author by whose mouth we have just been speaking, "Je n'ai donc point de regret d'avoir employé quelques-unes de mes veilles à débrouiller un si excellent ouvrage, que je puis dire n'avoir été entendu jusqu'ici que d'un très-petit nombre de savans." BOILEAU *sur* LONGIN. *Préface de la Trad. du Traité du Sublime.* * *

719, 720. *Here unknown wits from paradise are driven, — And the known lift their tinsell'd horns to heaven.*] When writers of little celebrity are concerned, thus speaks the candid newsman-critic:—

"THE SIEGE OF VIENNA. Translated from the German of Madame Pichler. Philadelphia. Key & Biddle. Published in England as one of the numbers of Leitch Ritchie's Library of Romance, — a collection *as uniformly bad and worthless as any of which we have any knowledge.* The present work is worthy of the company in which it first appeared."

This is said of a collection where appeared, if I mistake not, *The Nowlans* by BANIM, — the most powerful romance since the days of MATURIN, from the best writer of fiction (saving always the truly excellent Miss EDGEWORTH) since the death of SCOTT.

Now let us see how the honest man speaks of a writer of great celebrity. Here he fawns as much as he barked before. However, he is not singular in this respect, as nearly every editor in the Union has been guilty of equal puppyism; although, in reality, a tamer book than the Crayon Miscellany has rarely been written in these times.

* *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure.* † JUV. ii. 38.

Views human frailty with the Devil's own grin,
And chuckles grossly at suspected sin ;

"A Tour on the Prairies. By Washington Irving. Being the first number of the 'Crayon Miscellany.' Philadelphia. Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.

"We have hurried through Geoffrey Crayon's pages, — the interest is *too great and constant to admit of that deliberate perusal,* on the first introduction, *which is demanded for the full and perfect enjoyment,* — and without waiting *for the second and less eager but more delightful reading with which we most assuredly intend* to purchase several hours of high gratification, hasten to describe, although, it may be, feebly and inadequately, the impression they made upon us. We prepared ourselves for admiration ; we fancied we could anticipate the mode in which the observant eye and *poetic mind of Irving"* (God forgive us !) "had dealt with the wonders of that strange region," &c. &c. "but it *needed a fancy like his own to form a conception of the grace and beauty with which they would come before us in his limning." Etc.* "His volume is a gallery of pictures, but they surpass the productions of the artist's pencil, for we see them move and act in *the stirring impulses of their wild nature* [the devil ! the pictures ?]. We do more," *etc.* "We enjoy the lavish feast that quickly follows the return of the successful hunters ; fat haunches of venison, — the delicious buffalo-hump, — pheasants, and wild turkeys without number [what a mouth !], — bears' paws, and huge flakes of luscious honey, the plunder of some mighty bee-tree that has just been felled." *Etc.* "These and such as these are the objects and the scenes portrayed in Geoff. Crayon's rich portfolio ; and not in sketches merely, but in highly wrought and finished pictures."

What more, if we omit the "buffalo-hump" and "bears' paws," could be said of the best scene in *Ivanhoe?* ay, or in the *Iliad?* so true it is, that

——— "*fools* admire, but *men of sense* approve."

Note. Although our chief aim is levelled at the newspaper-press, yet should we be ashamed to quote so largely the commonplaces of a common blockhead, a man who does not even understand the language in which he affects to write, could we not add, to our mortification as an American, that the same gross sycophancy, and nearly the same ignorance of composition, disgrace the two most notable of our Reviews.

723, 724. *Views human frailty with the Devil's own grin, — And chuckles grossly at suspected sin ;*] In his paper of Jan. 18th, 1838, speaking of a new publication, the "evangelical Christian" says of its author: "——— * has been quite in a confessing mood of late — and if all accounts are true, she has an ample store of material for the confessional." One would have thought that the sex might have saved her, with the "chivalrous" † Rubeta ; but Scandal is not dainty in its diet, and it is always safer levelling at a woman, especially where an ocean is between. For

* The name is printed in full in the journal. * *

† See Canto second, v. 132, note. * *

While Envy, smarting at a woman's fire,
Bids coxcomb Gallantry in rage expire.
O priceless sheet! where modern ethic light
Makes private vantage still the test of right,
(Divine morality! whose lofty part
Finds its best teacher in the niggard heart.)

the same language, applied to any lady in his own country, its author had tasted a rope's end.

725, 726. *While Envy, smarting at a woman's fire, — Bids coxcomb Gallantry in rage expire.*] Though, as we have repeatedly seen, RUBETA to the sex in general is a very Troilus, authoresses are excepted. In the calumny we have cited in the note preceding, this modest and worthy man goes on to say: — "We never read any thing of —— ——'s, if we can help it, and therefore cannot say what her" [title of the book] "are like." This is pretty cool impudence for the scribe of a newspaper, and a two-shilling pamphleteer, to spit upon one of the most talented women in GREAT BRITAIN, whose worst paragraph, or most insipid line, he would hang himself to-morrow only to be thought able to have written.

728. *Makes private vantage still the test of right,*] In the N. Y. Comm. Adv. of Jan. 24, 1837, the moral right of the members of a legislative body to receive stock in a bank for whose charter they may have voted is openly defended. Hear the good man: —

"The sparring in the Senate, moreover, in regard to the distribution of bank stock among its members, is creditable neither to that body, nor to the members who participate therein. Suppose Colonel Young sold a lot of bank stock at an advance, in Waterford? And suppose General Maison subscribed and received stock in a bank in his own county, or elsewhere? Both gentlemen had an undoubted right to do so. Nor is corruption necessarily inferable in either case. When a bank, or any other joint stock company, has been incorporated, and the subscription books are opened to the public, every citizen has an equal right to subscribe."

Again:

"Has not a Judge as good a right to invest his capital as another man?" *Etc.* "If he wishes to invest a few hundred dollars in bank stock, because he is a Judge does it follow that he must be debarred the privilege of obtaining it at par, and be compelled to purchase at a premium? *These are paltry views of public matters, and we cannot but think that there is a degree of squeamishness* abroad, which is far more nice than wise."

729, 730. *Divine morality! whose lofty part — Finds its best teacher in the niggard heart.*] "INTERNATIONAL COPY RIGHT.—We do not know"

Go on! no subject known thy page but suits,
From *arcade baths* to CINCINNATI'S brutes.

(says PETRONIUS) "when we have seen a more modest! paragraph, than the annexed, from the Comm. Adv. of some days ago:

"*International Copy Right.* — In compliance with the request of the British authors, backed by the solicitations of some fifteen or twenty native writers, who know not what they ask, the committee to which the matter was referred, in the Senate, have reported a bill for giving copy right to foreign books. It will be amusing, if the bill passes, to see in what a hurry the native authors will be to beg for its repeal, about a year hence, when they find the market glutted with reprints of all the worthless volumes that issue from the press in London, by means of agencies established here by the London publishers — the worst books in greatest numbers, because the publishers have least to pay for them to the authors. The wise petitioners think that American authors will command better prices, when the international copy right is established; very likely, when the business of publishing is mainly taken away from the American publishers, and thrown into the hands of English houses, who, of course, will be anxious to pay large sums for American copy rights! Oh, the wisdom of political and literary tinkers!" [*Eugepæ!*]

"Now, to say nothing of the 'literary tinkers' — who ask for such a bill, and who, *perhaps*, can bear the sarcasms of the Commercial — it is just possible the public may rate the wisdom of the 'political tinkers' in the Senate, who reported the bill in question — viz. Messrs. Clay, Preston, Buchanan, Webster, and Ewing, of Ohio — as high as that of the Commercial Advertiser, and deem them quite as disinterested as the publishers, in whose behalf the Commercial steps forth — unpaid, we presume — as its paragraph comes not in the shape of an advertisement." *N. Y. American.*

But, my dear PETRONIUS, you do not consider, that Messrs. CLAY, PRESTON, BUCHANAN, WEBSTER, and EWING of OHIO, are not authors, while RUBETA of MANHATTAN is. Impeach his liberality in such a matter! Why, man, he is a very Mæcenas, a Proculeius, a Fabius, a Cotta in fine, another Lentulus! *

731. — *no subject known thy page but suits.*] RUBETA himself being every thing.

——————— Ede, quid illum
Esse, putes? quemvis hominem secum attulit ad nos,
Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,

* An allusion to these lines of Juvenal:

Quis tibi Mæcenas? quis nunc erit aut Proculeius,
Aut Fabius? quis Cotta iterum? quis Lentulus alter? (*Sat.* vii. 95.)

* *

Thy correspondents too shall lend their skill,
And thou, their father, guide each scurvy quill,
And see in wit (whose essence never dies) 735
Thy *Joel Downings* mount thee to the skies.

Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit.
——— esuriens in cœlum, jusseris, ibit.
Juv. iii. 74.

Grammaticus, everywhere: *rhetor*, in his lectures; *geometres*, when he travelled to MONTREAL; *pictor*, as you will presently see; *aliptes*, see the next note; *Augur*, in the affair of MATTHIAS; *schœnobates*, rope-dancer, tumbler, — equivalent in modern times to a *merry-andrew*; *medicus*, see HORNE's advertisement, and the like, in his paper: *magus*, in discovering the imposture of Misses MONK and PARTRIDGE by the rabdomanchial properties of his "iron-pointed cane"; *omnia novit*, nobody doubts; *esuriens in cœlum, jusseris, ibit*, as he went there of his own accord on a full stomach, (*Letter on An. Magn.*) * *

732. — *arcade baths* —] See N. Y. C. A. May 22d, 1835, where the newsman does his proper office in eulogizing (doubtless for which "he has his reward") those filthy recesses of cleanliness, which *hircum olent*, or did then, exhale the very quintessence of boots and moist stockings, the "Arcade Baths" in MANHATTAN.

732. — *Cincinnati's brutes.*] "Among those who flourish with the ablest of the day, is a 'whole hog,' weighing one thousand four hundred pounds. He is said to be fully equal to the most resolute and determined of the whole hog family. It is not yet known how this important personage will vote." "*Correspondence of the Comm. Adv.*", *May* 22, 1835.

736. *Thy* Joel Downings —] RUBETA, like CÆSAR, is ambitious: the success of *Major Downing* stimulated his attic bowels to a like conception, and out comes the Major's cousin, "Sargent Joel."* Upon my honor, MANHATTAN may congratulate herself on the fertility of a womb, which teems with such bouncing humor as the following: —

"Hold your jaw, you fool, says he, havent I got a lick-spittle about me, that

* In the same paper which *sonat strigilibus*,(1) cleanses the Arcade baths, and has the communication about "the whole hog family."

(1) ——— bucca foculum excitat, et sonat unctis
Strigilibus ——— JUV. iii. 262. * *

But spare the arts! of pictures, O, beware!
No impudence can make thee specious there.
Ah happy, hadst thou let BALL HUGHES alone,
Nor drawn silk stockings on a leg of stone!
Still happier, if old bearded JEROM's skull
Prove not thy own imperviously dull,

will answer the purpose for a month or so, while I go to the South? Dont you know —— ——— * ?"

Go on, my lady; drink chocolate, consult ALBERTUS *de Secretis*, and ARISTOTLE's *chef-d'œuvre*, and let us have many more such christenings. Meantime thy correspondent shall drive together all the little Corporation-pigs, and sacrifice for thy delivery.

Montium custos nemorumque, Virgo,
Quæ laborantes utero puellas
Ter vocata audis, adimisque leto, †
Favor a Colonel!

739, 740. *Ah happy, hadst thou let* BALL HUGHES *alone, — Nor drawn silk stockings on a leg of stone!*] There was a remarkably fine statue of ALEXANDER HAMILTON in the Merchants' Exchange at NEW YORK, previously to the great fire. It was the work of Mr. HUGHES, an English sculptor, now, I believe, a citizen of the U. STATES. Of this monument, thus speaks our virtuoso: —

"The costume is that of the time in which Hamilton flourished as a statesman and public orator; a coat with upright collar, small-clothes, *silk stockings*, and the prescriptive oratorical mantle or toga, knotted upon the left shoulder and falling away behind in a rich mass of flowing drapery; thus obviating the trim formal appearance of the close-setting garments peculiar to enlightened nations." *N. Y. Comm. Adv.* April 20th. ‡ * *

741, 742. *Still happier, if old bearded* JEROM's *skull — Prove not thy own imperviously dull,*] "We promised, last week, to give at an early day *our* impressions of the works of art now in the course of exhibition at the gallery of the American Academy in Barclay street; a *promise which we now proceed to fulfil with all candor, and the best judgment of which we are capable, in relation to a subject demanding so much caution, and upon which even the most able critics are so liable to error.*" This, truly, for a man who perhaps never saw an original painting in his life,

* The name of a high officer of the commonwealth, who, openly, is thus honored. And the speaker, of this decent language, is made to be the President of the U. STATES!

† HOR. Ode *in Dianam.* (Carm. iii. 22.) * *

‡ See note (*) on the following page. * *

And hideous Dalilas sore make thee rue
Thou ever didst from snuff-box learn virtu!
Lo, where the painter's drudge, thy cant that hears,
Daubs on the wall a colonel with long ears!
Stick to thy verses: these in time may sell,
And aid thy patrons much, if polish'd well.

save his own portrait, and his neighbour's sign, is a specimen of critical boldness that does RUBETA credit. However:—"The St. Jerome" (he says) "is what we should call a daub, a badly drawn figure, in an awkward and unmeaning attitude, with flesh of the color of putty, and *scarcely an attempt at keeping or perspective.* It is called a Da Vinci in the catalogue, but, *with all deference, we take leave to express* OUR FIRM CONVICTION THAT DA VINCI NEVER TOUCHED IT." *Comm. Adv.* April 31.*

743. — *hideous Dalilas*] — "the Delilah is hideous, and withal badly painted." *Ibid.*

744. *Thou ever didst from snuff-box learn virtu;*] "As for the St. Jerome, we marvel how any body that has seen even *the engravings* from Da Vinci's *Last Supper*, could *suppose for a moment that this was the work of the same master* [the engraver.]" *Ib.*

Representations of the Lord's Supper, after the print by MORGHEN, are, as every body knows, a very common ornament of snuff-boxes.

* *

745, 746. *Lo, where the painter's drudge*, etc.] "Sed et in officina imperite multa disserenti [sc. Alexandro] silentium comiter suadebat [Apelles], rideri eum dicens a pueris qui colores tererent." PLIN. *Hist. Nat.* XXXV. 12.

When the papal nuncio at VIENNA preached the funeral sermon of Prince EUGENE, he compared the illustrious dead to ALEXANDER of MACEDON. The great RUBETA shares an equal, nay, a greater honor: for EUGENE was but the parallel of ALEXANDER in conquest, RUBETA is his match in art: that wore his laurels as the price of blood, and thousands of TURKS cry out in HELL against him; this patronizes talent which no one else would foster, and the stomachs of neglected artists rejoice in the discernment of the Angerstein of Church-st. * *

748. *And aid thy patrons much* —] In advertisements of barbers, quacks, and others. Indeed, who knows but the poet of *Copenhagen Porter*, which

"Proves itself exhilarating
Without being intoxicating,"

* Of 1835, I think: this being another part of the text which was written and intended to be published in that year.

With care, no song would equal thine 't is plain,
Save Aristotle KING's *John Waters'* strain :
(What if the same should rival PHŒBUS' own ;
Or match May's rutting bullfrogs' raucous drone ?)
But for plain sense, or any sense at all,
Despair to reach it ! backward must thou fall ;
Jerk'd by Conceit, by Ignorance held down,
While Dulness' solid lead weighs on thy crown.
Sooner shall KING on sacred IRVING pounce,
Or snivelling ANTHON cease to mispronounce ;
BROWNLEE, whom pedantry with passion balks,
Match thee, great CHANNING ! or corrival HAWKS ;

may be that immortal journeyman of PHŒBUS, our own RUBETA? There is certainly much affinity, in this sublime couplet, with the psalmody on DAVID's Sepulchre.

751. *What if the same*, etc.]

Quid si idem certet Phœbum superare canendo ?
VIRG. *Daphn.* 9.

757. — *sacred IRVING* —] Not IRVING the preacher, but Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, who is *sacred*, to all intents and purposes, with PETRONIUS, — as we shall presently discover, to the honor of all journalists. * *

758. *Or snivelling ANTHON cease to mispronounce ;*] The Rev. HEN. ANTHON, of St. Mark's (I believe), in NEW YORK ; admirable for the delicate nasal intonation with which he delights the lovers of pure *yankee*, and for the precision with which he accentuates English words ; being to spoken English what PETRONIUS is to the written.

759. *BROWNLEE, whom, etc.*] WM. C. BROWNLEE, Doctor in Divinity, is a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman of NEW YORK, editor of the *Protestant Vindicator*, and author of sundry violent polemical tracts, the spleen whereof is entirely bestowed upon that poor devil the Pope, whose ear, once a week, burns in the Vatican, through the mere report of the audacity of his great enemy, which the birds of the air take pains

Or ev'ry rogue that jaunts it up and down,
Licens'd of trade to bleed and purge the town,
By any but his dupes be thought to share
Both WARREN's talents and the heart of WARE.
Let NOAH, who 's sense, turn critic once a week,
WEBB lecture, if he will, who knows to speak;

to carry to him regularly. The Doctor is moreover a novelist. But to the text: — This reverend gentleman, in addition to the other lights which he affords his congregation, is said to make his pulpit a tribunal of criticism, where even the poet BYRON has been handled so severely, because of his naughtiness, that I have no doubt his spirit would rise up into the very temple, to rebuke his castigator, did not the violence of the foe's gesticulations act *in terrorem*, and keep the salamander trembling in purgatory. * *

760. *Hawks;*] The eloquent rector of the church of St. Thomas, in NEW YORK. He has recently been appointed professor of rhetoric and oratory at a college in FLUSHING, (LONG ISLAND): and in these two offices, for which he is well fitted, he will have, it is hoped, enough to occupy him, without giving vent to an un-sacerdotal and un-Christian asperity* to enliven that hum-drum magazine, the *New York Review.*

* *

764. — *WARREN — WARE.*] Distinguished physicians, of BOSTON. It gives us pleasure to record the latter gentleman, who has not lost his modesty in his success, nor forgotten either his benevolence or integrity, in the practice of a profession that more than any other, saving one (which we wish, with all our heart, the devil would take, and give us back the time we have wasted in it!), tends to make a man forget his humanity by the very means that should most increase it.

765–772. *Let*, etc.]

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem; vivos ducent de marmore vultus;
Orabunt causas melius, cœlique meatus
Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent:

* See, for instance, in the *N. Y. Review*, a violent article upon the *Life of Burr*. A minister of the gospel should be of no party; nor should a teacher of Christian morals forget, that, as no man is so good as he would appear to be, so is none so evil as his enemies would represent him. * *

French leave to PRICE, whose lyre is mute too soon,
And pleasantry to LOCKE, that clumb the moon;
But thou, RUBETA! lie, to serve thy ends;
Foul all with slander, even to thy friends;

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
Hæ tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.
VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 848 – 854.

765. *NOAH —]* Editor of the *Evening Star*, in NEW YORK.

**

766. *WEBB lecture if he will, who knows to speak;]* Editor of the *Morning Courier, and N. Y. Enquirer.* Mr. WEBB has shown himself, on more than one occasion, a very able speaker.

767. *French leave to* PRICE, *whose lyre is mute too soon,]* Mr. JOSEPH PRICE was lately co-editor with Mr. LOCKE of the *New Era* (a daily paper published in NEW YORK), and adorned its pages with occasional translations from De Beranger, in my opinion among the very best of the various versions I have seen of parts of that poet.

768. *And pleasantry to LOCKE, that clumb the moon;]* See note to v. 419 of the first Canto. Mr. LOCKE is the same gentleman who is mentioned in the preceding note.

770. *Foul all with slander, even to thy friends;]* RUBETA (as the citation which follows will show) does not spare even his own party; a wonderful thing for the editor of a political journal! But, as IAGO says of himself,

——————— it is his nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and oft his jealousy
Shapes faults that are not ——*:

and who, on the other hand, would not be ready to exclaim, with OTHELLO,

This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings? ——†

However, to the matter illustrative of the text:

"In general committee of Whig young men, New York, Dec. 15, R. C. Wetmore, Pres., in the chair, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

* *Othello*, A. iii. Sc. 3. † *Ib.*

Be the same hypocrite thou still hast been,
And match the Devil himself in pious sin.
Next of the file, PETRONIUS (classic name!)
Stands proudly swelling with his father's fame.
Not ev'ry hack may boast, whate'er his blood,
A statesman for a sire, wise and good;

"Whereas, an article appeared in the Com. Adv. and N. Y. Spectator, of this city, some weeks since, signed 'Sydney,' in which the political evils that our country has recently suffered were attributed to a radical defect in our Constitutions and frame of government, and a preference avowed for a hereditary rather than an elective chief magistrate, — &c; and whereas the Editor of the Com. Adv., in his comments upon the article, and subsequently, has asserted that many of the doctrines and views of 'Sydney' are countenanced by a considerable portion of the Whig party — Therefore,

"Resolved, That we, the Whig, &c. &c. do utterly and absolutely disclaim," &c. &c. "That we yield to none in our reverence for," &c. &c.; "and whoever asserts or insinuates the contrary, of the Whigs of New York, is *a reckless calumniator*," &c. &c. "We shall feel greatly obliged to any Editor cherishing sentiments akin to those of 'Sydney,' if *he will propound them as his own, and not as those of the Whig party.*" &c.* *Advertisement in the N. Y. Am.*, Dec. 19, 1837.

773. — *classic* —] Because of his qualities of style, and of his authority in the democracy of letters; not in reference to the mere *sobriquet* itself. Call him *Signor Rodomonte*, or *Mons. du Coq-à-l'âne*, or the KING *of Cant*, it would still be the *classic* "*Signor Rodomonte*," the *classic* "Mons. du Coq-à-l'âne, the *classic* "KING of Cant." **

774. — *proudly swelling with his father's fame.*]

"Dinomaches ego sum. — Suffla. — Sum candidus. — Esto:
Dum ne deterius sapiat pannucea Baucis,
Cum bene discincto cantaverit ocyma vernæ." †

776. *A statesman — wise and good;*] But justice we believe. Had this eminent man's advice been taken, the States had now been saved a bitter source of contention, which already shakes our system somewhat alarmingly: I mean the question of servile emancipation, the which he would have settled in the only way that is either feasible or just. **

* Had the committee but known the royal birth of their temporary fellow-townsman, they would have pardoned in the offspring of DULNESS and LEVITY a misstatement, which we think was not owing to an habitual disregard of truth, or to a carelessness of assertion arising from that puerile weakness which is the cause of the constant inadvertencies and misstatements of his contemporary PETRONIUS, but the fault of his blood, the inheritance transmitted him by his illustrious parentage. **

† PERS. iv. 19, 20, 21. **

And there, where Mammon's sons would blush to own
Their humble cradles (were they only known),
Thou 'rt right, by Heaven! to vaunt thy decent birth,
And prove a coxcomb through thy father's worth.
Critic hebdomadal! on whose broad sheet
Green peas and pictures, books and lobsters meet;

Ver. 777. — *there, where* — etc.] In New York. * *

780. *And prove a coxcomb through thy father's worth.*]

——"veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello." *

"If you tralineate from your father's mind,
What are you else but of a bastard kind?
Do as your great progenitor has done,
And by his virtues prove yourself his son.
No father can infuse or wit or grace." †

781. *Critic hebdomadal!* —]

Extraordinary Attraction in The N. Y. AMERICAN.

The public are respectfully informed, that, in order to gratify the juvenile class, the editor has introduced on the second page of his paper a parallelogram varying from three to four columns in diameter, for the purpose of performing the literary elephant, camel, ponies, and monkeys. The general performance of the animals in the parallelogram will take place every Saturday evening.

Mr. Petronius will enter the cages at certain hours throughout the week, and remain there till noon on Saturday. Immediately afterwards, the animals will be fed in the presence of the spectators.

Season tickets at $10.

Admission, 6 *d.* Children, whether under or over ten years of age, admitted at all times, free of other charge than a trifling contribution of their delightful little talents. ‡

* Pers. v. 92. — "quia ait," (says Casaubon,) "*de pulmone revello,* malim intelligere per *veteres avias* opinionem nobilitatis et arrogantiam ventosam, cujus sedes in pulmone." Though I do not agree with him in this confined sense, his comment answers the purpose of illustrating and strengthening the text.

† Dryden's *Wife of Bath's Tale,* very slightly altered. * *

‡ A parody of the advertisement of the "Zoological Institute," in the *N. Y. Am.* 1836–37. * *

Where operatic *dicta* make pretence, —
Crescendo flash, *diminuendo* sense;
And second-rates, turn'd prima-donnas, strain, —
Da capo, sing that nonsense o'er again;
Murders and Suicides take current shape;
Here Brutal Outrages, and there a Rape;
Tremendous Conflagrations blaze anew;
And land and water Pirates get their due;
O'Connel, Webster, and a little Song,
In one great omnibus, roll brisk along!

Ver. 782. *Green peas — and lobsters* —] "*Green peas* and fine *green turtle* were on the dinner tables at Barnum's City Hotel on Saturday last. At Page's Hotel, on Saturday, *sheepshead*, *lobsters*, and *green peas*, were served up." *N. Y. Am.* May 13, 1835.

These, with other interesting novelties, are the proper subjects for Rubeta and Petronius. Why the devil will they meddle with any thing more serious?

783. *Where operatic dicta make pretence, —*] See the English couplet cited in the next annotation. * *

785. *And second-rates, turn'd prima-donnas, strain, —*]

"Miratur vocem angustam, qua deterius nec
Ille sonat quo mordetur gallina marito." *

"*Fanti* the feather to his ear conveys;
Then his nice taste directs our operas." †

787 – 790. *Murders*, etc.] The chief business of this, with other newspapers. Like the owl in the *Lutrin*,

"Des désastres fameux ce messager fidelle
Sait toujours des malheurs la première nouvelle." ‡

791. *O'Connel, Webster, —*] An association of names that is meant merely to state a fact, not to indicate a sentiment. The Author has no idea of mating the agitator of Ireland with the consistent friend of rational liberty and the steady conservator of his country's constitution, a very ordinary demagogue with the first political name, be-

* Juv. iii. 90. † *Dunciad*, ii. 203. ‡ *Chant.* 3me. * *

Great Arbiter of Elegance! I mean,
The elegance of taste and playhouse-scene;

yond all comparison, IN THE UNION.— The text, to a liberal man, will show as much: but this poem must pass under the fingers of others.

791. — *a little song*,]

"Là tous les vers sont bons pourvu qu'ils soient nouveaux." *

But, as a common instance of PETRONIUS's really good taste in such matters, we insert the following rhymes and preface from his paper, being scraps which we found in the usual library for such publications. The introduction appears to have reference to one of the American quarterly reviews.

"*Art. VI.* gives to the various publications of Mrs. Child, a native writer of approved talent, a deserved meed of applause. The following poem, now for the first time seen by us, from her pen, is ADMIRABLE. The subject is the painting by Vanderlyn, of Marius seated amid the ruins of Carthage.

'Pillars are fallen at thy feet,
Fanes quiver in the air,
A prostrate city is thy seat,—
And thou alone art there.

'No change comes o'er thy noble brow
Though ruin is around thee;
Thine eye-beam burns as proudly now,
As when the laurel crown'd thee.
* *
'And Genius hath electric power,
Which earth can never *tame*;
Bright suns may scorch, and dark clouds lower.—
Its flush [flash?] *is still the same.*

'The dreams we loved in early life,
May *melt* like mist away;
High thoughts may seem, mid passion's strife,
Like Carthage in decay.

'And proud hopes in the human heart
May be to ruin hurled,
Like *mouldering monuments of art*
Heaped on a sleeping world.'" Etc.

What a pity that so good a judge of verses and of English should not versify, as he makes English, himself! Who could tell the result? He

* BOIL. *Sat.* x. * *

At whose dread fiat magazinists shake, 795
And boarding-schools their month's selection make,

might surpass MACDONALD CLARKE * — or even the pellucid BULWER! MRS. HEMANS would be simple and classic to him, and L. E. L. would prove a vulgar follower of common sense. Prithee, PETRONIUS, try! Though thy great example in PHILADELPHIA † shall rival thee; in taste thy equal, in assumption thy superior: —

* *Apropos* of MACDONALD CLARKE. While the editor of the American blushed not to praise such stuff as the above, he could find the face, we will not say heart, to write as follows of this poor fellow, (who is surely not half so mad as any of these poetasters,) not merely mortifying that pride, of which PETRONIUS cannot have engrossed so much, but some portion, doubtless, has fallen to MACDONALD'S share, but depriving the unfortunate man of his bread. Fie upon such men! who have charity daily on their lips.

"POEMS BY MACDONALD CLARKE. 1 vol. New York: *J. W. Bell.* — 'Great genius is to madness close allied,' *and so is genius sometimes that is not great, in which category is to be included that of the 'mad poet,'* familiarly so called, whose volume is now before us.

"That any one should *take the trouble to collect and publish these inanities*, we would not, but for the evidence, have easily believed — *that any one will take the trouble to read them, we do not believe!*"

What necessity was there for this wicked notice? If *any one would take the trouble* to purchase the book, why not let him? What harm could it do the well-fed PETRONIUS that the poor and unoffending being, whom he has so gratuitously chosen to insult, should eat a small portion of that food, which the GOD, who made them both, gave them, I presume, equal capacity for relishing? Would it have diminished the heap upon his own platter?

Hic error tamen, et levis hæc insania, quantas
Virtutes habeat, sic collige: vatis avarus
Non temere est animus; versus amat, hoc studet unum;
Detrimenta, fugas servorum, incendia ridet;
Non fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillo; vivit siliquis et pane secundo; *Etc.* (*a*)

There is a translation somewhere by one FRANCIS, which the American may consult. But come, let us acknowledge that an editor has no need of what he is plainly seen to want, humane feelings; let us further allow him the miserable pleasure of pulling the wings and legs from harmless flies; we shall see, however, that if he wants a heart, he has discrimination (of persons) to a prodigious degree, and that if little flies are mutilated for amusement, the big ones buzz delightfully to his discerning ears. See, in the note to v. 934, the *poem* of MRS. ELLET'S; then tell me, did MACDONALD CLARKE ever write more wretched stuff than that? There is no such fool as dare to say he did.

† The genius of the *N. Y. American* is kept in awe by that of the *National Gazette*, or at least was, when Mr. WALSH had the conduct of the latter paper. * *

(*a*) HORAT. *Epist.* Lib. ii. 1. v. 118, &c.

When lists go down to Long and Peabody, —
Please send Guy Rivers, *or* The Yemassee;

"[*From the National Gazette.*] *

"The Pennsylvania,

"The largest vessel in the world, now lying at the Navy Yard, Philadelphia.

"Thou shalt go forth an Ocean King,
An Eagle with distended wing,
The Monarch of a wat'ry realm,
Dominion seated on thy helm.
Thy kindred fellows, there shall be,
The monsters of the surging sea.
Leviathans shall *check their course*
To marvel at a mightier force.
The dolphin and *enamelled snake*,
Shall by thy side their pastime take,
While mermaids from *their amber plains*,
Will lure thee on, with choral strains.
* * *
That iron bulwark seems to mock
The yesty billows' angriest shock;
Undaunted, midst *the swirling flood*,
As sporting in its raging mood.
But what is this, thy mimic might,
To Him, th' o'erwhelming, Infinite;
Who that far desert-realm has spanned,
And 'poured it from his hollow hand?'
A stroke from whose broad arm would sweep
Thy fabric 'neath the yawning deep;
Nor leave one plank to mark the wave,
That *lashed o'er thy gigantic grave.*
Trenton, 1835. H. L. B."

Let thine own correspondents, Petronius, but imitate this sublime profanity, and ask the engine on the Erie railroad the sensible question, *what its might is to the Deity*, and thy columns will be perfect. *Macte*, puer adulte! *Macte nova virtute.*

793. — *Arbiter of elegance!* —] Petronius's true title: "arbiter elegantiarum." * *

794. *The elegance of taste* —] See note to v. 808, below. * *

795. — *magazinists* —] *Sc.* the editors of the Amer. Monthly Mag., of the Knickerbocker *do.*, of the Southern Lit. Messenger, *et id genus omne.* * *

* *N. Y. American*, of Oct. 29th, 1835.

A Winter in the West; *all those, indeed,*
Petronius declares my girls may read: 800

Ver. 796. *And boarding-schools their month's selection make,*]

Te sine, nil *stultis* pulchrum: omnes ora *puellæ*
In te, oculosque ferunt *versæ:* tua maxima virtus
Omnibus auxilio est: tua libant carmina * passim
Assiduæ, primis et te venerantur ab annis. †

There you are, sir, on the same bench with Virgil.

797. *Long and Peabody*, —] Fashionable booksellers in New York, at the time these lines were written.

799. — *all those, indeed* — *Petronius declares my girls may read:*] As the *Man of Feeling*, the *Man of the World*, *Julia de Roubigné*, *Roderick Random*, *Amelia*, *Falkland*, *Pelham*, and the like. Example:

"The Miscellaneous Works of Henry Mackensie, complete in one volume. N. Y.: *Harper & Brothers.* — The Man of Feeling, the Man of the World, Julia de Roubigné, and various papers published in the periodicals of the day, are here collected in one handsome volume. The inundation of modern books has probably caused young readers to be ignorant, that *Mackensie* is one of the purest writers and most touching narrators in our language, and it may therefore be doing a service to such readers, thus to bear *our* testimony [! !] to his merits." [And, accordingly, the Harpers advertised *Mackensie* as a holiday present.]

Now, to pass the mere merit of Mackensie as a writer, — of which, by the by, there is, notwithstanding Sir Walter Scott, ‡

* *Sc.* those which he publishes.

† Vidæ *Poet.* iii. 570, with a very trifling alteration. **

‡ Sir Walter entitled him *the Scottish Addison.* (See the last page of *Waverley.*) But, in the same novel, Crabbe is termed *the English Juvenal.* Crabbe, it is true, though not exactly either *Nature's sternest painter,* or *the best,* (*a*) held a fine pencil for some of the gloomier traits of humanity. In his manner of description he not unfrequently resembles Dryden, whom, I should judge by his often-recurring Alexandrines, he justly admired and chose to study, and in his versification he attains, at distant intervals, to the richness and variety of Pope; but, like Dryden, the author of the

(*a*) The encomium of Byron; only faulty, because superlative: —

'T is true, that all who rhyme, nay, all who write,
Shrink from that fatal word to genius — *Trite;*
Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires:
This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe attest,
Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best.
Eng. Bards, &c.

Had the poet said, *Nature's stern painter, and among her best,* he had told the simple truth. **

For these are shocking times, dear Mr. Long,
And naughty books make every thing go wrong.

(who, it must be remembered, was a personal friend of Mackensie's, and was besides, as Mr. Lockhart testifies, very apt to overrate the

Borough seems to have thought that his good verses would atone for the bad (*b*), while he is certainly remarkable for not a little of that *platitude* which is the besetting sin of William Wordsworth: and where shall we find in him the magnificence, the energy, the sparkling vivacity, the pointed irony, the bitter invective, and, above all, the conciseness of expression, that condensation of much matter into a small compass, and that felicity of epithet by which, at a single stroke of the pencil as it were, entire pictures stand in the distinctness of reality, and the glow of living nature, on the eternal canvass, — where, I say, shall these, the finished traits of Juvenal, be found upon the homely pages of George Crabbe? (*c*) And as to Mackensie, certainly in that book by whose false title he is as often known as by his own honest name, "The Man of Feeling" appears to have made the author of the *Sentimental Journey* his vicious model rather too much to be paralleled with Joseph Addison; while the moral sentences, which alone give relish to the *Man of the World*, had their model more in the *Rasselas* of Dr. Johnson, than in the sheets of the *Spectator*.

It is thus that men inconsiderately assign to noted characters, whether in letters or politics, titles which suppose the existence of qualities perhaps totally averse from their nature. A single fancied trait (as, for instance, the severity of the subjects, rather than of the muse, of Crabbe,) is sufficient to make the rest of the character pass current for the parallel we are pleased to form of it; and, as in morals the fine turn of a period, or a sparkling sentence, is often regarded more than exactness and truth, so

(*b*) The acute remark of Dr. Johnson upon Dryden's irregular muse. — The observation above applies of course only to Crabbe's later productions (the Borough and the Tales); the *Village* will range on the same shelf with Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* and Mr. Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*. It is truly, what Johnson declared it to be, "varied, elegant, and original;" nor will you easily find a collection of poems more elegant throughout than the volume where it occurs.

(*c*) There is no real parallel in English, and none whatever in French satire, for Juvenal. Boileau borrowed from him, to be unlike him, and Dryden but resembles him in parts. Certainly neither Gifford, nor, still better, Byron, strong as is the former, and strong, varied, elegant, and lively the latter, can lay any claim to such a distinction, though it has been generously heaped upon them both. (1) Pope, who comes the nearest in resemblance to a classic author of all the poets of Great Britain, especially in that evidence of a true artist, the felicity and force of expression, and the skill to select the proper points for description, and not (like Crabbe) to carry us through the entire country of detail, Pope combines with much of the grace and pleasantry of Horace no small portion of the keenness and vigor of Juvenal, while he excels them both in the harmony of his muse, and in the melody of distinct verses; yet Pope is not *a Juvenal* any more than Dryden.

(1) And yet am I not certain that *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* does not deserve to be laid side by side with *Juvenal*, however it has no such similitude of features as entitles it to be called a likeness. Amazing performance for so young a man! whether we regard the brilliancy of its satire, or the excellent judgment displayed in its criticism.

The last you sent I really must return;
It talks too like a man for my *concern.*

merits of other writers,) a very erroneous opinion current, — though we cannot blame PETRONIUS, who has never an opinion of his own, for sailing with the stream, like other straws, whisps, orange-peel, and such like things, — passing this, what are we to think of his advice as a *moral teacher*, who recommends *Julia de Roubigné*, and the *Man of the World*, ay, or the *Man of Feeling*, to *young readers?* books which, even excluding all their scenes of common vice and uncommon debauchery, are dangerous on the score of false sentiment. It is shooting a fly with a cannon, we confess, to blow up by argument or evidence what were done as well with a puff of laughter; only we recollect that there were such people as believed in MATTHIAS; and therefore we add what PETRONIUS said of *Roderick Random.*

"RODERICK RANDOM, 1 vol., by T. W. Smollett. N. Y.: *Harper & Brothers.* — In this *fastidious* age, the genuine humor of Smollett, and his life-like delineations of characters — not always refined — *as what society on earth consists exclusively or mainly of such?* — run some risk of not being enjoyed, *as they should be.*

"Our recollections, however, of *Roderick Random* and honest *Strap*, are so agreeable, that we cannot, *in gratitude, do less than say to others,* that Roderick Random is capitally amusing." *N. Y. Amer.* Nov. 26th, 1836.

This is the man who condemned *Frascati* (see the next note). Could *Frascati* display more immoral scenes, or more likely to corrupt? We believe it is RODERICK RANDOM who plays *Dr. Horne* with himself and a drab in a garret. The best of it is, that the same very knowing critic found fault with *Humphrey Clinker* for indelicacy! But see the note which follows.

801 – 804. "*For these are shocking times, — And naughty books,*" etc.] Thus speaks PETRONIUS, in the spring of 1835 we think, (we have lost the date:)

"FRASCATI, OR SCENES IN PARIS. 2 vols. Philad.: *E. L. Carey, and A. Hart.* This seems to us a *rechauffé* [*réchauffé*] of the various immoralities of the great metropolis — fit only to be perused by those whose tastes would lead them to partake in what is here [*sc.* in the N. Y. American] described."

here a fine-sounding phrase fills the ear too agreeably for the understanding to analyze the composition of the music. How much this exaggeration, in the case of SIR WALTER SCOTT, was owing to that feature in his character recorded by Mr. LOCKHART, and how much to the wish of securing the favor of two very popular writers for an unknown production, I leave the reader to imagine. That great and excellent man, the greatest perhaps of the present age, and surely one of the best, had enough of amiability for the former motive, and was sufficiently human for the latter.

Ah, dear PETRONIUS,— Yet no, — not dear;
For I thy literary Thorax fear,

Delicias hominis! Let the Reader compare this pithy condemnation with the *approved* in the preceding note. — By the by, it had so happened that Mr. POWER, the comedian, had published, the very week before, his vindication of his right to be called an IRISHMAN, which PETRONIUS republished; and there this word *réchauffé* occurred properly applied; unfortunately for our critic, who must needs introduce it here, though how it were possible to make a *réchauffé* of the "immoralities," whatsoever one might do with a *former description* of the "immoralities," it would be hard to say.

Again, (to take our illustrations from the present day,) thus says the N. Y. American of March 10th, 1838:

"THE WORKS OF LADY BLESSINGTON. Complete. 2 volumes in one. Philadelphia: *E. L. Carey, and A. Hart.* — A new edition of the several works of this authoress, which, though published separately, are now for the first time presented to the public in one book. The letter-press and material [?] of this work is [are] good, and it contains a very pretty engraving of a very fine woman. We wish we could commend the purity of its morals, as well as the whiteness of the paper; but depravity is sometimes found within a broad margin. We do not question Lady Blessington's right to describe things as *she* [so printed] finds them; but may Heaven preserve us in our unsophisticated ignorance of such ways and doings."

As if to bid Shame defiance, the very next column, on the same page, presents, side by side with this conscientious judgment, the following charming contrast:

"THE HISTORY OF AMELIA. By HENRY FIELDING, Esq. with illustrations by George Cruikshank. New York: *Harper and Brothers.* — Here is *a comfort to a regular novel reader,* one who has undertaken Clarissa Harlow and accomplished Sir Charles Grandison, who *has gone into the country for a week* with the History of Joseph Andrews and Pamela, and *returned in three days for want of something to read.* Here are five hundred and twenty-four closely printed pages, in a volume of Doct. Johnson's favorite size — *one you can take in your hand to the fireside.* The illustrations are very amusing, and give the costumes of the day with accuracy. We cannot exactly call this a new book, it having been written about eighty-eight years ago."

This is negative commendation and recommendation, and of a high degree. Did PETRONIUS read *Amelia* "eighty-eight years ago," that he forgot the scenes it describes, and the nature of its dialogue? or, as with his fellow-moralist RUBETA, is there such a difference between a reputation which is in the reach of envy, and one that is established too long and set too high for curs to snarl at? that is, between a living author and a dead? "We do not question *Henry Fielding's* right to de-

And, crouching in the dust, salute thee Great,
Whose type-stick measures out both taste and fate, —

scribe things as *he* found them; but may Heaven preserve us in our unsophisticated ignorance of such ways and doings." Amen!

The Reader will open his eyes, presently, at the display we shall make of this very nice newsman's real purity.

806. — *Thorax* —] Thorax was the name of a mountain near the city of MAGNESIA, whereon DAPHITAS was crucified for paying his metrical compliments to certain *Kings*. Κεῖται δ' ἐν πεδίῳ, πρὸς ὄρει καλουμένῳ Θώρακι, ἡ πόλις [Μαγνησία], ἐφ' ᾧ σταυρωθῆναι φασι Δαφίταν τὸν γραμματικὸν, λοιδορήσαντα τοὺς βασιλέας διὰ στίχου·

Πορφύρεοι μώλωπες, ἀποῤῥινήματα γάζης
Λυσιμάχου, Λυδῶν ἄρχετε καὶ Φρυγίης.

Καὶ λόγιον δ' ἐκπεσεῖν αὐτῷ λέγεται, φυλάττεσθαι τὸν Θώρακα. STRAB. *Geogr.* xiv. Cap. i. Sect. 39. *Lips.* 1808.

808. — *taste* —] Though this, as is evident from the construction, refers to his *dicta* as a reviewer (God save us!), and is amply illustrated further on in the Canto, we cannot refrain from annexing a specimen of what is exactly to PETRONIUS's taste; and we hope it will be thought worthy to rank with those "inspired" strains of *Flaccus* and *John Waters*, with which our Author has so cunningly adorned his pages:—

"[*From the Green Thistle, No.* 2.]

"Mr. Pickwick — 'As I vas a comin' down street this mornin', a thinkin' of my mother-in-law, and the old 'un, and the shepherd, a big loafer vent to shoot a little hinnocent dog, right afore my face! So I goes up to him, 'Mr. Snook,' says I. 'My name ain't Snook,' says he. 'Vell,' said I, 'my name ain't Valker, and if so be, Mr. Varmint, that you harms that ere dog, vy,' *etc.* 'Ven I comes home, I sets down and writes this ere little haffecting ditty,' *Etc.*

"AN APPEAL TO THE DOG KILER.

"Loafer, spare that dog!
Touch not a hair or limb!
In youth he fought for me,
And now I 'll fight for him.
What injury doth he,
That in his fated head,
The Mayor's stern decree
Must lodge a junk of lead.
* *
When but an idle boy
Often with him I roved;
In all their gushing joy,
Him, too, my sisters loved;

Fate of small authors, who adore thy shrine,
And humbly beg of thee for leave to dine.
(They, who would scorn a HOLLAND'S noble aid,
May lick thy vulgar hand for praise, and bread!
Spirits that would despise e'en SOUTHEY'S bays,
But bend the neck to greet a blockhead's praise;

> And him my brothers dear,
> The fond caress would give.
> Loafer! who sent thee here?
> Go! let that old dog live!"
> *N. Y. American,* Sept. 7th, 1837.

As this is not the communication of one of his subscribers, but an *extract*, we may reasonably consider it, like the one on p. 305, peculiarly to the Editor's taste; and, certainly, it does it credit. **

811. — *HOLLAND* —] The venerable and amiable nobleman, himself a man of letters, who now graces this title, was, it will be remembered, somewhat gratuitously rated by Lord BYRON for his patronage of authors.

I desire not to be misunderstood. While I think that a man of rank and fortune cannot more nobly use his wealth and influence than in the encouragement, and protection if need be, of literary merit, yet do I hold that the object of this patronage is always degraded:

> Dignus Aricinos qui mendicaret ad axes,
> Blandaque devexæ jactaret basia rhedæ.*

The client is morally a slave to his patron; and slavery recognises no virtue but entire submissiveness. But as, at the present day, you meet in certain writers most indignant flourishes at the mental prostitution of a past era in literature, it seems to me not very consistent, that these champions of independence should condescend to live at the will of a newspaper, and submit their taste and judgment to its beggarly decision. Perhaps they cannot help it. Amen! then I will help it for them.

113. — *e'en SOUTHEY'S bays,*] The laureateship has long been considered, even in ENGLAND, as somewhat derogatory to that character for independence, which a man of spirit wishes to maintain in the world. A poet-laureate always seems to be a poet in livery; though he is so, in fact, but on stated occasions.

* Juv. iv. 117. **

Warm'd by the smiles, and frozen by the sneers,
Of stupid, fulsome, menial, gazetteers.)
All hail, dread *King of Shreds and Patches!* deign
To let my ivy clasp thy wall of brain.
So shall thy name, like Pyrrhus' toe, unhurt,
Survive when all the rest of thee is dirt.

Swart Memnon spoke, when Egypt's blood-red sun
Touch'd his cold lips; and yet they were but stone:
So thou, inspir'd by gold's omnific ray,
Though Heav'n hath cast thy brain in refuse clay,

Ver. 817. — *deign — To let my ivy clasp thy wall of brain:*]

——— hanc sine tempora circum
Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere lauros.
Virg. *Ecl.* viii. 12.

819, 820. — *like Pyrrhus' toe, unhurt — Survive —*] Quorumdam corpori partes nascuntur ad aliqua mirabiles; sicut Pyrrho regi pollex in dextro pede, cujus tactu lienosis medebatur. Hunc cremari cum reliquo corpore non potuisse tradunt, conditumque loculo in templo.
Plin. *Hist. Nat.* vii. 2. * *

821, 822. *Swart Memnon spoke, when Egypt's blood-red sun — Touch'd his cold lips; and yet they were but stone:*] — quem vocant basalten, ferrei coloris atque duritiæ. * * * Non absimilis illi narratur in Thebis delubro Serapis, ut putant, Memnonis statua dicatus: * * *. Plin. *Hist. Nat.* xxxvi. 11. — Memnonis saxea effigies, ubi radiis solis icta est, vocalem sonum reddens. Taciti *Annal.* ii. 61. * *

821. — *blood-red sun —*] It was at his rising, as is well known, that the Sun is said to have produced this effect on Memnon. Philostratus has described the phenomenon very fancifully: —— Δοκεῖ γὰρ ὁ Ἥλιος, οἱονεὶ πλῆκτρον κατὰ τὸ στόμα ἐμπίπτων τῷ Μέμνονι, ἐκκαλεῖσθαι φωνὴν ἐκεῖθεν, καὶ, λαλοῦντι σοφίσματι, παραμυθεῖσθαι τὴν Ἠμέραν [*i. e.* Auroram, Memnonis matrem.] *Icon. lib.* i. 7. ed. Olearii. fol. Lips. 1709. p. 774.

Turn'st the rude hand, that should have grasp'd a spade,
To libel sense, and spoil a dirty trade.
Why not? thy correspondents bid thee scrawl.
At it, a God's name! and amuse them all.
'T is mutual favor; thou and they are quits:
Thou lov'st their resin; they, obliging wits,
To see their nasty drivel set in print,
Coax thy dull sprite, and fool thee to their bent.

Ver. 830. — *resin* —] Incense. * *

827 – 832. *Why not? thy correspondents*, etc. — *they, obliging wits,* — *To see their nasty drivel*, etc.] Refers to the regular flattery with which his correspondents introduce an article in order to insure its insertion. A modest man would in every case omit such parts, as it would be taking no liberty with the composition, but what, from their personal nature, it would be his perfect right to do: but there be men content to obtain, from the servility of others, distinctions which they cannot earn for themselves. We have specimens, of all dates, and of every variety. A few shall suffice us.

In the N. Y. Am. for July 20th, 1837, some nincompoop, who signs himself *Old Suffolk*, thus prefaces, in an address to the editor, certain talk about the inelegance of a *Report by the Visitors of the Military Academy at West Point*:

"*Knowing your love of correct composition*, [!] your *classical and grammatical taste*, [!!] and your *apparent aversion to loose writing*, [!!!] I am a little surprised that you did not *scold the Board* [!!!!] for permitting their Report to go forth to the *world* in the dress in which it appears."

Praise misplaced is often the bitterest irony. A proposition which we never saw so forcibly exemplified as in the compliments of *Old Suffolk*.

The next example is of March 24th, 1838, induced by which, our modest editor bestowed a column and a half of his paper upon the wire-drawn proposition of a most absurd scheme, such as could only originate in the brain of a pedant, and retired pedagogue, totally ignorant of the ways of men. PETRONIUS says:

"As auxiliary to our plan of giving to Saturday's paper a literary character, we call attention to the following communication of 'A School Master,' on a subject

Hence, like thy *Flaccus*, thou wilt ne'er believe,
That even thy friends are laughing in their sleeve,

which ought to excite the interest and secure the co-operation of every patriot and every parent."

And the "Schoolmaster" opens:

"Sir — The *very lively interest which you take in the sound education of the rising generation* in this promising country, *your own experience* [where obtained?], and the love *which* (I know) *you still retain for Classical Literature*, encourage me to hope for your countenance, *&c.*"

Quid apertius? et tamen illi
Surgebant cristæ! Nihil est quod credere de se
Non possit, cum laudatur. ——*

Not one of the least amusing of our specimens is that furnished in the paper for May 12th, by one "M.," who does not scruple to dub his dupe the Father of the Fine Arts. Hear him:

"Mr. Editor — Amid the clashings [clashing] of Politics and Banks, *you must not forget that the Fine Arts of our city look to the columns of your paper with somewhat of a filial claim.* If they cry out, you are bound to hear them."

Finally "Civis," *alias* "John Waters," *alias* "Black Fish," *alias* perhaps "Flaccus," (for two such geniuses surely cannot exist at one epoch; Nature would lack matter and strength for the double generation,) "Black Fish" is famous for this sort of *pour boire* or *buona mano*. He says soft things to the great *initials*, and their owner, in return, admits — soft things. See the note to verse 900.

833. — *thy* Flaccus, —] The following is a sample of that young gentleman's best rhyme and best reason:

* * * *

"My page will prove *more pleasant than profound*,
I love to tickle, rather than to wound;
When fools are sunk in dullness' slumber low,
A feather wakes as quickly as a blow.
In satire's shaft, my pen will not assume
The part of barb, but *only that of plume.*
No. I. W."

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?
Parturiunt montes: nascetur ridiculus mus,†

whose whiskers will be shown in a subsequent note. However, "We are glad to see this marked No. I, and shall *await*" (says our friend PETRONIUS, with his usual good English and correct grammar), "with ea-

* JUV. iv. 69–71. ** † HOR. *de Arte Poet.* 138, 139. **

But toilest on, despite thy dwarfish strength, 835
In dissertations sixteen lines in length,
Whence sense and judgment wander many a mile,
Like grammar and connexion from thy style.

gerness *that what* is so cleverly begun, *shall be* unfailingly continued. — [Ed. N. Y. American.]" That 's you: *Pulchre! bene! recte!*

837. *Whence sense and judgment wander many a mile,*] The following precious specimen of wisdom will illustrate the text in a general point of view. (In its more confined application, to the "dissertations," critical and moral, with which the King of Cant so frequently indulges his patrons, the verse is amply exemplified in other notes.)

"We commend the sentiment, expressed in the annexed extract from *Bolingbroke*, to those most violent and industrious of Propagandists — the free thinkers.

"'*If you find no reason to doubt* concerning the opinions of your fathers, keep to them, they will be *sufficient for you*. If you find any reason to doubt concerning them, SEEK THE TRUTH QUIETLY, *but take care not to disturb the minds of other men*. Let us not imagine, like some who are called free thinkers, that every *man who can think and judge for himself* as HE HAS A RIGHT TO DO, has, therefore, a right of speaking, any more than acting, according to the full freedom of his thoughts. *The freedom belongs to him as a rational creature*. He lies under the restraint *as a member of society*.'" N. Y. American, June 16th, 1835.

Would any, but a very dull brain, have failed to see the drift of this most *commendable sentiment?* I have no doubt that the editor of the N. Y. American is a sincere believer; yet here we see him setting *faith* at naught, quite coolly; betrayed into actual infidelity by the innocence of his dulness, and the foolish vanity of affecting to have read *Lord Bolingbroke*, by quoting a passage which no one will ever suspect him of having found in that author himself. Why will this man meddle with matters which are above the reach of his dwarfish understanding? and why will the credulity of my countrymen, in submitting to pretensions which the least attention on their part would enable them to see through as not even second-rate jugglery, force *me* to correct so poor a trifler? I hope, however, that, now wakened from their easy confidence, they will no longer take for real magic a childish legerdemain, because it is ushered in with the sound of a hurdy-gurdy and a tambourine, and the flaming declaration of the tumbler himself, but dare to look for themselves, believing this, (were not which a shameful fact, I should not now be writing,) that if such a man, so hasty in judgment, so wavering in opinion, yet constant to his prejudices, so loud in his assertions of liberality, yet so gross in his partiality, and withal so incompetent, by nature and from want of knowledge, to conduct the task which

Thy style! made up of parenthetic clauses,
(With dashes interposed, to mark the pauses,) 840

he has ridiculously taken on himself, (a task which requires, always, long experience and constant study, clearness of head and candor of heart,) that if such a man, a man so shallow and unfair, be permitted to retain the place which, to our disgrace be it said, he has wriggled up to unobserved, we may soon bid adieu to wholesome literature, and perhaps, along with it, to *sound* morality.*

838. *Like grammar and connexion from thy style.*] One example, of very many: —

"We know no more fitting comment *on*, or striking illustration *of*, the absurdity of looking to the private opinions of playactors, or identifying them in any way with the character and reputation of our country, than *are* presented in the annexed statement from the Evening Journal of Tuesday, of a theatrical row in Albany." *N. Y. Am.*, Friday, Dec. 16th, 1836.

The absurdity of criticizing the style, or the grammatical errors of a newspaper, is removed, when it is considered that the daily papers, and especially the one here particularized, are constantly looked to by the mass of the people as judges of literary merit, are referred to by the booksellers as such, † and have actually more influence on the public taste than his long experience and laborious study have on the judgment of a genuine critic. The N. Y. American is frequently called upon by its correspondents to decide on matters of grammar, and the like, as was formerly, (and, for aught I know, may be still,) the Gentle-

* They are intimately connected. If ignorant men are suffered to become our teachers, we may derive as much harm from the innocence of misjudgment as from the wilfulness of malice. The author of the *Pursuits of Literature* says, very justly: "Mankind are *guided in their actions*, not by system, but *by single impulses*; by detached maxims, by aphorisms, by sentences, which have frequently the force of whole volumes." (4th Dial. p. 370 of 9th edition.) *So much for Bolingbroke!*

† An example from an English newspaper will be found to give a fair specimen of a bookseller's advertisements in our own:

"Just published, 8vo. price 4*s*.,

"COSMO de MEDICI; an Historical Tragedy. By R. H. HORNE, author of the 'Exposition of the False Medium,' &c. 'It is the pure old English school of dramatic writing, which the modern taste for still-life classicalities can never root out of our literature.'— Sunday Times. '"Cosmo de Medici" is the work of a man capable of effecting high triumphs in dramatic literature.'— Atlas. 'The concluding scenes of the fifth act, for intense tragic pathos, have never been surpassed.'— True Sun. London, J. Templeman, 248, Regent-street."

This stuff is well understood, and of course laughed at, by men of sense: but men of sense are not the majority of readers, nor do they have a casting vote in the conferring of popularity. * *

Pack'd in each other, but no couple mates,
Like Dutch pill-boxes, or a nest of plates;
While, 'mid the pile, some word of CHAUCER'S shows
Like Thomas' church, or OSBORN'S little oes.

man's Magazine in LONDON, and decides upon them with the dignity of a Scaliger pronouncing upon Virgil; for *whatsoever the KING did pleased all the people.** On what basis this authority rests will be very plainly seen in the passages we have reluctantly clipped from the columns of that foolishly arrogant journal; and an entire ignorance of every principle of taste, and of even the common elements of the English language, will be found to be a main prop in the support of the edifice. We wish that its ridiculous presumption, in matters with which it should have nothing to do, and the readiness of the public to submit to its dogmatism, had not forced us to this campaign against a moscheto!

839–842. — *made up of parenthetic clauses, — (with dashes interposed —)* etc.] As the reader has seen, or will see, PETRONIUS has an astonishing fondness for broken sentences and dashes, which he assembles in such quantity, that an *article* of his composition is an absolute polypus of lines and letters.

> Son [style], toujours flottant entre mille embarras,
> Ni sait ni ce qu'il veut ni ce qu'il ne veut pas.
>
> BOILEAU. *Sat.* viii. * *

843. *While, 'mid the pile, some word of CHAUCER'S shows —*] Our "arbiter elegan." is an ardent admirer, as we have in some degree shown already (Canto iii.), of old and obsolete expressions, or such as are adapted only to poetry or solemn discourse; for example, *albeit, gainsay, moot point, mooted,* and a whole family of the like.

844. *Like Thomas' church, —*] As much misplaced as the musty words of PETRONIUS are beside his modern English, even so much are St. Thomas's church, and all the other caricatures of Gothic architecture which have followed it in MANHATTAN, when viewed along with the neighboring dwellinghouses. Were all these fanciful erections Gothic in any other sense, than the one in which they are most entirely deserving of the epithet, still they could only appear, where they stand, about as appropriate to the locality, as would the dress of a knight of the middle ages side by side of the petticoat of a modish lady of Broadway. The

* "And all the people took notice of it, and it pleased them; as whatsoever the king did pleased all the people." 2 Samuel iii. 36. * *

But this is naught, thy judgment, to the charm
Of thy consistency. As blows the storm,

massive building known as the New York University is a fine, imposing structure in itself, and more correctly built, after its model, than any other of the kind in the country, but it becomes almost ridiculous, when we turn from its fresh-looking buttresses, and castellated eaves, to the airy dwellings which surround it. Had the same quantity of stone been expended according to some modern Italian plan, and the same space of ground occupied, the *effect* would have been precisely the same, as far as the dimensions of the building are considered, while the admiration, which at present stops here, would not have sunk into a sense of the ridiculous, but have been expanded upon the details of proportion, and upon the beauty of embellishment, and NEW YORK been applauded for good taste and splendor, where she is now censurable for extravagance and incongruity.

844. — *or OSBORN's little oes.*] See *Confessions of a Poet*, which is dotted all over, where other writers use the capital letter, with small-text exclamations, capped very mysteriously with a queer-looking freemason's figure (thus, ó), so that they are altogether very like the astronomical character of the planet Mars. The little cipher by itself, if the *Poet* like it, may be very well; but what the devil the circumflex over it is doing in English I do not understand, nor do I believe its papa does either.

Ib. OSBORN —] We must beg this author's pardon for putting him into company where, however censurable as a writer, he certainly does not deserve to be thrust: but the awkward and staring appearance, which some ponderous antiquated word makes, diurnally, amid the scattered members of PETRONIUS's "editorial articles," is too apposite to the typographical oddity of the *Poet's* oes, for us to resist the temptation of placing them in juxtaposition. However, Mr. OSBORN,* who does not appear to have the best opinion of humanity, knows very well that men of sense are not often coupled with their kind. Even SIR WALTER SCOTT has been seen to ride cheek by jowl with his coachman.

845, 846. *But this is naught, thy judgment, to the charm — Of thy consistency.*] If there is one trait of character for which PETRONIUS, in his office of editor, is better known than another, it is his never knowing his own mind; except in domestic politics, where party-rancor keeps him steady.

* By the way, it has been publicly asserted, by the friends of this gentleman, that he is not the parent of the unhappy offspring thus laid at his door. Very possibly. Bring us the right horse, and we will clap the saddle upon him. It is a viler death to be smothered in the stale beer of a newspaper than to be pinned fast here; and I hope he will think so.

Thou know'st to trim thy vessel to the gale,
Or float unharm'd without or mast or sail.

This infirmity, however, is never betrayed in dubitation; no man doubts less than he; but in a vacillancy of movement only surpassed by that of a cock's tail in a high wind, or of an empty balance before it is brought to an equipoise, or of a bubble of soap tossed up in air by the bowl of a tobacco-pipe, or of a football kicked in a playground by a party of schoolboys. What he says to-day he is sure to contradict to-morrow, and what he contradicts to-morrow it is ten to one he will recall the day next following.

"Voilà *l'homme* en effet. Il va du blanc au noir;
Il condamne au matin ses sentimens du soir;
Importun à tout autre, à soi-même incommode,
Il change à tous momens d'esprit comme de mode;
Il tourne au moindre vent, il tombe au moindre choc,
Aujourd'hui dans un casque, et demain dans un froc." *

We have already given some fine specimens of this philosophical uncertainty (notes to v. 801.) The one we now present is, like them, confined to a literary subject. But future notes will show that our wise man does not know his mind in any thing (always excepting party-politics.)

When the HARPERS published their flimsy edition of the collected works of Mr. BULWER, the editor of the N. Y. American protested that he, good man, saw nothing to condemn in the morality, no more than he did to censure in the style, of Mr. BULWER's compositions, (which, it seems, had in both respects found some undazzled critics in AMERICA.) This, we are confident, was the pith of his remarks, though, owing to accident, we cannot quote them to the letter. Well, an American magazine says something which induces him to change his opinion; that is, the football gets a kick from the opposite side, or the bubble catches a counter-current; and in the N. Y. American for March 17th, 1838, we have the following modest recantation: —

"SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, for March, 1838. *T. W. White:* Richmond, Va. — We welcome another number of this most excellent periodical. It contains among much other good matter, an admirable article † on the Influence of

* BOILEAU. *Sat.* viii. * *

† An idea of the *admirable* character of this *article* may be gathered from the following simple sentence, which forms part of the passage cited by the judicious "*arbiter*": —

"Erect between contending parties, like the pillar of mingled darkness and flame, he [Mr. BULWER] should gild with cheering light the pathway of the friends of peace and order, and cast a withering shadow over the advancing footsteps of destroying anarchists." ! ! * *

God help thee! what a weight of ballast thou
Must have between thy stern-post and thy prow!
O when, reclin'd upon my long settee,
That sleepy hour between roast-beef and tea,

Morals on the happiness of man, and the stability of social institutions, and does *justice, — strict, though severe — to the writings of Bulwer.* Convinced as we are, that at the present time, if ever, it is incumbent upon *the Patriot and the Christian* to oppose all the *inroads of licentiousness of opinion* as well as practice, *upon public morals,* we cannot refrain from inserting some extracts." [*Euge!*]

By the by, how very sincere is this regard for "public morals," the notes to v. 974 (which also still further illustrate the text before us,) will clearly show, if those already given at v. 801 have not done it sufficiently.

846 – 848. — *As blows the storm, — Thou know'st,* etc.] The Frogs say, that it is the part of a wise man and an old sailor, to keep always to the weatherside of the ship, and not stand like a figure-head in one place.

Ταῦτα μὲν πρὸς ἀνδρός ἐστι νοῦν ἔχοντος καὶ φρένας,
Καὶ πολλὰ περιπεπλευκότος,
Μετακυλινδεῖν αὐτὸν αἰεὶ
Πρὸς τὸν εὖ πράττοντα μᾶλλον τοῖχον, ἢ γεγραμμένην
Εἰκόν' ἱστάναι, λαξόνθ' ἓν σχῆμα· τὸ δὲ μεταστρέφειν
Πρὸς τὸ μαλθακώτερον,
Δεξιοῦ πρὸς ἀνδρός ἐστι, καὶ φύσει Θηραμένους.*

ARISTOPH. *Ran.* 534 – 540.

How much more wisdom then must it display, and practical acquaintance with navigation, to make use of any wind! nay, to do without either mast or sail!

Δεξιοῦ πρὸς ἀνδρός ἐστι, καὶ φύσει Θηραμένους.

* *

851. *O when,* etc.] Here the Author offends against the rules of the epopee, by appearing himself.† But as, in the famous opening of the 9th book of Paradise Lost, we pardon the irregularity of the poet, for the pleasant intercourse it brings us into with the man, so do we rejoice

* THERAMENES was one of the Thirty Tyrants, and so notorious for fickleness of disposition, that he was nicknamed *Cothurnus:* as if, at the present day, we should call PETRONIUS a *tavern-slipper,* — such, namely, as fits either foot, or any foot.

† See what ARISTOTLE says of HOMER, in very just commendation. Sect. 42. *ed. Tyrwhitt.*

JOHN fetches in the windegg of thy brain,
What coffee can inspire like thee, dear Vane!
I mark thee turn, and turn, and turn again; 855

in the license taken by our own serious bard, since we are thereunto indebted for new light, thrown upon the character of the most extraordinary and accomplished, with one exception, of modern heroes. * *

853. *JOHN* —] Not *John Waters*, but my John; a much more rational animal, or I should send him packing very soon.

855, &c. *I mark thee turn, and turn, and turn again; — And smile to note*, etc.]

"We are assured by a competent source, that the charge brought against J—— B. ——, by the Evening Post, of having been 'bought out' of the Morris Canal Company, and *to which we referred as disqualifying that gentleman for a station of public trust*, has been publicly contradicted in his behalf — that it is unfounded — and that a suit is now pending against the Editors of the Post for the charge.

"*Under such circumstances* [the "pending suit," which has, by sympathy, a very cooling effect on our hot head,] *we do not hesitate to recall our allusion to it*, and *to express our regret that it was made.*" *N. Y. Am.* April 11th, 1837.

Now, "the charge" ought not to have been *referred to*, until it should have been proved; but, once alluded to as correct, "the allusion" should not have been *recalled* until the charge were disproved.

"RENDER JUSTICE. — It is in compliance with this injunction that we insert below, an extract from a letter addressed to us from Washington by a friend of the Commissioner of the Land Office, Mr. W———, *concerning some of whose acts, a letter published in this paper*, on 25th Feb., *gave information manifestly erroneous.*

"*We have not a doubt that the version of the transactions* referred to, *given in the subjoined extract, is accurate and authentic.*" *N. Y. Am.* March 8th, 1838.

Apply to this example the observations we have made on the one preceding, with the addition that the new "version," so readily vouched for, was "by a friend" of the party inserted. It is a beautiful thing to do injustice for the sake of afterward *rendering justice!* to damn a man's character on hearsay, for the sake of redeeming it on simple contradiction!

"The Journal of Commerce says, that on the 28th February it published the statement of the seconds, and again a part of it on the next day. We *hasten*, therefore, *to correct our error in saying that paper had not* published it." *N. Y. Am.* March 9th, 1838.

A *man* should never make a positive assertion, until he is prepared to defend and prove it.

"BANK OF THE UNITED STATES AND ITS LIABILITIES. — As an appendix to the communication of *Truth, a statement we published* in Wednesday's paper, setting forth the supposed liabilities of the Bank of the United States.

"From the annexed communication in the Boston Atlas, it *appears* that *both*

And smile to note thee boldly own the sin
Of yester eve, and a new score begin.

error and misapprehension are propagated by the statement, which, *therefore, as a matter of justice, we hasten to rectify.*" N. Y. Am. April 14th, 1838.

A slowness to adopt a statement not proved would have saved *the haste* "to rectify" an error — an error too which was not proved (as it turned out afterwards.) The error was "in round numbers, an error of 95 millions of dollars!"

"In justice to Capt. ——, charged with the abduction of Miss ——, of Erie, we must mention that he has published a card, denying in the most unqualified manner the outrage charged upon him. *Etc.*" *N. Y. Am.* of Thursday, 17th May (I think), 1838.

After taking away a man's character by an eagerness to propagate scandal, it is but poor *justice* to mention his *unqualified denial of the charge against him*, when this denial may never be seen by those who read the story, or, if seen, will be rejected by the major part of them, as being less palatable to the appetite for scandal.

"A reply from G. W. F———, U. S. Geologist, to Lt. M——, is entitled to special notice from us, *since we adopted*, we confess, *without doubt or dissent, the grave imputations cast upon Mr. F*——— in a previous number of this Magazine, ["The Naval Magazine;" which the ed. of the Am. was *reviewing*.] It is due to *truth and justice* to say that, *in our judgment, Mr. F. conclusively refutes the statements of Lt. M——*, and proves that they *were wantonly made by that officer*. The question will be understood, and *full justice* done, by our giving place to the letter from the head of the corps of Topographical Engineers, Col. A——." *N. Y. Am.* Jan. 13th, 1838.

This certainly is a curious way to gain the reputation of candor: viz. to do a man the grossest wrong upon the one-sided account of perhaps a rival or an enemy, and then, when, *after many months*, the wind blows from another quarter, to veer about, and call the world to remark what a fine weathercock it is which is moved by a breath and thus does justice to all breezes. But alas! it appears that after all there was no wrong done at all, and that Mr. F—— was to blame, and not Lt. M——! for, on the 12th May, 1838, *four months* after the previous act of *justice*, out comes the wind again from the original quarter, and the weathercock brings his tail into a line with the current. Behold!

"It is an act of *justice* to subjoin Lt. M——'s replication to the article in the Naval Magazine copied into this paper, in which Mr. F—— assailed a previous statement of the Lieutenant.

"*We have got ourselves unwittingly into this controversy*, but being in, must endeavor to do *justice* [again! *Quousque, &c.!*] on all sides."

Unwittingly indeed; for says the gentleman whose name was so indecently and injuriously brought before the public: "To this, ["the editorial heading of the article in the American," as above given,] To

As, in a circus, one may see the clown
Throw, at full speed, his thin disguises down;

this I will make no objection, because, from Col. A——'s letter which followed, the conclusions would, *by careless reading*, ["*in our judgment*," says the Am., "Mr. F. *conclusively refutes, &c.*"!] by *careless reading* seem to be borne out by facts."

We could go on, adding example upon example of our cool-headed Editor's candor, consistency, and love of right; but such trial of our readers' patience were unnecessary, even for the sake of *justice*.

The examples given, by the Author, of our *arbiter's* consistency, and with it of his candor and love of right, are certainly sufficiently numerous to satisfy the most exacting *justice*. But we must be permitted to show the reader what was the hero's conduct in the record of a recent and well-known catastrophe. This, with a single other case, will bring the history of puerility down to the moment when these sheets are passing through the press.

In commenting upon the loss of the steamer Pulaski, the N. Y. Am. of June 25th, 1838, thus speaks:

"In addition to the facts stated in Saturday's paper concerning the construction and the racing * of the Pulaski, we learn that her machinery was cheap — that is to say, that it was purchased for about *ten thousand dollars less* than either *Allaire*, of this city, or the *West Point Foundry*, to both whom application was made, would undertake to make it for."

On the 29th of the same month, it says:

"In respect to the fact alleged in this paper, of the *Pulaski* having *cheap* machinery, the Baltimore Morning Chronicle thinks we are misinformed, and adds — * * *

"In justice to our accuracy, it is proper to say, that our information was derived from a Senator of this State, who received his information from the agent of the West Point Foundry — and the fact as stated by us, so far as regards that Foundry, *we must*, notwithstanding the denial by the Chronicle, *take to be correct*. With regard to Mr. Allaire, it has *already been noticed in this* paper that *our information was erroneous*. * * *

"*If it shall turn out that we are in error, it shall be freely acknowledged.*"

And accordingly, if we mistake not, *the error was acknowledged;* for "the agent of the W. Point Foundry," as we think, declared the information as erroneous as that with regard to Mr. Allaire. (This, be it observed, we cannot assert with

* No man has more strongly condemned the folly and wickedness of a contention for speed, between vessels propelled by steam, than Petronius; and virtuously loud has been the outpouring of his indignation against his brethren of the press, for encouraging by their commendations such dangerous rivalry. Yet no man has more assiduously noted the various quick passages of steamers, from "swift" to "swifter," and to "swiftest yet." Take the most recent example only.

"The Royal William does not appear to take much pains to deserve the character of a swift boat. Bets of two to one were said to have been made in England, that she would make the shortest passage ever known." &c. *N. Y. Am. July* 23, 1838.

Were we to copy all the examples of inconsistency furnished by this great pretender, it is no hyperbole to say that the entire volume of this book would not suffice to hold them. * *

Now *a crook'd grandam*, then *a simpering miss*,
And next *a trainband-colonel* in full dress:
Admiring crowds of peanut-eating cits
Roar at his jokes, and clap the King of wits:
Ev'n thus, one marks thee shift thy sex and shape;
All things by turns, but every turn an ape.

confidence, as we have lost or mislaid the paper referring to it, and depend upon our memory.) Moreover, in the paper of June 25th, we have:

"Much censure is now cast, and *deservedly as it seems to us*, on the conduct of Capt. A——, of the steampacket *New York*, who, in passing the wreck of the *Pulaski*, on Monday last, contented himself with distant reconnoitering, and lowered no boat to see if any survived the calamity, and who spent but two hours, by his own showing, in looking about, without running down for the wreck."

The very next notice, we think, acknowledges that the Editor was wrong, and promises to publish the Captain's statement. July 2d, this statement is published, and, in his usual cant, Petronius observes: "in our judgment it is not satisfactory."

Now, can any thing be more puerile and wanton than this rash adoption of every conflicting story, as it is advanced by one party or the other, without waiting till the same shall have been positively confirmed, or as positively refuted! puerile and wanton, in any man; but in the editor of a public press, whose gossip is for thousands, and, in course of post, spreads falsehood or truth, as the case may be, from one end of the UNITED STATES to the other, what shall we say of it! But to finish: — Friday, July 27th, 1838, we find in the N. Y. American, this paragraph:

"The case of the re-capture of the schooner Lone, about which so much boasting has been made, as a 'cute Yankee trick, turns out to be an affair in no wise creditable to those concerned. It seems that Captain B—— [C —] was liberated on parole, not to attempt to re-take this vessel, which parole he has forfeited." &c.

While we are still in wonder at the ethics which makes such a difference between a *trick*, and *an affair in no wise creditable*, comes in the paper of Saturday; and lo! our wonder at the editor's morality is swallowed up in our admiration of his wariness of judgment, and in our joy at his candor: —

"RE-CAPTURE OF THE SCHR. LONE.—The Courier is right in supposing that we had *not seen* the denial of Capt. C —— of his having given his *parole*, or we *should not have stated the case so strongly as was done* in last evening's American. We are willing to believe Capt. C ——," &c.

Where is the security of private character, when the rashness of a dunce is allowed to disseminate partial statements at the simple cost of subsequent retraction, and the inadvertence of a pair of eyes can be received as apology for the volatile slander of a heedless tongue? * *

865. — *but every turn an ape.*] Because, as with the clown, the characters are but assumed; as we think to prove before we shall have finished the portrait.

Live on! great ruler of a greater press!
Print on! and each day print thyself still less!
Stale politics thy little brain confuse,
And tender *lispings* of some sucking muse;

Ver. 868. *Stale politics thy little brain confuse,*] This worthy scribe is famous, in general politics, for asserting to-day what to-morrow will be sure to laugh at. Witness, the very next news which may come from ENGLAND, or FRANCE, or from the Moon. — It is the same with his authors; half a dozen of whom he has already made the Aldeboran, when the star turns out to be a mere vapor! More of which, by and by.

869. — "*lispings*" —] HOWARD PAYNE, affectedly entitled a collection of poetical pieces, which he published in LONDON, "Lispings of the Muse."

— *of some sucking muse;*] Exemp. grat.:

"[*For the New York American.*]

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

* * *

"A Tartar did you say?
What is a Tartar?
A sharp and acid thing —
Unlike the mind's soft ray
Of intellects pure spring.

But why am I a Tartar?
Is it so crude, to speak
Of female loveliness — of Grace,
With all the beauties of the mind
As well as of the Face?

* * *

The little bird that aim'd to spring
Above the Eagle's flight,
Took shelter under his broad wing
And so attain'd its height.

Thus did my muse — poor unfledg'd thing
Attempt to soar on high,
When lo! — an Eagle flapp'd his wing —
And told her she must die.

Now as she's dead — why there's an end
Of all dispute and bartar —
Remember Flaccus as your friend,
But think no more of —— TARTAR."

I believe this "Tartar" is the same hand that, under the signa-

Sheepshead and turtle still thy page prolong, 870
And *Anti-Mercury* round off the song;

ture of *Flaccus*, wrote songs for the N. Y. Am., the which so tickled its knowing editor that he equalled them with those of *Anacreon Moore!*

As I have lost the paper from which I cut the above scrap, I may have mistaken the identity of *Tartar* with *Flaccus*. If so, I ask pardon of the latter gentleman, for laying this trash on his back when he has stuff of his own to weigh him down.

870. Sheepshead and Turtle *still thy page prolong,*] See note to v. 782, back. * *

871. *And* Anti-Mercury *round off the song;*] See those delightful emanations of philanthropy and disinterestedness, the *Unfortunate's Friend*, *Improved Vegetable Robb*, &c. &c., which render so instructive the pages of the N. Y. American. If you have not the entire paper handy, ask your daughter for one of her schoolbooks, or consult any of the fashionable novels in your wife's drawing-room; you will be sure to find these wholesome effusions giving value to the cover they envelope. Or, at a push, ask your son, or your seamstress; they have by heart these gentle missions of good will towards men, which offer to the pure and delicate-minded, and to the poor and modest, the *balmy* hope of sinning with impunity, and of drawing profit without loss. — See note to v. 978, in advance.

871. —]

Cultor enim es juvenum, purgatas inseris aures
Fruge Cleanthea. PERS. v. 63.

In the midst of the advertisements of literary novelties, and directly under the shopkeepers' cards to the ladies, we find in the *N. Y. Am.*, of Jany. 1838, a "Medical Notice, very interesting for the citizens of this country, particularly for the stranger." Thank Heaven, the editors in BOSTON have not yet welcomed these beastly agents of uncleanness! these quacks, who are but bawds, and make those men scarce better that admit their notices. For thee, PETRONIUS,

"The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 't is to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy [patronage]" — *

"Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth;

* *Meas. for Measure:* A. iii. Sc. 2.

While heaps of jaw-teeth bid thy letters weep,
And granite columns break thy brain's cat-sleep,
When, standing mute, thou contemplat'st their size,
And wonder all mankind have not thine eyes.
Live on and print, bright sage! Print on, to live!
So the year's eagle cits undunn'd shall give,

Serve by indenture to the common hangman;
Any of these ways are better yet than this." * * *

872. *While heaps of jaw-teeth*, etc.] "Passing along Pearl street, near Wall street, a day or two ago, we saw a large pile of elephants' tusks — some indicating age and almost decay — others of fine hard ivory. Upon asking the porter (who was superintending the storage of them) as to the number, he said there were 400. *There, then, before us, were the ivory spoils of* 200 *elephants* [!!] — 200 of those animals, by the exhibition of one of which through our country, a fortune is made [!!] — and these 200 hunted to death merely for the ivory of their tusks! [Alack, for pity!] The hazards, fatigues, and probably disasters, of the Indians who had tracked to their death, these noble and *more* [not our Italics] than half-reasoning animals — the burning sun," &c. &c. — "all, all seemed unheeded by the thousands, and tens of thousands, who passed along, [shame on them!] and who only saw in these huge spoils, one among the innumerable contributions to human wants and luxury of the Genius of Commerce." * * * "Passing through Greenwich street yesterday, we saw in the centre of the street, a windlass with a horse turning the bar, and beyond, an enormous mass of granite, cased in wood, rolled along by means of the windlass, on ways laid on the pavement. This [the pavement] was a solid column of granite, measuring," *&c.* "It will require several days yet, before it finishes, this its first, and probably last city, excursion. Some half dozen men with their crow bars, and a few blocks of wood — the windlass and the horse — moved this enormous pillar along, with perfect precision — and without exciting apparently, more than a momentary interest, in the hurrying crowds that passed [!!]." *N. Y. Am.* May 22, 1835.

Miratur molem Æneas, —
Miratur portas, *strepitumque, et strata viarum.*†

877. — *the year's eagle* —] To wit, $10, lawful currency of the U. S.;

* *Pericles, P. of Tyre.* A. iv. Sc. 6.
† Virg. *Æn.* i. 421. * *

Applauding much thy wit's diurnal stream,
And wond'ring at thy fancy's nightly dream,
And see, in essays matter rarely clogs,
Thy types upsetting all things, — even dogs.
How well a hot enthusiasm squares
With thy large shoulders and thy grizzled hairs!
From twelve to twenty, all our thoughts run wild;
But thou, a grandpapa, art still a child,

and only this for three hundred and more folio publications! Too cheap! too cheap! for such a world of stuff! * *

881 — *even dogs.*] PETRONIUS is famous for much sympathy for these neglected, "*more* than half-reasoning,"* animals, and may be considered as HALE's opponent in the Dog-days. Like CHAUCER's Prioress, (the difference of sex is nothing, in the present case,)

> But for to speake of her conscience,
> She was so charitable and so pitous
> She wolde wepe if that she sawe a mous
> Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
> Of smale houndes had she that she fedde
> With roste fleshe, mylke, or wastel breed;
> But sore wepte she if any of hem were deed,
> Or if men smote hem with a yarde smarte,
> And al was conscience and tender harte.
>
> *Prologues to the Cant. Tales.* iiii. (Works, 1561.)

It is one thing, doubtless, to love *Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart*, and another to be for ever talking of them. Certainly they are much too honest creatures to be on every occasion, "little dogs and all," lugged into the columns of a newspaper, which are only fit for us of the greater order of animals, who are blessed with the divine privilege of setting types, or of having them set for us. Unfortunate curs! *Save me from my friends, and*, &c. Could these little cynics read and talk, without doubt they would have this very sentiment in their mouths: Only preserve them from the panegyrics of the N. Y. American, and they would run from HALE's composing-stick.

882. *How well*, &c.] See the notes which follow. * *

* *Vide Petron. De Canibus et Eleph. passim.*

Mak'st thy first notion aye thy reason's guide,
Till some new fancy thrusts the first aside;
In love, and hatred, violent yet weak,
And prompted by the Devil knows what strange freak.
'T is well! for, by the HEAVEN that made thee dull!
But for thy boyish heart, and girlish skull,
Thy wretched ignorance had sav'd thee here,
Left for thy readers' daily quip and jeer!
Whereas, thou now art hitch'd in rhyme so high,
None but RUBETA 's nearer to the sky.
Yes, persevere! be boy and woman still;
Urge thy soft friends up some mock Muses' Hill:

Ver. 888. *In love, and hatred, violent yet weak,*] A letter to PETRONIUS, from one of his friends, and which was published in his paper some day in the last week of December, 1837, says: "*While you continue to be,* on the one hand, *a warm approver, and* on the other '*a good hater,*' *I am sure of my friend. When you descend to cold caution* and civility, *I shall be equally sure I have lost him.*" This is a pretty character for an umpire! for a dispassionate judge!

We have cited the passage merely to show what his own friends think of the newsman: our own opinion is formed from his paper solely, and the proofs we shall adduce therefrom will very speedily show the reader on what grounds we have based the assertions made in the text.

897. *Urge thy soft friends up some mock Muses' Hill:*] The "warm approver" we are now about to regard in his most distinguished character, as a patron of letters, the Mæcenas of MANHATTAN!

> "Behold a monarch-martyr (round beset
> With loyall subjects) CHARLES, the good, the great,
> The grandeure of whose actions will strike dumbe
> The present, and amuse the age to come."
>
> *Epigraph to the Frontispiece of* LLOYD'S *Memoirs of the Lives, Actions, &c. of those noble, rev'd, and excellent persons that suffered &c. for the Protestant Religion.* Lond. 1668.

Let *Civis* copy SHAKSPEARE'S dullest clown,
And vent, through thee, his drivel on the town;
Gut fishes, while poetic cookmaids sigh 900

Ver. 898, 899. *Let* Civis, etc.] *Civis* is a writer in the N. Y. American, who, with modest fear that its editor may imagine that *he bestows all his spare tediousness on him*, presents the latter with what he calls "the result" of "Shakspeare's beautiful burthen taking possession of him, upon his anniversary"; for, as he feelingly remarks, "he has no voice to sing with, *and* when the chimes of some of the old masters vibrate on his nerves, he is fain to write." And the editor, with his usual courtesy for such compositions, replies, that "While *Civis* thus writes, 'his tediousness' will be always thrice welcome." (*Jan. 13th*, 1837.)

We give, to the honor of SHAKSPEARE, the two first stanzas:—

"Eighteen full years have traced their varied round,
With a heigh, and a ho, and often a heigh-ho! —
Since myself, one morning bright, a married man I found,
In the winter time — the deep winter time, —
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino.

"Eighteen full years our brows with chaplets bind,
With a heigh, and a ho, and often a heigh-ho! —
And snows upon brown locks this evening I might find,
For 'tis the winter time — the deep winter time, —
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino."

898. — *SHAKSPEARE'S dullest clown*,] A mistake. It is the modest song of the Page in *As you like it*, whose burden *Civis* finds so beautiful, and whose chimes had such effects on his cerebellum.

"It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring-time, the only pretty rank time
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet lovers love the spring.

"Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, *etc.*" Act V. Sc. 3. * *

900, 901. *Gut fishes, while poetic cookmaids sigh — Soft tragedy, to soothe them while they fry:*] —

"[*For the New York American.*]

"To the Editor —The following stanzas were written to accompany a short series of essays on the character and appropriate Cookery of the Black Fish, or Tautog; two numbers of which were some months ago published in the American. As

Soft tragedy, to soothe them while they fry:

Mary's moral reflections, however, may appear even now not altogether ill-timed, they are submitted to your consideration by your old correspondent, CIVIS.

" SONG

of Mary the Cook-maid, to the Black Fish, while simmering in Chateau Margaux.

" Full fathom five thy father floats,
With all his school around;
O'er the blue wave, the fisher boats
Reach now an anchorage ground:
See, see! — 'tis cast!
The boats are fast, —
The anchors ground; the school is found
At last! at last!
The school is found at last!
* * *
" But mourn not thou that swim'st in wine,
For those who breast the wave;
One common fate marks ours and thine,
The groundling or the brave.
See, see! 'tis fate!
Some glittering bait, —
The camp, the state, gold, love, fame, hate,
Teach all too late,
They can't resist a bait!
A bait! a bait!
We can't resist a bait!"

"We can't resist a bait!" A moral maxim in the truth of which we fully agree. Example:—

" *We cannot resist* the temptation of adding here — though we know not whether it was meant for the public eye — the playful and clever *envoi* which accompanied these verses. If the 'simmering black fish' be only as safe from injury by fire, as the poetry of 'Civis, or John Waters,' many a savory morsel is in store for our readers, and for 'Mary, the cook-maid's' grateful epicures." *Ed. N. Y. Am.*

And accordingly, the Kingfish swallowed the mouthful of raw shrimp, which this elegant and melodious citizen held down to him, in the shape of the compliments which follow, and was hooked up as quickly as the merest gudgeon. It is the "clever *envoi*" of which we speak; and we give it entire:—

" *Burn* ever *freely,* what
I write that likes thee not; —
Whether from lapse of time
Like this now sent; false rhyme;
Sterility of thought;
Tropes labor'd or far sought;
Abortive metaphors
Such as thy taste abhors;

Let modest WARD go borrow FLACCUS' name,

Lack of propriety, —
Or any other reason why,
But, in return, dread King!
One boon I crave, one thing, —
As thou'st a gun and hop'st to cock it,
Preserve me from thy breeches' pocket!
Me tinder make, me — tory,
The other thought is *pur-ga-tory*.
All's said in saying this,
Slave of thy lamp, *John Waters*, or
N. Y. Am. Sept. 22, 1837. CIVIS."

So then *Civis* is the same as *John Waters!* that John, whose voice is the *storm of ocean*, and whose sigh *the sigh of sunset sea*, for whose multiplying eye ten thousand waves have *each its* dozen *pictures*, which, *as they hurry by*, they hold up to his critical inspection; for well they *know his taste*:—

"Well art thou named John Waters, for the gush
Of mossy fountains tells sweet tales to thee —
And kindred voices greet thee in the rush
Of Ocean's storms, and sigh of sunset sea.
Each glassy wave hath pictures for thine eye,
(They know your taste, John) as it hurries by."

So says, in the N. Y. Amer. of Sept. 30th, 1837, the Philadelphian friend of *John*, with whom *John* so amusingly exchanges compliments, as we have elsewhere seen, while their happy posture-master applauds them both as they nod to each other, and leaves it much in doubt which is the greatest *quiz* of the three. By the by, we wonder, while he was about it, the precise PETRONIUS did not tell his children that *Arion* is no more *A'rion* than *Orion* is *O'rion*.

"Thou knowest the language of each finny tribe,
From savory *tautog* to the oily whale;
And with thy wheedling verse thou ev'n canst bribe
(Wiser than Arion of the ancient tale)
To yield them at thy hook to thy desire,
And fry most musically o'er the fire."

Having no doubt that the reader shares our admiration of the candid and critical PETRONIUS, and of his poetical friend *John*, we shall make no apology for giving further specimens of the latter's poetry, equally creditable to the good taste and good sense of both. The first in date, after "Mary, the cookmaid," is the glorious emanation which dazzled all MANHATTAN on the evening of Oct. 10th, 1837. We only regret that our limits will not suffer us to give it, like the "playful and clever *envoi*," entire.

And take thy senseless praise for public fame,

" Two ladies, Mr. Editor, one day,
Enter'd four hundred thirty-five Broadway;
'Tis there, as every one has heard,
Collars are wrought, and capes transferr'd;
Linen made up; boys' mits and stockings
Knit; frills, kerchiefs, other things
Cut out, adorn'd, made fit to wear,
More beautifully than elsewhere.
* * *
" I need not here *stop in my story?* —
You've *heard* of the Depository?
Heard, said I, and to thee, my King?
(To whom by turns each muse doth sing,
Though none can Pennsylvania ding;)
To whom all notices they bring,
Or to thine office send, pay-ing
Kind thanks, and *outre cela* no-thing.
* * *
" *Ladies* transfer and yet *retain!*
Old flowers upon new muslin trace,
Old Loves on happier objects place. —
Convinc'd the *Sons* of our bland race
Must carry, *to the death, one face!*
— I cannot say I quite divine
The way it's done, but the same vine,
Or leaf, or bud, or fruit, or flower,
Such is the sex's magic power,
That, worn by them, made broken-hearted
Our fathers father, — when imparted,
Impress'd, imprinted, or *transferr'd* —
Aye, that is after all the word, —
Transferr'd and *worn* on fresh muslin,
Keeps Adam, as of yore, from sin;
And, while the sex such fruits can show,
Will I suppose so keep us; or, so, so.
* * *
" Dear muse, condense, for C—— K——'s sake,
Cut short or you'll a column take!
I'll put the taper out! 'Dear Sirs,'
She cries, 'C—— K—— has scissors, —
As Johnson said of wine, abstain
I can, but I can *not* refrain.'
* * *
" If she" [not the Muse, but the transferring lady]
" If she have any happier wish,
'Tis mine for her. My name, dear sir, is
BLACK FISH."

Fancy himself Tom Moore, or God knows who;

The next in date is of Oct. 14th, 1837, which the Reviewer of the Week thus introduces: —

"To the *glorious contest of verse* between *B.* and *John Waters*, we desire not a termination — no *Adieux* — but again, and oft again, we hope to hear from them."

* * *

"And oh! how passing beautiful
Seems every image, when
Fond memory o'er the mind takes rule, —
— Away, *Mosaics* then! —
Etc.
"— Away then, *Music*, shall I say?
—With *Painting?* — *Sculpture?* — Hold!
—Oh, must the parting be to-day
That makes my heart grow cold?
Shall I no more within th' Apollo's presence stand?
— Or gaze upon thy mountain scene, Raffaelle grand!

"Thy golden haze, oh Italy!
Thy blue, thy violet sea!
Thy deep etherial canopy
Of night that day might be! —
Days younger sister drest in song to Beauty given —

* * *

"Though never yet beat nobler hearts, firmer, or more free,
A lovelier Heaven than ours hangs o'er lost Italy!
Au moins, c'est selon moi; encore adieu, cher B.

John Waters."

Let it be observed, that, in the very number of his gallimaufry in which he ushers in as "glorious" this execrably wretched nonsense, Petronius thus speaks of a regular versifier: —

"Poems, by Wm. Thompson Bacon. 1 vol. Boston: *Weeks, Jordan, & Co.* — If there be truth, as we believe there is, in the universal *dictum*, that Poetry, to be tolerable, must be above mediocrity, — we fear this new volume — elegant though it be in its mechanical execution — is not destined to win public favor.

"There is a lack of genuine inspiration in the pieces we have read, though there is much command of language, and occasional beauty of expression."

If there be "much command of language and occasional beauty of expression," we will be bound for it the "inspiration" is not so greatly *lacking* as this King of critics would have it. But at any rate, supposing that *John Waters* talked common sense (which is the most monstrous supposition a man with *eyes* can be guilty of), where is the *command of language*, the *beauty of expression*, even the smoothness of verse, in this beggarly fustian on crutches? One of two things is certain: either Petronius's discrimination is sheer stolidity and ignorance (which we are

Tom Moore, or Milton, all is one to you. 905

much inclined to believe), or it is partiality (of which we have no doubt). In either case, the man is unfit for the chair he has put himself into, and the sooner he leaves it, or yields to another pedagogue his place, the better for the breeches and the brains of his disciples.

Now let us see what he does with verses not of John Waters & Co. Eleven days after the above, appeared in the N. Y. American an elegiac poem, signed F. W. S., which makes decidedly the nearest approach to elegance or poetry, that I ever saw in the correspondence of a newspaper. Not one word has Petronius to say for it. Let us suppose, in charity, that he did not know there was any thing in it: it is better to be a dunce, than partial, envious, and unjust. He, who eulogises as a glorious *contest of verse* such an abominable spitting-match between his friends, must bear the imputation of dulness or of dishonesty. However, we extract a stanza or two of the elegy, to prove what we advance. Thus it opens:—

"At even tide, when Nature's pulse lies still,
And day's last murmurs, tremulous and remote,
Die with the sun which sinks behind the hill,
And ECHO scarce responds unto their note;

"'Tis sweet in that lone, melancholy hour
To bend our silent steps where sleep the dead,
Where the wild grass is waving — where the flower
Scatters its fragrance o'er each lowly bed;

"To trace upon the monumental stone
The sacred names we hallow with a tear,
And, as we stand in silence and alone,
To say — "all that is left is buried here." –

"And is this all? all of the burning eye,
Of breasts that with a host of passions beat,
This little dust? — ah! grinding thought, to die,
And have our ashes trod by vulgar feet."

This is really respectable. Then too:

"My mother! at thy sepulchre I kneel, *etc.*
* * *
"Green be the turf upon thy lowly bed,
Sweet bloom the rose Affliction's hand has sown,
For aye, full often there the tear is shed,
And Sorrow's form stands pensive and alone.

"Not Art to gild thy tomb her aid has lent,
No quaint device the chisel doth impart,

These are thy friends, and, loving that thou art,

Thy living deeds are thy best MONUMENT,
Thy EPITAPH is graven on the HEART.
[*N. Y. Am.* Oct. 25th, 1837.] F. W. S."

All this, (and the whole poem, consisting of eighteen stanzas, is, some trifling inadvertences excepted, equally chaste, tender, and musical,) all this the editor of that paper considered not worth noticing, (and we shall find presently that he does the same by another performance of the same author.) Would the reader then know what he considers a DEATHLESS SONG? We have already given "copious extracts," as the journalists say, from the multifarious productions of *John Waters:* but, as an important part of our task is to prove the candor, good judgment, and moderation of *Mons. Triacleur*, his poetical midwife, the following tail-piece will not come amiss.

"[*For the New York American.*]*
"THOUGHTS INSCRIBED TO ROBERT W. WEIR,
"On hearing of the intention of that Artist to abandon Landscape Painting.

"In that rich *twilight* of entrancing thought
That doth at times the peaceful soul *enshroud;*
When Joy, *in russet livery*, waits unsought, —
And Silence, *hushing pleasure*, doth seem loud: —

"Where Sculpture *stands in calm reality*,
That wants but warmth and breath and hue, to live —
The harp *new strung waiteth*, all soundlessly,
For woman's hand, *celestial hopes to give:*—

* * *

"The day doth not depart from Italy —
Its beam dissolve in the cerulean space —
And, *drunk with golden particles*, earth, sky,
Air, leaf, *play sunshine in the shady place!*

"Thus, over Rome's Campagna, at thy touch
Thrills the warm atmosphere of evening light
That gilds Vespasian's Aquæduct; and such
The *quivering joy* that makes yon cypress bright;

"That plays around that old monastic pile
With the pure fervor of a daughter's love,
Whose light of heart maketh some old man smile,
And gaze — where love is holier yet — *above!*"

Is not all this exquisite? and then the rich melody of that touching line: —

"Whose light of heart maketh some old man smile!"

But:

* Dec. 30th, 1837. — This is the only piece of *John's* (in this note) wherein the *Italicizing* is to be considered our own.

Thou stick'st at nothing where thy friends have part.

"Dear Friend, forsake not *elemental life!* —
The sky is all thine own! Even through me,
Her humblest votary, with feeling rife
Nature this message doth dictate to thee.

"The sky is all thine own — the clouds are thine —
The air of Heaven, a fluid palpable
To thee as this thy landscape now call'd mine,
Aerial is at once, and stable."

Think of Nature's sending a message through John? and then, admire that felicitous rhyme of *palpable* and *stable!* only excelled by the harmony of the entire triplet:

The air of Heaven, *a fluid palpable*
To thee as this thy landscape now called mine,
Aerial is at once, and stable.

To what sort of things an "aerial" may belong we know not, but we must congratulate Mr. WEIR on having Heaven for his "stable." (No man can be such a fool as to mistake the words for adjectives.) But, let us finish, ere we fly off in rapture :—

"Breathe color, *light suffuse*, and bathe in air —
Thou dost to elemental life belong —
Th' unborn shall love thee — Envy speak thee fair —
And Genius crown thee in some deathless song.
JOHN WATERS."

"In these lines *prophecy*, we must say, *doth fulfil itself.* — [ED. N. Y. Am.]"

"And GENIUS crowns him in some *deathless song.*" *!!!*

Commentator meet for such a poet! — The smooth, perspicuous, and sensible *John Waters;* the solemn, exact, and capable PETRONIUS; where again shall we find their like? HOMER and LONGINUS, VIRGIL and SCALIGER, MILTON and JOHNSON, all their faculties united, were but prototypes of the partnership of genius and judgment which illuminates the pages of the N. Y. American, and edifies its wondering, delighted, and thrice-fortunate subscribers. — We copy a great deal, it will be thought, of the music of "John Waters's Springe." Indeed, we prick down passages from every song of his, and shall until this work is through the press; our reward, that at some future day men, grateful that we have preserved these rhapsodies, shall rank us with the progeny of CLEOPHYLUS.

902, 903. *Let modest WARD go borrow FLACCUS' name*, etc.] We have seen, at p. 314, the mountain in labor. Accordingly, one cold winter's day, out pops the following little murine fœtus. We give its head, with the *smellers* which the midwife prefixed to it. Anybody who wishes to

Know this, thy foster-child; the monthly page

see the body and tail will doubtless be gratified, without going to the N. Y. American of Jan. 21st, 1837, as no doubt, long before this note shall see the light, divine Flaccus will have given all his labors to the world, induced to the exposure by the generosity of his friend. Long may they live, Casaubon and Persius Flaccus! or, Gesner and Horatius! (which is it?)

"We cordially welcome Flaccus back again to our columns, and postpone other matter to give a place in the Review, to the following FINE POEM.

"[*For the N. Y. American.*]

"MUSINGS — BY FLACCUS IN TOWN.

"THE MONOMANIA OF MONEY-MAKING, Part 3.

'*Bit with the rage canine of dying rich,*
Guilt's blunder, and the loudest laugh of Hell!'
[Young.]

"Now, Muse! the pleasures of the rich display —
Sweet must they be, to tempt the price they pay —
A morn of toil, a noon of watchful strife,
Deserve rare sunset at the eve of life.
Who stoops so long, at least should rise at last —
A path of thorns should blossom ere 'tis past!
Unrivalled charms must such in Mammon find,
For which thy tints, oh Nature! are resigned.
Who drops for gold such treasure as a friend,
By the rash purchase seeks some glorious end.
Dearly his heart must prize his youngling pence,
For which he drove his blood-born offspring thence —
Oh! choice must be those sweets, for which the heart
With the pure joy of succoring want, can part —
What are those raptures which his soul delight?
Come, Muse! present them to our eager sight!" *Etc.*

Sive opus in mores, in luxum, in prandia regum,
Dicere res grandes nostro dat Musa poëtæ.*

But, jesting aside, how dares the editor of the N. Y. American to insult the confidence which the feminine and juvenile part of his readers repose in his judgment, by palming upon them this peculiarly raw and boyish doggerel, and common-place nonsense, as a "fine poem," when, silly as he is, he knows that, for such a nightcap-performance, the most blundering sophomore, even in that shadow of a college† of which God

* PERS. i. 67. * *

† *Columbia College* in NEW YORK. — Yet Prof. ANTHON I know, by his labors, to be a good scholar; Dr. ANDERSON, I am told, is an accomplished mathematician, as well as a man of modest and gentle manners; Dr. MOORE, (late Prof. of the Latin and Greek languages,) is a man of classical taste, and is said, by those who know him, to

Where Cæsars ape the Rollas of the stage,

keep him long a suitable trustee! would meet with no approbation? O sir, for shame!

But let us try Flaccus again: practice makes perfect, and a twelve-month in the growth of children brings about great changes.

"We welcome Flaccus to our pages, after his protracted silence."
[*Ed. of N. Y. Am.* March 8th, 1833.]

"[*For the New York American.*]
"MUSINGS BY FLACCUS.
"THE MONOMANIA OF MONEY-MAKING;
"*A Satire. Part IV.*

"Bit with the rage canine of dying rich,
Guilt's blunder, and the loudest laugh of hell!"
[YOUNG.]

"Last bliss of age, when every bliss decays —
Thee! faithful Avarice, shall I blame, or praise?
Warm youth rejects thy temperate cup unquaffed,
Which yields to age such comfort in the draught.
Come all the ills on mortal hearts that prey —
Pains, losses, wants, that scare the world away —
When the frail hosts of hopes and pleasures fly —
When love is far — this faithful friend is nigh:
Staunch as the stars — with firmer lustre fired,
For stars in flight of ages *have* expired.
But once the heart let loving Avarice clasp,
Its pulse must cease ere he can slack his grasp."

This is quite enough. We see that though the versification is the same, (for what could improve *that*?) there is a great advance made in originality of conception, as, for instance, in the idea of the *staunchness* of the *stars*, and the *firmness* of their *lustre*. But it would be unfair not to add one elegant picture. It is of the miser: —

——————"with ragged 'kerchief now
('T is all he has) he wipes his clammy brow."

be a complete gentleman: but all this does not make a good seminary. The mode of instruction at Columbia College is scarcely fit for the little boys it professes to educate, and the general remissness (I speak from good authority) which is shown by every member of the faculty (with the single exception of Dr. ANTHON), from its vain head down, is perfectly abominable. With the energy of ANTHON at its head, the gentlemanly feeling of MOORE and the modesty of ANDERSON to pervade its board, and with men to instruct instead of children, the institution might be a first-rate fundamental school: as it is, its building only graces the city, and once a year it gives a treat to budding misses, when from its pretty green out struts a little regiment of gowns four feet by one, the future sciolists and pedants of MANHATTAN.

Prelates unfrock'd in Pyrrhic frenzy dance, 910

We have shown how *John Waters* surpassed, in the estimation of PETRONIUS, all his other contributors, and especially one F. W. S. We shall now find the same F. W. S. to be nothing in comparison with *Flaccus*. And first, referring the reader back to the graceful elegy which we quoted on a preceding page, we would observe, what is greatly to Petronius's credit, that the *Reviewer of the Week* is remarkably consistent in *these* particulars, and, lest we should think he had forgotten his discrimination, five days after the elegy out comes a swinging piece by *Flaccus*, a roaring lament of the unfortunate steamer *Home*, whose loss was rather too calamitous to be made the subject of such shocking psalmody. However, what says the just PETRONIUS? He, who found nothing worth noticing in that so tasteful elegy, thus ushers in the crutched muse of Flaccus, which surely should not need an introduction. "We welcome Flaccus again, after his *too-long* silence. He sings a most touching dirge in the annexed lines." And the poem enters. "Silence ye wolves!"

"[*For the New York American.*]
"MUSINGS, BY FLACCUS.
"THE WRECK OF THE "HOME."

"On Hudson's noble waters
A sea-bound vessel rides,
Of graceful mould, and seeming strength,
To rule, and scorn the tides."

This is a sufficient specimen. We will merely add one noble distich from this "wreck" of matter, and sweet crush of rhyme.

"*Her plunging wheels are mired in brine—*
Quench'd is her vital flame."

The first line shows us what is called *being in a pickle;* and the next!—the *vital* flame of a steamboat!—nothing can equal it! not even the concluding line of the next stanza but one,

"*Her back is broke in twain!*"

Shame, sir! Shame, sir Editor! Durst I jest upon so melancholy a disaster, I should say it were bad enough to go to the bottom, without being hauled over the coals of a poetical damnation. To borrow the "touching" conclusion of the "dirge" itself,

"Howl! howl! ye strangling billows,
And drown that piteous moan—
Ye ne'er, in all your murderous course,
A fouler deed have done!"
Than Flaccus.

Thus having shown F. W. S. and *Flaccus* side by side in elegy, let us see them compared in satire. Contrast, with the above *satirical* pas-

And Joans chop logic with *a child of France.*

sages from a *poet* (God forgive us!) whom PETRONIUS considers as "inspired," the following selections (made, like them, from the beginning and the middle of the piece to which they belong,) from a versifier who is too mean for even a "welcome."

"[*For the New York American.*]

"A POETICAL EPISTLE.

"TO C. F. M.

"'T is evening now — the sun has sunk to rest,
And left his golden memory in the west;
Where from the horizon's edge, far, far on high,
Flooded with beams of light, the fleecy sky
Melts from its fiery blaze, and Tyrian hue,
To Heaven's own clearest, most transparent blue.
And still the god throws up his parting ray,
As loth to leave the empire of the day;
While close usurping twilight steals apace,
And the sweet star of Eve resumes its wonted place.
And now from care, from avocations free,
My heart unerring still returns to thee.
Sighs o'er the vanish'd scenes "to mem'ry dear,"
And at this peaceful hour invites thee here.
Sick of the unhappy town, where grim despair
Stalks o'er the ruins and infects the air," etc.

(*Ubi plura, &c.* The 2d, 4th, 5th, and 6th verses do not weaken our position.) Then, a specimen of vigor:

"When past the second mile-stone thou hast gone,
And left the seventy stenches of the town,
Look at the mapp'd out fields, too small by half,
And shake your costive bowels with a laugh—"

We will add, to make the contrast still stronger, some other verses from the same poem.

"*There thy good sire, beside his little stall,*
Wax'd the light thread, and plied the nimble awl."

* * * *

"*While perch'd on high the deep-mouth'd auctioneer*
Brandish'd his little hammer in the air,
And playful jib'd, nor reck'd the master's frown,
But knock'd the glittering heaps of lumber down.
As day-dreams which distemper'd fancies bring,
As snow-flakes melting on the breath of spring,
As empty bubbles cast upon the shore,
All glorious with the light, then seen no more,
His pride departs, and his ephemeral state,
And the unmeaning pomp that made him great,
While silent is that mansion as the dead,
Nor echoes to the master's stately tread.

There HOFFMAN, HERBERT, BIRD, their strength combine,

Yon sign-board tells the moral of his tale,
'This splendid lawn and country seat *For Sale.*'
[*N. Y. Amer.* Sept. 1, 1837.] F. W. S."

The poem, it is true, is very unequal, and contains nothing novel; but it everywhere displays the aim to copy a correct model, and to work by proper rules; and this, with diligence, may do much. Some distinct passages are smooth, fluent, forcible, and almost elegant; and the whole is much, very much better than, all put together, the stuff which has charmed the editor of the American, and other wiseacres, for years.

The reader may think we are making a mountain of a mole-hill. He shall judge. If to the couple of paragraphs we shall now copy he will but add the fact, that the opinion of the editor of the N. Y. American carries with it as much weight, for ninety-nine out of a hundred readers in the Union, as that of any reviewer, weekly, monthly, or quarterly, he will see at once that it required something else than satire to expose the inanity of his pretensions, — that, in a word, our object in these protracted notes is to appeal to the reader's judgment, without convincing which, no ridicule could have any permanent effect.

"From the Newark Daily Advertiser we extract the following remarks, and *just praise* of our correspondent *Flaccus*. Such testimony from such a source [eh!] cannot fail of being grateful to *the bard* — as it is to us — who are gratified in ushering forth *his inspired lays*."

* * * "'It is *impossible not to be struck* with *the animation and strength* which pervade all the inequalities of this *favorite* writer's compositions, and which keeps constantly on the mind the impression of *power, spirit,* and *genuine intrepidity.* There is no pompous littleness or puling classical affectation — *nothing cold, creeping, or feeble.* We could wish that he would dedicate himself to some lofty theme of permanent interest.'" *N. Y. Am.* Aug. 10th, 1837.

We must be permitted, as in the case of *John Waters*, to add a tail-piece to all this rhyme and commentary.

"Capital satire is conveyed in the annexed '*Flaccus,*' sportive yet caustic, gentle, just, and admirably well timed." [*Petronius Americanus,* March 17th, 1837.]

"[*For the New York American.*]
"MUSINGS — BY FLACCUS IN TOWN.
* * *

"Our rich, whom overgrown estates
Oppress with care, and trouble —
How do they ease them of their load?
They go and make it double.

"Our widows, when divorce, or death
Their galling halter looses,

And little BENJAMIN new-rules each line.

No *salve* like *noose from that same cord*
Can find, *to soothe their bruises.*"
Etc.

Quid refert, tales versus qua voce legantur? *

We are always at a loss which most to admire, in the "inspired lays" of "this favorite writer,"—their sense, their originality, their versification, or their good English.

904, 905. *Fancy himself* TOM MOORE, *or God knows who;—* TOM MOORE, *or* MILTON, *all is one to you.*] In one of his comments on this classic, PETRONIUS bade all the little girls, that read his paper, to take particular notice how that Master *Flaccus* was equal to TOM MOORE: whereupon all the little girls did take note thereof, and came to the conclusion, that, though *Flaccus* might surpass JOHN MILTON, for aught they knew, yet certainly the ingenious PETRONIUS was well worth two whole Flaccusses and a half, agreeing therein with what was pronounced upon a similar great editor, commenting on another great satirist: "la sauce vaut mieux que le poisson."

906, 907. *—loving that thou art,—Thou stick'st at nothing where thy friends have part.*] To use the words of DRYDEN: "Such is the partiality of mankind, to set up that interest which they have once espoused, though it be to the prejudice of truth, morality, and common justice; and especially in the productions of the brain." (*Discourse on Satyr, prefixed to his Juvenal*, p. lv. Lond. 1754.) Never did any man come up to PETRONIUS in this admirable constancy:

A facie jactare manus, laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus. †

Lord BYRON enumerates, among the virtues of a writer, *partiality*, because *it makes him write in earnest!* ‡ The same is bread-and-butter,—or the want of it; and if this virtue have but degrees, how high shall we mount PETRONIUS in the scale of literary perfection? O! there is no accident-maker, from CANADA to TEXAS, that should come up to him.

908. *Know this, thy foster-child;* etc.] Had the editor of the N. Y. American any decency, he would never constitute himself a judge where his personal friends, or acquaintance, are concerned, but remember to observe, that "quod probi et modesti judices solent, ut in his cognitionibus se excusent, in quibus manifestum est, alteram apud eos partem gratia

* JUVENAL of *Homer and Virgil.* Sat. xi. 180. * *

† JUV. iii. 106, 107. * *

‡ See the first note to the 12th Canto of the most characteristic of his poems, —*Don Juan.* * *

But wo betide him, better never born,

prævalere."* "For, though I speak it to you, I think the King is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions."† If he will play the critic where it is unnecessary, (for, observe, the office is a voluntary one with him, or, in vulgar English, none of his business,) he must do one of two things, either praise or dispraise. If he choose the latter, he is sure to offend — his friends; if the former, in nine cases out of ten, which fall under his inspection, he must insult common sense and impose upon the public.

908 – 911. — *the monthly page — Where Cæsars*, etc.] To wit, the *American Monthly Magazine;* which its patron is so accustomed to eulogize, that, he justly remarks, "it ceases to sound like praise." It keeps ever on the same gallop with PETRONIUS, like the horses on the sign of a stage-house. — We give some specimens, to illustrate the text.

"A soothsayer approached. 'Cæsar,' said he, 'beware the Ides of March!'

"'That sepulchral note is familiar to my ear,' exclaimed Cæsar; 'who art thou mysterious visitant, that thus, in a voice as hollow as that of the bittern in the wilderness, a second time crossest the pathway of Julius? I charge thee answer me.'" *The Fall of Cæsar.*

"From the paper on *Joan of Arc* we make this *capital extract*," [Ed. N. Y. American.]:—

"'How now, my lieges!' cried the youthful king, standing erect in the centre of the hall, 'have ye no warmer welcome for your sovereign than these tumultuous clamors — methinks such tones were best reserved till we join fronts with England's archery; and then, my lords, will Charles send forth his voice to swell the war-cry of his fathers! — MONT JOY SAINT DENIS!'

"'But little chance is there, *Beau Sire*,' interrupted the warrior-bishop, with a freedom of speech that would at any time have been deemed to border upon discourtesy at least, if not on treason — 'But little chance is there, *Beau Sire*, that France's nobles should be summoned to other conflict than that of the midnight banquet or the morning chase, by a prince who deems it fitting his own dignity to lead his low-born concubines into the very halls of his high Parliament! — And for that matter, little chance is there that they would heed his bidding, even should he, in some wild caprice, unfold the oriflamme, and call his vassals to the field of honor.'

"'Sayest thou, Sir Bishop!' shouted the gallant boy, his brow crimsoning with the eloquent blood of indignation — 'Sayest thou — and to me? — Now by the

* TACITI *de Oratoribus Dial.* Cap. v. * *

† *Henry V.* A. iv. Sc. 1. — CICERO says, (*Brutus*, 15,) "Quem vero exstet, et de quo sit memoriæ proditum, eloquentem fuisse, id ita esse habitum, primus est M. Cornelius Cethegus, cujus eloquentiæ est auctor, et idoneus quidem mea sententia, Q. Ennius, — præsertim quum et ipse eum audiverit, et *scribat de mortuo; ex quo nulla suspicio est, amicitiæ causa esse mentitum.*" * *

Who holds thee, or thy dirty trade, in scorn! 915

honor of a *child of France*, thou shalt account to me for this outrage. — Ho! Dunois — summon our guards, and let yon brawler learn if cope and cowl should buckler such a cause as he has dared uphold this morning."

There is a little more of this very natural talk, to which *Pizarro* is nothing; (and, by the by, in a *child of France*, we have the closest translation we have ever seen of that very difficult phrase, *enfant de France*.) Then, "the gates are flung open at the monarch's cry." "Forward! my guards," cries the child of France; and the child of France rushes forward to collar the bishop. "A hoarse low murmur *ran through* the hall *like the shuddering breath that agitates the woodland* before the coming of the tempest;" and "at this critical moment," when the king "marked," or "recked not," the *running of this shuddering breath which agitates the woodland*, "the Maid of Arc" strides up to them like a great fish-woman. "Forbear!" she cried, in a voice *so high* and musical that, even in that moment of excitement and impending violence, it fell on every ear *with a soothing sound*, and arrested every impetuous arm — "Forbear! thou *child of France* — and thou, sir Bishop" — and having, with the *soothing sound* of this *high* voice, brought the dogs to order, she ejaculates, "I tell you that this child of France shall buckle on the sword, &c." Whereupon, the nurses and attendants of the child bawl out, "To arms!" "till battlement and turret seemed to rock before the earthquake-clamor." And here the "extract" terminates, just as, I suppose, the writer was going to tell us, how they were all swallowed up. Pope defines Magazines, as "Those monstrous collections in prose and verse, where Dulness assumes all the various shapes of Folly, to draw in, and cajole the rabble." * I am afraid this same Pope told very great lies.

912. *There* Hoffman, Herbert, etc.] When the preceding note was written, the American Monthly Magazine was under the special management of the two first gentlemen. Some time after, it changed again its auspices, (this being the second time. Magazines are never steady in any thing but frivolity and dulness,) and made up a trio with the assistance of the author of Calavar. They still contribute to its welfare, we believe, though at present the monthly sheet acknowledges Mr. Benjamin for its sole editor. We hope it may do better under his protection, direction, subjection, election, inspection, reflection, refection.

Ib. — Hoffman —] At present, editor of the *N. Y. Mirror:* a young man of very good abilities, which, but for the flattery of his friend of the American, might have been devoted to some more useful employment than the concoction of nonsense.

* *Dunciad*, Bk. i. Note to v. 42.

What though the errant knight wore woman's clothes?

Ver. 912. — *Herbert* —] Mr. Herbert is a man of very fair talents (if we may judge from the fifty-eight pages, which we were able to wade through in very sleepy weather, of his *Cromwell*), but still more wordy than his quondam fellow-magazinist, Dr. Bird. It may be interesting to the reader to know, that "his best manner," according to Petronius, "is little inferior to that of the masters of historical romance."

——— adulandi gens prudentissima —
* * *
—— longum invalidi collum cervicibus æquat
Herculis, Antæum procul a tellure tenentis.*

"Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents." †

Ib. — *Bird* —] The well-known author of several romances. He possesses considerable abilities, and writes at times with a great deal of *heavy* polish. For the rest, as the reverend Father Benedictine says of Confucius, "C'est un bon prédicateur; il est si verbeux qu'on n'y peut tenir." ‡

913. — *little Benjamin new-rules* —] Allusion to the phrase of Scripture, "Little Benjamin, the ruler," in the enumeration of the tribes that were present at the translation of the ark. *Psalm* lxviii. 27. § * *

Ib. — *Benjamin* —] The American Monthly Magazine for February, 1838, p. 139, furnishes the following "Sonnet, by Park Benjamin."

"Sonnet.

"Oh truant heart! come back to thine own home —
Let not the roses lure thee, nor the blooms
Of the young spring entice thee more to roam;
Be thou not dazzled by those *sparkling rooms*
Where Beauty plays the queen, and *flashes gems*
From her dark eyes, and *from her red lips pearls*;
Oh truant heart! frail are the roses' stems,
They break in showers — and sudden tempest hurls

* Juv. iii. 86, 88, 89. — For, of course, there is but one *master* of the *historical romance*, who is the Hercules, Sir Walter Scott; all the rest are but his imitators, *servum pecus*, — the infinitely-multiplied copies of one great original. * *

† Twelfth Night, A. 1, Sc. v. * *

‡ Voltaire. *Lett. Chin.* iii. * *

§ In the sacred text, as we read it, the verse is thus: "There is little Benjamin *with* their ruler, the princes of Judah *and* their council, the princes of Zebulon, *and* the princes of Naphtali." Neither the *with*, nor the *ands* occur in the original, as may be supposed. The verse is therefore literally: "There is little Benjamin the ruler," &c. * *

Down must he go! This hapless KEMBLE knows.
Thou too, bold COOPER, may'st attest the same.
Or own'st thy genius, still, his well-earn'd fame?

> The spring blooms to the earth, and Beauty pales —
> 'T is Life's sweet star, *dimmed by the moon of Time;*
> Then come! come to the fountain, heart, that never fails,
> Fountain of hallowed genius, thoughts sublime,
> That flows through *dream land*, pure, and bright, and free —
> There is thy home, my heart: the fount is Poesy."

The modesty of the three last, exquisite lines, is only equalled by their truth, to the exactness of which the lines themselves bear such evidence. The sonnet is signed, in the Magazine, P. B., — which, I suppose, is the cipher for *Past bearing.*

917. — *This hapless KEMBLE knows.*] Till *the book* came out, nothing was like Miss FRANCES KEMBLE, with the N. Y. American, (except FANTI, and BORDOGNI, and half-a-dozen others;) but, on the discovery of the young lady's sentiments for newspaper-editors, the American became wonderfully enlightened as to her merits, and did not hesitate even to abuse the father to hurt the child. "The charming Fanny," he says, May 16th, 1837,

> The "charming Fanny" has got into the hands of a press, more formidable than that of the newspapers. The Lithographers have seized upon her, and recorded upon enduring stone, some of her own scenes, after her own manner — this too, is only No. 1, and a succession of these sketches is threatened! There are four in this number, of which that representing the coming home "of my Dear Father, a little elated," — *no uncommon occurrence, by the way* — is a *decidedly good hit.*"

This is almost as humane as child-murder! *Tantæne animis*, &c.?*

918. *Thou, too, bold COOPER*, etc.] For a similar offence with that of Mrs. BUTLER, Mr. COOPER (though wearing any thing but a petticoat) has

* It is not a petticoat which can disarm the maliciousness of this manly gentleman. In his paper of June 24th, 1837, is this (voluntary, observe) facetious paragraph:—

> "THE * * * by LADY * * *. 2 volumes. Philadelphia: *Carey, Lea, & Hart.* — Mylady * * * in these volumes, which purport to illustrate the heartlessness of London society of the *haut ton*, bears her testimony in favor of virtue; and as — like the candid Scotchman, who, having 'tried baith,' recommended honesty as the best policy — her ladyship is also supposed to have 'tried baith,' her testimony comes with all the sanction of experience."

Is not this amiable? Is it not, to use the Editor's darling phrases, *manly*, and *high-minded?* Consider that this abuse is of a person who never did him the least harm, and I will tell you what it is, precisely. It is just such a display of malice as might be made by the envy and malignity of the Devil: nor, as we have said in

Surely no common laurel shields thy brow 920
From such a Jove as thunders at it now!

been similarly visited. Nor has the lapse of years wiped out the transgression of the latter; for *who may say unto the King, What doest thou?* *

"THE MONIKINS. — As we learn through several papers that '*the public expectation!* [precisely so printed†] in relation to Mr. Cooper's new work, will shortly be gratified,' we presume there will be a portion of the gratification afforded, by the 'introduction' thereto, which we find in the National Gazette. This introduction has one merit certainly, that of not spoiling the interest, by giving the slightest clue to, the nature of the work." *N. Y. Am.* July 6, 1835.

How different this invidious notice from the adulation with which Mr. IRVING is addressed on all occasions, from all quarters, ‡ from Tom to Dick of the newspapers, from the dictator of the American Quarterly Review to the young tribunes of the American Monthly Magazine! Contrast, with the above mean and vindictive notice, the following equally mean, but adulatory paragraph from the same paper, of September: —

"THE BEAUTIES OF WASHINGTON IRVING. 1 vol. 18mo. Phil. CAREY, LEA, & BLANCHARD. — What sad havoc does a *bookseller's* title make, sometimes with the modesty of an author. Here, from the *stern necessity of complying* with the requisitions of *the law of copyright*, on the one side — and *of acquiescing*, on the other, *in the bookseller's fancy*, we have our diffident countryman, actually taking out in his own name, a copyright for his own 'beauties.'"

a similar case of RUBETA, would the independent editor have dared to show it towards a lady in his own country who was properly protected.

* "Where the word of a king is, there is power: and who may say unto him, What doest thou?" *Eccles.* Chap. viii. v. 4. * *

† Even with respect to Mr. COOPER, PETRONIUS cannot be consistent. Compare, with the above notice, the following from the N. Y. American for June 20th, 1838:—

"[*Extracts from Mr. Cooper's new Work.*]

"We indulge *a laudable curiosity*, by giving some extracts from Mr. Cooper's new book, 'Homeward Bound.' Not *having as yet read the whole*, we *are not properly qualified* to express an opinion as to the merits of the work, although we hazard little in saying, that, being in his 'element,' Mr. Cooper cannot have failed to write an interesting work." * *

‡ "Such is the power of reputation justly acquired, that its blaze drives away the eye from nice examination." JOHNSON. (*Life of* MILTON.)

This remark, which were more philosophically correct, had the qualifying adverb been omitted, applies, unaltered, to WASHINGTON IRVING. A writer in the *N. American Review*, quoting JOHNSON'S elegant encomium of GOLDSMITH, applies it to Mr. IRVING with addition. Did he forget that GOLDSMITH was no mean hand in what Mr. Irving has never tried, and would most probably fail in? Did he forget, besides his poetry, that GOLDSMITH is the author of two of the best of English comedies? Before venturing to criticize, one should learn to discriminate.

Yet, who dares say PETRONIUS is unjust?
Are not his own words worthy of all trust?

In the N. Y. American of Sept. 16, 1837, we have a long and unfavorable review of Mr. COOPER's *England;* at the close of which occur these passages: —

"Of the American newspaper press, it is no news to say, Mr. C. thinks very contemptuously." [*Hinc illæ lacrymæ!*]

"For trade and traders Mr. C. has, and upon all occasions expresses, a degree of contempt, that might recommend him to favor even in Devonshire or Burlington House. One little, but pretty comprehensive, sentence we quote:

"'I have seen abundant proof of a disposition in the trading part of our community abroad to combine and conspire to attain their ends, without regard to truth, principles, or justice.' Vol. II. p. 257."

(This was quoted, and the remarks made, in order to set the merchants of New York, that is, nearly all the city, against their once favorite author.)

"And here we take leave of the American Gleaner, not without *regret* that *truth* compels us to speak of him as we do, but *with the conviction that he lives in an atmosphere* of which *no censures from the press* can at all disturb the serenity."

(The latter part of the sentence is a sufficient evidence of the sincerity of the first.)

Lastly, to come down to our own day, in his paper of May 9th, 1838, this Christian editor takes an opportunity, when telling the story of the burning of Capt. MARRYATT's books by the rabble at LEWISTON, to add, that,

"The village of Cooperstown once witnessed a similar act of revenge for some supposed insult by a distinguished literary character."

And, July 12th, 1838, we have him quoting an anonymous allegation against Mr. Cooper, the which charged the latter with a shameful assertion in regard to Sir WALTER SCOTT; thus helping to defame the illustrious dead, for the sake of maligning Mr. COOPER, and of bringing him into ill odor with his countrymen.

The first of American novelists may continue to despise the petty malice of these miserable wasps, who give but a slight uneasiness, while they expose their own bodies to destruction. "People," says the admirable Miss EDGEWORTH, "usually revenge themselves for having admired too much, by afterwards despising and depreciating without mercy."* "And we read," says ANTHONY ASCHAM, "of those who a long time ador'd and kist a Goddesse fastened to an Oake in a Grove; but when that Tree was ready to fall, no one would come within the

* *Absentee.*

Hark, how he prates of candor! with such zeal
As 't were a superfluity to feel. 925

shadow of her statue."* Imagining that Mr. Cooper's reputation as an author is on the decline, (which it certainly is not with the judicious few,) these honest journalists seize on the occasion to vent the spleen they have been gathering for years, and the same men who formerly licked the feet of their idol make up, in their own conceit, for this base humiliation, by treating it with every indignity. It is not to be forgotten, that these very persons were eager to expose to the world what they had heard was the falling off in Sir Walter Scott's latter performances. So buzzards, from their feeble vision, welcome the setting of the sun.

To return to the N. Y. American, its petty malice was displayed at the commencement of its course, when it came out twice a week, small in size, but with a busy drone, and buzzed about the ears of the illustrious Clinton. We thought it, then, the illadvisedness incidental to the youth of those who conducted it, but we have lived to see the same persevering malignity in the matured horsefly, and Mr. Cooper but takes the place of De Witt Clinton. On the 22d of September, 1819, thus wrote the American :

"This great body will no longer be misled by a name, still less by dishonored outcasts, and least of all by him, the libeller of their fair and honorable name : the *profligate* politician, who, after having denounced them collectively with all the bitterness of persecuting zeal, affected subsequently to become a convert to their principles, and was in reality a suitor for their favors ; and who by his *contaminating* union, has indeed in part made good the evil he had spoken of them — by the ambitious, the *unprincipled*, and aspiring Clinton."

Seventeen years had passed since then ; Clinton lay in his grave ; but the rancor of the *American* was still living ; and when that intelligent and amiable divine, the Rev. Mr. Eastburn, of New York, gave to the memory of the departed statesman the honors which were due to it, a correspondent of the American's having endeavoured to snatch the laurel from the brow which properly wore it, and clap it on another bust, Petronius, glad of the occasion, "*cheerfully* gives place to the communication," (we believe him,) "and renders unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."† However, Mr. Eastburn publicly vindicated the claim

* *Discourse on Government.* Lond. 1648. p. 4. * *

† The communication was signed *Justice,* and appeared in the N. Y. Am. of April 21st, 1837. The editor's appendix was as follows : "We cheerfully give place to the above communication, rendering unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's!" Has the reader ever seen *Joseph Surface?*

So ladies, crack'd of virtue, cry out *Jade*,
And rail at hussies who are such by trade.
Candor? What strumpet can be more sincere?
What damm'd-up dike his current rolls more clear?

of CLINTON, and the impartial man, who sought to clip the monuments of the dead, drew in his arm.

But he who, for party purposes, could take the pains to select from another journal, and publish in his own, an infamous story of a duel fought by Gen. JACKSON, and which certainly, as a deed long since committed, common decency, and respect for the honor of his country, should not have permitted him to impute to one so recently its chief magistrate, — a story which contained this particular, put, for emphasis, in italic type, that the ex-president wrote to a friend respecting the catastrophe in these words: "*I left the d—d rascal weltering in his blood;*" though PETRONIUS, ignorant as he is, knows as well as I do, that no man in his senses would have dared to use such language, because there is no man, and especially no public man, however wicked, who will affect a brutality which he knows must disgust his fellows, and fill them with abhorrence for himself, — I say, he who, for party-purposes, would lend his aid to spread abroad such an anecdote, and revive the recollection of such an occurrence, such a man, it is not to be expected, would hesitate to avail himself of every occasion to injure the fair name of an author whose greatness he envies, and whose contempt he feels with peculiar sensibility because he is conscious that it is deserved.

921. — *as thunders at it now!*] The critical Jupiter is still keeping the literary atmosphere in commotion. In the N. Y. American of August 18th, 1838, "Homeward Bound" causes an assistant of PETRONIUS's, under the signature of R., to make very wry faces. Poor fellow! he cannot help betraying the source of his anguish. Hear him. "Mr. Dodge, the travelling editor of the active Inquirer, is an extravagant fiction — certainly the original can exist nowhere but in Mr. Cooper's brain, teeming as it does with all sorts of horrid visions of American editors." I suppose this *brain*, which *teems* with *visions*, gave birth to some satirical delineation of a blackguard, or a rogue, or both united, and called the dirty compound, *journalist*. No one, of course, could be delivered of such a monster who was not pregnant with "inveterate prejudices against his native land." * *

924. *Hark, how he prates of candor! with such zeal*, etc.] The N. Y. American, as everybody knows who reads it, and wishes it were silent on this point, is day after day ringing fresh changes on the same tune

To hear him praise the pure and manly breast,
You 'd think he were JOVE's bastard, at the least;
But put aside the mask, and look within,
'T is TMOLUS' widow in the lion's skin.
Much did he laud *Theresa's* tragic lay,

of its own magnanimity. *Verbum sap.:* It would puzzle the Devil himself to extract bowels from a drum.

930. *To hear him praise the pure and manly breast,*] The regular subjects of our newsman's daily sermons, are "manliness," "straightforwardness," "highmindedness," &c.; and the corresponding adjectives, "manly," "straightforward," "highminded," &c., form his favorite cant-phrases. We shall convince the reader that the preacher is not merely a finger-board by a roadside.

Ad populum phaleras: EGO *te intus, et incute, novi.* *

931. — *JOVE's bastard* —] HERCULES. **

935. — *TMOLUS' widow* —] OMPHALE. By the by, what her playmate says in the *Frogs*, when BACCHUS assumes his lion-skin, will apply most literally to the very similar masquerading commemorated by our poet: —

Οὔ τοι, μὰ τὴν Δήμητρα, δύναμαι μὴ γελᾶν.
Καὶ τοι δάκνω γ' ἐμαυτὸν. Ἀλλ' ὅμως γελῶ.
* * *
—— οὐχ οἷός τ' εἶμ' ἀποσοβῆσαι τὸν γέλων,
Ὁρῶν λεοντῆν ἐπὶ κροκωτῷ κειμένην.
ARISTOPH. *Ran.* 42, 43, 45, 46. *

934. *Much did he laud* Theresa's *tragic lay,*]

"POEMS, TRANSLATED AND ORIGINAL; by MRS. E. F. ELLET — 1 vol. Philadelphia, KEY & BIDDLE. — There is both *genius and knowledge,* two widely different things — in Mrs. Ellet's poems — and this little volume therefore may be safely welcomed, as an *added honor to our literature,* and as entitling its young authoress, to take her station among those who have successfully vindicated woman's claim to *enlighten, improve,* and *delight the world.*

"Of the Poems here embodied, many have heretofore appeared in different periodicals; others are now first given to the light. *Among these is the tragedy of Theresa Contarini,* which Miss *Philips* performed so admirably at the Park, last spring. — It has, we think, *great merit, as a tragedy* — though *perhaps* wanting for complete success, or *rather popularity,* on the stage, *more acquaintance with theatrical details, than could be possessed by the writer* [!!].

* PERS. iii. 30. **

Much too JOHN BAILEY's buskins of a day, 935

"We *select* a short Poem, which is *quite in the style of Mrs. Hemans.*

"'DEATH.

"'Ye may twine young flowers round the sunny brow
Ye deck for the festal day, —
But mine is the *shadow* that *waves* o'er them now,
And their beauty has withered away.
Ye may gather bright gems for glory's shrine,
Afar, from their *cavern home* —
Ye may gather the gems — but their *pride* is mine,
They will *light* the dark *cold* tomb.
Thy [The ?] warrior's heart beats high and proud,
I have laid my cold hand on him;
And the stately form hath before me bowed,
And the flashing eye is dim.
I have trod the banquet room alone —
And the crowded halls of mirth,
And the low *deep wail of the stricken one*
Went up from the festal hearth.
I have stood by the pillared domes of old,
And *breathed on each classic shrine* —
And desolation gray and cold
Now marks the ruins mine.
I have met young Genius, and *breathed on the brow*
That *bore his mystic trace* —
And the *cheek* where passion was wont to glow
Is *wrapt* in my *dark embrace.*
They tell of a land where no blight can fall,
Where my ruthless reign is o'er —
Where the *ghastly shroud*, and the *shadowy pall*
Shall *wither* the soul no more.
They say there 's a home in yon blue sphere,
A region of life divine:
But I reck not — since all that is lovely here,
The beauty of earth — is mine.'"

[N. Y. Am. ——ber 28th, 1835.]

Truly, if Death were to talk, I do think he would talk very much in this way. This, the writer of a tragedy! that species of poem which ARISTOTLE puts at the head of all efforts of genius!

Now to show the other side of the picture. It is to be expected, that a man, who can fancy excellence where it does not exist, will be blind to merit though it stare him in the face. Accordingly, we find this discerning editor inserting the following piece (which was introduced, in his paper, as written by a lady for a charity at "The Institution of the Blind,") simply as a *Deferred Article!!* (Jan. 1837.) There is nothing censurable in this piece but the bad taste of the four first lines (which are in the style of the day, — particularly marked in the cant, *earth-stains*), and the prose of the last line, with the *Mrs. Hemansishness* of the pronoun *ye* for *you*, and the inadvertence, just before, of speaking of the

Yet had no word of grace for WILLIS' play;

"*fragrance* of the south," though the want of the sense of smell is not necessarily numbered among a blind man's deprivations: *all the rest would not disgrace the muse of* ARMSTRONG.

"To Mr. ——

"Thou dwellest amid the throng
Of the world's votaries, but thy spirit wears
So bright an impress of its purer birth
That earth-stains rest not on it; — thou art one
Whom fortune has encumbered with her gifts,
For thou hast much to thee superfluous,
Much that doth make thee careful when thine heart
Might else be light and cheerful. Throw aside
This weight of vanity; the poor man's prayer
Will bring a richer blessing on thy head
Than hoarded gold can purchase. Look around —
How many thousand shapes doth misery wear
In this strange world of ours: some pine in want,
Seeking in vain from charity's cold hand
The food that nature claims; — some are tossed
For many a weary month on the hard couch,
The best that penury can yield disease.
There be some too whose ears have never drunk
The blessed sounds of nature, and whose lips
Have never framed a language to express
The full heart's overflow of joy or woe.
And some — not least in suffering — are debarred
The glorious light of Heaven. Oh! think how dark
This world must seem to him whose night and day
Are marked but by the drowsy, ticking clock,
Or nature's weariness, — to whom the spring
Brings no green landscape, and whose summer walks
Can never wear the bright enamelling
Of buds and flowers that bless your eager sight.
Think what a world of bliss must be shut out
From him whose sightless eye-balls turn in vain
To the warm sunbeam, or the fragrant south
Which sends its perfumed welcome on the breeze.
Oh! when to this sad lot the bitter sting
Of poverty is added, who can close
His heart to charity's appeal for aid?
'Freely ye have received, then freely give.'"

Let me observe here, as I have in the case of another eulogium, let me observe impressively, I say, and I EXPECT NO MAN TO DOUBT ME, that I know nothing of the piece, or of the writer, but what I see here. I am not like the editor of the American: those I praise are not my friends, nor are those my foes whom I censure. I love no man whom I have com-

Not for *Bianca!* though her baldest line
Were, for such brows, a wreath almost divine.

mended in this poem, and, as I love none, so is there *none* who figures in this poem whom I hate. I do, indeed, most heartily despise the *pert and lively dunce*, RUBETA, that weightless weathercock, PETRONIUS, and that dirty ditch, MARGITES; but even to these I bear no malice. I should cheerfully see the two first prosper, to their heart and pocket's content, so it were in any other trade than that they follow, — and even in that, if one of them would deal no more in spurious literature and outside-samples of religion, and the other would give up the reviewing part of his establishment, take a better clerk, and no longer advertise his own generosity, — and I should rejoice to hear that the last had drained off all his stagnant water, and was determined to do nothing in future but sit before a mirror, and spit on his own reflection. So much for *ourself*. IT IS SINCERE; and, without a wish to play the bully, we caution *meddlers* to look to their own affairs, nor, when the bow is drawn, to come in the way of the shaft.*

935. *JOHN BAILEY's buskins of a day,*] There was a gentleman, a merchant, among the friends of PETRONIUS, who, according to the Manhattanese Aristotle, was to electrify all the cotton-bags in Pearl-street by the success of his muse. We forget the name of the piece, but remember reading some dozens of verses descriptive of a chariot-race at ROME, the which PETRONIUS had selected to prove his judgment, but which proved, very fairly, what was afterwards put beyond a doubt by the immediate damnation of the piece on its representation, and its subsequent oblivion even in the newspapers.

936. *Yet had no word of grace for WILLIS' play; — Not for* Bianca! *though* — etc.] A day or two after the first performance of *Bianca Visconti*, there appeared in the N. Y. American a flippant communication, from the pen of one of the editors' boyish correspondents, wherein the tragedy was denied all merit, even that of displaying tolerable versification. As PETRONIUS, who, for reasons best known to himself, is no friend of Mr. WILLIS's, permitted, at the time, the piece to pass without comment, nor subsequently corrected its censure, it is presumed that it had his sanction; consequently that Mr. WILLIS is, in his estimation, incapable of attaining even common success, where Mrs. ELLET and Mr. BAILEY were admitted to excel. The copy-right of *Bianca* is said to belong to Miss CLIFTON. Hence this tragedy has never been pub-

* The bow is bent, and drawn. Make from the shaft!
Lear. A. i. Sc. 1. * *

What matters it? that praise the bard may spare

lished, and, as we have not witnessed its performance, we can only judge of such selections from its scenes as have appeared in the newspapers. To the good taste, and the justice of Mr. Locke, of the *New Era* (a New York journal), we are indebted for the only passages we have seen of *Bianca*, and it is from his paper of Sept. 8th, 1837, that we extract the following beauties. Observe, we are not pronouncing upon *Bianca Visconti* as a tragedy; as a whole, we can know nothing about it: we are merely claiming for the passages which follow, such merit as the best poet in America might be proud to acknowledge, even though that same were Wm. Cullen Bryant.

* * * "He *must* love me,
Or I shall break my heart! I never had
One other hope in life! I never link'd
One thought but to this chain! I have no blood —
No breath — no being — separate from Sforza!
Nothing has any other name! The Sun
Shined like his smile — the lightning was his glory —
The night his sleep, and the hush'd moon watch'd o'er him;—
Stars writ his name — his breath hung on the flowers —
Music had no voice but to say *I love him,*
And life no future, but his love for me!"

A finer instance of amplification, and one more natural to the passion of love, it would not be easy to find in any modern poet.

* * * "Wed him to-morrow!
So suddenly a wife! Will it seem modest,
With but twelve hours of hurried preparation
To come a bride to church! Will he remember
I was ten years ago affianced to him?
I have had time to think on't! *Oh, I'll tell him —*
When I dare speak I'll tell him — how I've loved him!
And day and night dreamed of him, and through all
The changing wars treasured the solemn troth
Broke by my father! If he listens kindly,
I'll tell him how I fed my eyes upon him
In Venice at his triumph — when he walked
Like a descended god beside the Doge
Who thanked him for his victories, and the people
Shouted out, 'Sforza! Live the gallant Sforza!'
I was a child then — but I felt my heart
Grow, in one hour, to woman!"

We will not quarrel with the expression "to woman" (for *to womanhood,*) because of the sentiment, which would redeem a greater solecism,

"Love conceives
No paradise but such as Eden was —
With *two* hearts beating in it."

Whereof the grossest fool still gets the biggest share. 940

There is a pretty image for you! gracefully expressed, and, that without which its gracefulness were nothing, perfectly just. — As a happy expression of a feeling well known and often described, belonging to the full bliss of an affection not yet wearied by disappointment, nor cloyed by fruition, we add the following lines, which immediately succeed the above in the play: —

"Oh, I 'll build
A home upon some green and flowery isle
In the lone lakes, where we will use our empire
Only to keep away the gazing world.
The purple mountains, and the glassy waters
Shall make a hush'd pavilion with the sky,
And we two in its midst will live alone,
Counting the hours by stars and waking birds,
And jealous but of sleep!"

Now take this scene of another sort. "Sarpellione," (we borrow the words of Mr. Locke),

"The wily Sarpellione, having been foiled in his attempt to withdraw Sforza from the Milanese alliance, resolves on his destruction. To this end, he poisons the ear of Brunorio, Sforza's lieutenant, and wins him over to the service of Alphonso, his master, and persuades him to murder Sforza. Bianca, who has been informed by Sarpellione of the existence of her brother, who attends her in the capacity of page, (Giulio,) overhears the plot, and forms the horrid design of substituting Giulio in the place of her husband, for the double purpose of saving his life and of securing to herself, and thence to Sforza, the succession of the crown, under the impression, that, by sacrificing to his ambition, she will gain his love."

* * *

"*Page.* Sforza has gone in —
May I sleep then, sweet Lady, in his place?
Bi. — No — boy! thou shalt not!
Page. Then will you?
Bi. Oh God!
I would I could! and have no waking after!
Come hither Giulio! nay — nay — stop not there!
Come on a little, and I 'll make thy pillow
Softer than ever mine will be again!
Tell me you love me ere you go to sleep!
Page. — With all my soul, dear mistress!
[Drops asleep]
Bi. Now he sleeps!
This mantle for his pall — but stay — his shape
Looks not like Sforza under it. *Fair flowers*
[Heaps them at his feet, and spreads his mantle over him]
Your innocence to his! Exhale together,
Pure spirit and sweet fragrance! So — one kiss!

Yet, had *Visconti* sprung of English brains,

Giulio! my brother! who comes there? *wake Giulio!*
Or thou 'lt be murdered! nay — 't was but the wind!
[Withdraws on tiptoe and crouches behind a tree.]
I will kneel here and pray!
[Brunorio creeps in, followed by Sarpellione at a distance.]
Sarp. Hark!
Strike well and fear not! See — he sleeps.
Bi. [*Springing forward as* he strikes.] *Giulio!*
Giulio! awake!
Ah God!
[*She drops on the body,* the murderer escapes, and
Sforza enters.]"

That simple "Ah God!", in the place where it occurs, is actually superb.

Two other instances we have before us of the same exquisite tact. They are both found at the conclusion of the piece. The first is this, where BIANCA has just confessed the murder: —

"Now you know all! I 'm glad it is not I!
I would not do such murders to be loved!
No! if you were an angel!"

The second, where Bianca dies: —

"I will sleep here with Giulio
Till the bell tolls —
[Sinks, and Sforza bends over her. The scene closes.]"

I know no more affecting conclusion in any tragedy; few, in English tragedy, in so good taste.

We have given already a very fair portion of *Bianca;* but we cannot resist adding one other passage, which Mr. LOCKE's fine taste, and unenvious temper, have enabled us to lay before the reader, to the latter's enjoyment, as well as to the honor of Mr. WILLIS, and the disgrace of PETRONIUS.

"If the rose
Were born a lily, and by force of heart
And eagerness for light, grew tall and fair,
'T were a true type of the first fiery soul
That makes a low name honorable — They
Who take it by inheritance alone —
Adding no brightness to it — are *like stars*
Seen in the ocean, that were never there
But for the bright originals in Heaven!
Sarp. — [Sneeringly.] Rest to the gallant soul of the first Sforza!
Bi. — Amen! but triple glory to the second!
I have a brief tale for thine ear, Ambassador!
Sarp. — I listen, Lady!

And English pride watch'd o'er its parent's pains,
PETRONIUS' slang had cramm'd him to disgust,
And silenc'd LOCKE, who durst be only just.

Bi. Mark the moral, Sir!
An eagle once from the Euganean hills
Soared bravely to the sky. [To SFORZA.] (Wilt please my lord
List to my story?) In his giddy track
Scarce marked by them who gazed upon the first,
Followed a new-fledged eaglet, fast and well.
Upward they sped, and all eyes on their flight
Gazed with admiring awe, when, suddenly,
The parent bird, struck by a thunderbolt,
Dropp'd lifeless through the air. The eaglet paused,
And hung upon his wings; and as his sire
Plashed in the far down wave, men looked to see him
Flee to his nest affrighted!
Sf. — [With great interest.] Did he so?
Bi. — My noble lord — he had a monarch's heart!
He wheeled a moment in mid air, and shook
Proudly his royal wings, and *then right on,*
With crest uplifted and unwavering flight,
Sped to the sun's eye, straight and gloriously.
Page. — Lady — is that true?
Bi. *Ay! men call those eagles*
Sforza the First and Second!"

941, 942. *Yet had* Visconti *sprung of English brains, — And English pride watch'd o'er its parent's pains,*] As in the case of *Ion*, mentioned below. * *

943. *PETRONIUS' slang had cramm'd him to disgust,*] This independent newsman is completely a slave to English opinion, and does his utmost to bring others into the same subjection; yet, as might be supposed, no man makes louder pretensions to freedom from such prejudices. Let us give a recent example of his reverence for British authorities.

"Notwithstanding a reference to the opinions of our transatlantic contemporaries on subjects of literary criticism is considered heterodox, and even treasonable, we feel it a duty to advert to the reception of Mr. Prescott's History of Ferdinand and Isabella, among European literati." *N. Y. Am.* March 24th, 1838.

Would the reader ever guess who are these "European *literati*"? He goes on to say: "The London Spectator, [!!] in an article, *etc.*" It is fortunate for Mr. PRESCOTT that the merits of his composition are not to be decided by the dicta of a newspaper, or two such encomiasts were enough to damn it. *

* As an instance of the facility with which labor is performed in the present days

As straight before us, on the verge of sky,
We see no stars, but needs must look on high,
So common minds, agape to vulgar fame,
Find merit only in exalted name.
Headstrong and rash although PETRONIUS be,
No ass the footpath better knows than he.
This truth let BULWER's Gothic farce declare,

944. *LOCKE, who durst be only just.*] The editor of the *New Era*, who, as the reader has seen, took the trouble to examine a poem which the equitable, and discriminating PETRONIUS was contented to leave to the abuse of his correspondents.

950. *No ass the footpath better knows than he.*] It is a propensity of asses to keep in the trodden path at the side of a road, and never take the crown of the highway. See the N. Y. American on popular reputations. * *

951. *This truth let BULWER's Gothic farce declare,*] PETRONIUS found Mr. BULWER's play, like Mrs. ELLET's, to contain in abundance that poetry which *Bianca* was altogether deficient in.

Ib. — *BULWER's Gothic farce* —] "The Duchess de la Vallière" was but wanting to the fame of Mr. BULWER, in order to make a certain couplet completely applicable to his writings.

Thus all his prose and verse are much the same:
This, prose on stilts; that, poetry fall'n lame. *

of *steaming*, we present the reader with the cream of our newsman-critic's "review" of Mr. PRESCOTT's work :—

"For its hereafter, from the *moment we first looked into its pages*, we had not a *moment's solicitude*, for we *felt* that *it would become one of the standards of history for all who read the English language.*" [N. Y. Am. *May 19th*, 1838.]

We know not how it is, we, who have scarcely done any thing else, all our life, but turn over the leaves of books, had read completely through two of the three volumes, and reflected not a little on their contents, before we came to our present conclusion, that they stand at the tip-top of American literature. What will PETRONIUS take for his secret?

* From the *Dunciad* (Bk. i. 189.), with a trifling necessary alteration. There is an epigram, which I have seen somewhere translated from LE BRUN, that will come in very well here :—

"In prose and in metre will NED still compose:
But in writing he seems to lie under a curse;

Thy clay sarcophagus, frail LA VALLIÈRE!

Commencing with the third scene of Act iv. the piece is respectable,— excellent in parts, — though nowhere rising, even supposing that the characters were suitable, * to that dignity and strength of composition which is requisite for the serious drama. All the rest of the play is the merest stuff that was ever put upon paper. It is true, its author tells us

> For he constantly puts too much verse in his prose,
> And as constantly puts too much prose in his verse."

* *

* Since this note was written, we have seen, in the London *Times* for July 18, 1837, a translation (from the *Journal des Débats)* of a very unmeasured *critique* on this play of Mr. BULWER's. Its nature may be judged of by the opening paragraph, which is as follows :—

"A strange piece, which is neither comedy, tragedy, nor melodrama, is now acting in London, wherein Louis XIV. and France in the 17th century are treated (*compromis*) in the most vulgar and farcical fashion. It is difficult to form an adequate idea of the gross absurdity, ignorance of men and manners, folly and conceit, contained in this work, which some people take upon them to say was eagerly received in England, for an entire fortnight, as a *chef-d'œuvre.*(*a*) A more grave, though at the same time a more innocuous, insult to the glory, and the amours of the greatest monarch who has honored the throne, could not have been offered. The author of this work, to which it is so difficult to assign a specific denomination, enjoys, it is said, in his own country, what is termed a celebrity. His name is Mr. Bulwer; he is a member of the House of Commons, and he has written a great number of romances, which (dealing with them as leniently as possible) may possibly sustain a comparison with the worst of Victor Ducange's. For these reasons, we have thought ourselves justified in honoring Mr. Bulwer's piece with a notice, as we sometimes do the mélodrames of the Ambigu."

The third sentence lets us into the secret of the critic's indignation, which is too extravagant in its expressions for the occasion. Mr. Bulwer, though very, very far indeed, from being a great author, is certainly not a little one; nor, whatever his mistakes and absurdities as a writer, can he be accused with justice of *gross ignor-*

(*a*) M. JANON seems to disbelieve this. And he has reason. — The *World of Fashion* says, very precisely :—

"At its first performance the play was much hissed. Some of the scenes were extremely dull, and the whole of the third act was so wretchedly contrived, and so miserably performed, that, had the author been anybody but Mr. BULWER, the play might then have been terminated by the manifestations of the displeasure of the audience."

And, in another part of the same magazine, we have :—

"There is no *dramatic* interest in the story of *La Vallière*, there is no moral that can be drawn from it. She was a sufferer, but she had been guilty, and we cannot say that her sufferings were undeserved. No one can sympathize with her, and consequently, Mr. BULWER's play is dull and heavy in the performance. There is no particular merit in the way in which Mr. BULWER has treated the subject; there is no originality in the thoughts which he has embodied; his Duchess is a mere grisette; we have seen such a woman personated a hundred times by Mrs. YATES and others; and, in the absence of any indications of absolute genius, some of the scenes startled the morality of the audience. These have since been amended. The necessity for their amendment is a proof of the demerits of the production."

* *

And TALFOURD's florid bombast makes fond men

that "To thoughts and to persons that belong to prose, belongs prosaic expression." (*Preface to the Play.*) Where then was the use of meas-

ance of men and manners. There are however, in the piece, despite of occasional injustice, many remarks which deserve quoting. For example :—

"Scene the third, the theatre represents 'the gardens of Fontainebleau, brilliantly illuminated with colored lamps;' enter Grammont and Lauzun. Let me premise, that this is the same Lauzun who was the most brilliant cavalier and the greatest favorite at the Court of Louis XIV.; that Grammont is the same Chevalier de Grammont who is the hero — the charming hero — of Hamilton. Alas! alas! we shall soon see in what fashion Mr. Bulwer has 'resuscitated' them.

"In the piece Lauzun is a Marquis of the lowest degree, a miserable giggler, without wit, youth, or beauty; who talks of nothing but his creditors, like one of Regnard's chevaliers. Grammont is a sorry scrub, who cracks jokes with Lauzun, and has not a word to say to anybody else: 'Grammont. — His Majesty is cold — Augustus more than Ovid.' Who would have expected Ovid to be lugged in with reference to Louis XIV.? 'Lauzun. — He must have a mistress. While the King lives chaste, he cheats me, he robs me of ninety-nine per cent. The times are changed — 'Twas by the sword and spear our fathers bought ambition — vulgar butchers! But now our wit's our spear, intrigue our armour, the antechamber is our field of battle, and the best hero is the cleverest rogue!' Have we not here two very pretty young sprigs of high life? But, by Heaven, the footmen of King Louis XIV., in the most retired room in the chateau, even when in their cups, would not have dared to hold such language as is here put into the mouth of the Count de Lauzun."

Again :—

"— when Bragelone becomes affected :—

'I loved thee not, Louise,
As gallants love; thou wert this life's IDEAL,
Breathing through earth the lovely and the holy,
And *clothing poetry in human beauty!*'

"Bragelone ought surely to have said to Mademoiselle de la Vallière what he had just before said to M. de Lauzun : — 'I pray you grace for that old-fashioned phrase.'"

Several other passages from the *poem* are cited, equally faulty, though not always understood by the French critic. We then come in the fourth column to this paragraph :—

"The fifth act is quite worthy of the four preceding ones : nothing is doing; nothing goes on; it is always La Vallière weeping, Lauzun giggling, and Louis prosing. The author knows as little how to move the passions as he does of history, — he bewilders himself in a confused chaos of incidents and thoughts. In the Convent of the Carmelites, one after the other, arrive the Friar Bragelone, Mademoiselle de la Vallière, the King, the perpetual Lauzun, and Madame de Montespan. Lauzun is the bearer of a dismissal to Madame de Maintenon from the King. 'Our gracious King permits you to quit Versailles.' Bragelone declaims against the vanities of life and of love : 'A never-heard philosopher is life!'

"He is on the point of 'hoarding' a glove dropped by Mademoiselle de la Vallière, which he had picked up, but he checks himself, saying 'No! it is sinful!' This Bragelone is always the same; he orders woodbine to be planted in the first act, and he dares not touch the 'relics' of his mistress in the last. Mademoiselle de la Vallière is ushered in, with music, to take the veil; when, as before, at the very foot of the cross, the King arrests her :

'*Louis.* — Thou 'rt saved — thou' rt saved! to love, to life!
La Vallière.— Ah, sire!
Louis. — Call me not Sire!

Deem the pure drama's age has come again,

uring off this prose into heroic lines, with a capital letter at the head of each of them? Surely, this is strange infatuation. And if the author *would* not elevate their diction into *verse*, (we set aside the idea of *poetry*, to oblige him,) what constrained him to introduce such personages? The truth is, it little becomes Mr. BULWER, of all men, to talk of "the florid prettiness of modern verse," or of "the elaborate quaintness of the elder dramatists." No man has shown more of that "florid prettiness" than he has, in his other writings, and, had he consulted these "elder dramatists," whose condensation of thought, and energy of expression, he has thought proper to term "elaborate quaintness," disparaging his own critical judgment that he may affect contempt for a merit he must despair of ever imitating, had he consulted these, I say, he would have seen, how they make a monarch talk like a monarch without departing from nature, and how they put into the mouths of vulgar characters language according with their qualities or station, without making them guilty of prose.* — As to the plot, and its dependencies, they are perfectly absurd. And let us observe to Mr. BULWER, that, when an author professes to despise the dramatic unities, it is because

Fly back, fly back, to those delicious hours
When I was but thy lover.
And then *my dream* — my bird — *my fairy flower* —
My *violet!*
The fickle lust of change allured me!'

"These little tender speeches, so very pretty, and so well adapted to this chapel of the Carmelites, have not the slightest effect in the world upon sister Louise; and the King takes himself off, saying — 'I will not hear thee! Touch me not! Speak not! *I-I-I choke!* These tears — let them speak for me. Now, now, thy hand — *O, God! farewell for ever.* —[*Exit.*'

"Thus ends this wretched drama."

And what a different ending from Mr. WILLIS's!

* We know very well that it is sometimes advisable

"———— propriis rem prodere verbis,
Indiciisque suis:" (*a*) ————

but then what follows?

"———— EA SINT MODO DIGNA CAMOENIS:" (*b*)

and again: —

"*Nil adeo incultum, quod non splendescere possit:*
Præcipue *si cura vigil non desit*, et *usque*
Mente premas, multumque animo tecum ipse volutes." (*c*)

But Mr. BULWER writes too fast to profit by this advice; and he will have his reward for it: what is so hastily produced, must expire with proportionate rapidity.

(*a*) VIDÆ *Poet.* iii. 160. **
(*b*) *Ibid.* 161. **
(*c*) *Ibid.* 207 - 209. **

Where, spurr'd and rein'd at once, his tragic steed, 955

his genius is not strong enough to bear up under the restraint; and, further, that even a man of ordinary skill would, instead of crowding eight or nine years into the compass of three hours, have begun the play where Mr. BULWER numbers *Act the Fifth*, and made a better thing of it. It is not the author of the *Duchess de la Vallière*, even with Dr. JOHNSON to back him, that can set aside Aristotle.

953, 954 — *TALFOURD's florid bombast* — etc.] Namely, in the famous tragedy of *Ion*, which everybody was prepared to find every thing that is elegant and correct, and which accordingly everybody did find every thing that is elegant and correct. Yet perhaps a stronger instance of popular delusion is not to be found in the present century. In the first place, there is no real and absolute distinction of characters in this play: the only difference between them is in the part which each is made to assume, externally (so to speak,) in the action of the piece. The stern tyrant ADRASTUS, the inexperienced boy ION, the veteran sage AGENOR, all talk the same flowery and labored language. Take away the names in the dialogue, and you would not know which is the speaker of each individual passage. From its excessive embellishment, *Ion* is often what ARISTOTLE calls a mere *ænigma*. (See *the Poetic*, Sect. 37, of TWYWHITT's edition, — Chap. xxii. of COOKE's, and others.)* Mr. TALFOURD is doubtless familiar enough with the *Liber de Poetica*. I would ask him, then, if he do not remember, that, in the very division we have referred to of that little treatise, the writer insists upon *perspicuity?* if, indeed, the authority of ARISTOTLE, or of any of the writers who have copied and improved upon him, be necessary to teach what one would sup-

And yet, it is well; for the soil is too light, and would never produce any thing durable, though you were to manure it, and plant it, and prune its product for nine years. The author of the *Duchess* must always remain what he is, a prose-writer in verse, and a poet in prose. (*a*)

* However much, at the present day, one may affect to despise the authority of ARISTOTLE, — and such will always be the cant of those who feel the check of legitimate criticism too much for them, and cannot *manage* their genius, — he is surely (even in this generation) entitled to respect, whom CICERO pronounced the first of philosophers, excepting PLATO, (*De Fin.* l. i.,) and, with the same exception, excelling all others in capacity and diligence. ("Aristoteles longe omnibus, (Platonem semper excipio) præstans et ingenio et diligentia." *Tusc. Disp.* i. 10.)

(*a*) I believe that all well-educated and right-thinking men agree with me in my general condemnation of this author; and I beg that such will not suppose that these extended remarks are meant for them, *the few*, but for *the many*, the mass of readers, who are likely to lose the use of what little brains they possess, through the bad taste of such writers as Mr. BULWER, and the impertinence of newspaper-critics like PETRONIUS.

A hard-mouth'd pacer of celestial breed,

pose that nature and common sense must indicate; for with what object do we write, if not to be understood? and how, Mr. TALFOURD, shall we follow your subject, if the imagination has to step aside, first to the right, and then to the left, incessantly, to gather flowers, or to pick up pebbles? This is the fault of the day, the egregious error that should dazzle no writer over five-and-twenty, and can only arise from bad taste* or short-

* Apropos of bad taste. Mr. Sargeant TALFOURD has written the life of LAMB, and the *New York Review*, a quarterly publication, gives of it this judgment, and the specimen which follows, (we quote from PETRONIUS, who says it is "so beautiful"!):—

"The little which he has done, has, however, been done in such a manner as to add a new leaf to the laurels of the author of 'Ion.' *Good taste*, good feeling, a love for the man as well as an admiration for the author, a *rare sagacity in criticism*, and a benevolence in spirit ever ready to see the soul of good in things evil, and to put the best construction upon all doubtful acts — these are the qualifications which he has brought to his task. *We have had constant occasion to remark upon the delicacy of his discrimination, and the justness and profoundness of his reflections. What can be more true and more admirably expressed, more full of that which makes up the best and highest style of criticism, than the following observations upon 'Rosamond Gray?'* (*a*)

"'In his tale, nothing is made out with distinctness, except the rustic piety and grace of the lovely girl and her venerable grandmother, which are pictured with such earnestness and simplicity as might beseem a fragment of the book of Ruth. The villain who lays waste their humble joys is *a murky phantom without individuality*; the events are *obscured by the haze of sentiment which hovers over them*, and the narrative gives way to the reflections of the author, who is *mingled with* the *persons of the tale in the visionary confusion*, and gives to it the character of a *sweet but disturbed dream*. It has an interest now beyond that of fiction; for in it we may trace, 'as in a glass darkly,' the characteristics of the mind and heart of the author at a time when a change was coming upon them. There are the dainty

(*a*) "It is this vigorous, direct and manly tone," (says the vigorous, direct, and manly PETRONIUS, in his 'review' of the *Review*, Jan. 6th, 1838,) "that we very much need, and see so little of, in our periodical literature — and when sustained, as in the instance before us, by *high attainments in letters, by varied knowledge, by great research*, and the *eloquence of style as well as thought*, it cannot fail to produce most beneficial results."

Bravo! this deserves another specimen of "the instance before us." The *eloquent of style as well as thought* is speaking of Mr. BULWER, and his *Ernest Maltravers*:—

—"for achieving an enduring place in literature (says *the eloquent of style as well as thought*), he possesses in too low a degree several primary qualities, and among them especially what may be termed *artistical constructiveness*. He has fertility of invention, but little creative power. [There's a distinction without a difference, for you, Mr. BULWER!]"

N. Y. Review, No. iii. p. 233.

By the novel phrase we have italicized, we suppose is meant *that justness of conception, and skill in construction, which mark a master of his art*. Such dogmatistical pedantiscity, we augurate, is destinated to manipulate a most ameliorating influence on the hitherto-indomitable rusticality of United-Statesian authorhood, and exaltate to a populear altitude of artistical refinementability the luxuriant forest of our arboraceous literature. Under which impression, "we bid" the Reviewers, in the congenial elegance of the *N. Y. American*, "God speed [ye]!" and "Go ahead!"

Feather'd and bell'd, with head erected high,
Snorts through the mist, scarce moves, yet seems to fly.

sighted ambition. Ὅλως (says LONGINUS, in a passage which I recommend to the author of *Ion*, as well as to his complaisant admirers,) Ὅλως δ' ἔοικεν εἶναι τὸ οἰδεῖν, ἐν τοῖς μάλιστα, δυσφυλακτότατον· φύσει γὰρ ἅπαντες οἱ μεγέθους ἐφιέμενοι, φεύγοντες ἀσθενείας καὶ ξηρότητος κατάγνωσιν, οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως ἐπὶ τοὐναντίον ὑποφέρονται, πειθόμενοι τῷ, — Μεγάλως ἀπολισθαίνειν ὅμως εὐγενὲς ἁμάρτημα. Κακοὶ δὲ ὄγκοι, καὶ ἐπὶ σωμάτων καὶ λόγων, οἱ χαῦνοι καὶ ἀναλήθεις, καὶ μήποτε περιϊστάντες ἡμᾶς εἰς τοὐναντίον· οὐδὲν γάρ, φασί, ξηρότερον ὑδρωπικοῦ. [*De Subl.*, Sect. iii.]

Yet is this very tragedy, at times, so beautifully pathetic, (let us instance the death of ADRASTUS,) that we are guilty of no affectation, when we say we *regret*, that a piece, which in some respects approaches quite near to dramatic excellence, should be so plastered with ornament, as to appear rather a show-box than a series of well-finished paintings. And this was the work, they tell us, of some fifteen years! ISOCRATES' *Panegyric* over again! If Mr. TALFOURD, or his enraptured eulogists, would know how the passions may be moved without stepping one inch out of the domain of Nature, and how poetry may be written without laying hold of the moon, we refer them to the crowned tragedy of MONTI.

955 – 958. *Where, spurr'd and rein'd at once*, etc.] In these verses, I have endeavored to set out the characteristics of *Ion:* and the reader will allow me to remind him, that, in this view, not even the phrase *celestial breed* is to be considered as without a precise application, being not merely expressive of any Pegasus whatever, but meant to show that this tragedy is truly poetical, albeit not of the purest school; or, to resume the metaphor of the text, Mr. Sergeant TALFOURD's horse may be said to be better dressed for parade than actual service.

957. — *bell'd* —] An expression which suggests to us, in corroboration of the Author's remarks on the florid poetry of *Ion*, a very applicable

sense *of beauty just weaned from its palpable object, and quivering over its lost images; feeling, grown retrospective before its time, and tinging all things with a strange solemnity;* hints of that *craving after immediate appliances* which might give impulse to a harassed frame and confidence to struggling fancy, and of that *escape from the pressure of agony into fantastic mirth*, which in after-life made Lamb a problem to a stranger, while they endeared him a thousand fold to those who really knew him." Vol. i. p. 90.

Truly indeed is this worthy of the author of "Ion"! the same *murky flashiness* (to parody his own absurd language) *without perspicuity*, the same ambition after false ornament, which crushes the life out of his meaning, by the glittering trash he heaps upon it out of mistaken kindness. Mr. CARLYLE himself could not write more fustian foolery than the lines we have underscored.

Health to the King! nor let his readers smile;
Long may he live recondite judge of style 960

phrase of the preceptor of ZENOBIA'S : — τὸ πανταχοῦ κώδωνας ἐξῆφθαι, λίαν σοφιστικὸν. [*De Subl.* xxiii.] To which may be added, with a like object, FABER'S note upon the passage : — "Apud antiquos, κώδωνες, seu *tintinnabula*, frænis et phaleris equorum addebantur; *non* tamen *ubique et semper*, sed cum decursio aliqua equestris aut transvectio fiebat, *seu quid aliud* ejus generis, *quod splendide fieri deceret.*" Or, as we would say in our country, the best horses carry bells when the snow is on the ground, but it is only the itinerant dealer in rags and rusty iron that keeps the belly of his pony jingling at all seasons. * *

960–963. *Long may he live, recondite judge of style — Who sees a miracle*, etc.]

"THE FRENCH REVOLUTION : a History. Three volumes in two. By THOMAS CARLYLE. Boston : *Charles C. Little & James Brown.— We cannot be mistaken in supposing this work will attract much attention.* It is something quite new in its manner and power of execution. Discarding the connected, grave, and stately style of history, it isolates groups, or individuals, or events, and, clustering round them all the incidents and accessories of the hour, presents rather a series of dramatic sketches, in *which we are made to share in the individual feelings and hopes* and acts of those before us, with *an intensity that, at times, is almost painful;* and yet there runs throughout a connected thread of narrative." *Etc. Etc.*

"We copy some striking passages." [*N. Y. Am.* Jan. 20th, 1838.] *

These *striking passages* spread through nearly three entire columns in small type, of his newspaper. What they are we shall give the read-

* That silly publication, the *American Monthly Magazine*, says of the same stuff :—

"It is a *picture book*, a series of sketches of the striking scenes of the Revolution, *touched with a power which brings every thing before you, enchains your interest*, and makes you read in spite of a *prejudice* against the artifice and affectation of the diction, — *to which at last you become reconciled*, though perhaps never *quite* cordially :" and concludes its reviewal thus : — "Still, you may condemn all this, you may get angry at it and scold about it, if you please ; *but, if you begin to read the book, you will read it to the end.*" [Number for March 1838, p. 290.] (*a*)

And such, O Americans, are the guides to taste in your republic !

(*a*) We take occasion to say that this dainty extract from the *Am. M. Magazine* is a fair specimen of the tone of criticism in all magazines, whether domestic or foreign, at the present enlightened era in literature. There are no such words, nowadays, as *respectable* and *respectability :* every thing that is good is *great*, that which interests must *strike* and *thrill*, and the youth who can tell you, without prosing, how the Arabs make a mess of sheeps' intestines, possesses not talents, but *genius*, and his easy pen displays no longer ability, but *power*. In the same number of the *Am. M. Magazine* that is mentioned above, the leading article in the series of "Reviews" commences thus :—

"A rose bathed and *baptized* in dew — a star in its first gentle emergence above the horizon

Who sees a miracle in Tom Carlyle,
Makes madness but a thrilling power intense,

er some idea of, by a few extracts. But we beg him, beforehand, not to think these any madness of our own: the sentences we quote are actually in Petronius's sheet; and whether he or Mr. Carlyle concocted them is only known to Bedlam.

"Which of these six hundred individuals, in plain white cravat, that have come up to regenerate France, might one guess, would become their *king?*" Etc. "He with the thick black locks, will it be? With the *hure*, as himself calls it, or black *boar's-head*, fit to be 'shaken' as a senatorial portent? Through whose shaggy beetle-brows, and rough-hewn, seamed, carbuncled face, there look natural ugliness, small-pox, incontinence, bankruptcy, and burning fire of genius; like comet-fire glaring fuliginous through murkiest confusions? It is *Gabriel Honoré Riquetti de Mirabeau*, the world-compeller; man-ruling Deputy of Aix! According to the Baroness de Staël, he steps proudly along, though looked at askance here; and shakes his black *chevelure*, or lion's-mane; as if prophetic of great deeds."

Is not this glorious stuff? We must have some more of it.

"How the old lion (for our old Marquis too was lionlike, most unconquerable, kingly-genial, most perverse) gazed wondering on his offspring; and determined to train him as no lion had yet been! It is in vain, O Marquis! This cub, though thou slay him and flay him, will not learn to draw in dogcart of Political Economy, and be a *Friend of Men;* he will not be Thou, but must and will be Himself, another than Thou. Divorce lawsuits, 'whole family save one in prison, and three score *Lettres-de-Cachet*' for thy own sole use, do but astonish the world."

A little more.

"He has pleaded before Aix Parlements (to get back his wife); the public gathering on roofs, to see since they could not hear: 'the clatter-teeth *(claque-dents)!*' snarls singular old Mirabeau; discerning in such admired forensic eloquence nothing but two clattering jaw-bones, and a head vacant, sonorous, of the drum species."

Again:

"All reflex and echo *(tout de reflet et de réverbère)!*" snarls old Mirabeau, who can see, but will not. Crabbed old Friend of Men! it is his sociality, his aggregative nature: and will now be the quality of all for him."

If the reader understand what all this means, it is more than we do. But it is such capital sport to read it, and know all the while, *fever-dream-like, that actually not bending is one his optical convexities, cat-like-over-mouse, on High Dutch,* that we must give one delicious little bit more.

— are types of the soul of Nathaniel Hawthorne; every *vein* of which (if we may so speak), is filled and *instinct with beauty.* It has expanded like a blossom, in the gay sunshine and sad shower, slowly and mutely to a rich and natural maturity."

This is the sort of stuff (not even common sense, and scarcely English,) of which is made our modern criticism. * *

And, with a fellow-feeling, fustian sense!

"Towards such work, in such manner, marches he, this singular Riquetti Mirabeau. In fiery rough figure, with black Samson-locks under the slouch-hat he steps along there. A fiery fuliginous mass, which could not be choked and smothered, but would fill all France with smoke. And now it has got *air;* it will burn its whole substance, its whole smoke-atmosphere too, and fill all France with flame. Strange lot! Forty years of that smouldering, with foul fire-damp and vapor enough; then victory over that; — and like a burning mountain he blazes heaven high; and for twenty-three resplendent months, pours out, in molten flame and molten fire-torrents, all that is in him, the Pharos and Wonder-sign of an amazed Europe; — and then lies hollow, cold for ever!"

This is quite enough display for Mr. THOMAS CARLYLE: but PETRONIUS we must *touch up again with the long pole*, and show the ladies and gentlemen how well the extraordinary animal knows its own mind. Compare, with his remarks above, the following, made exactly six months afterwards: —

"CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS. By THOMAS CARLYLE. 2 vols. Boston: *James Munroe & Co.* 1838. — The celebrity attained by Mr. Carlyle, whether his desert — to its full extent — or not, will naturally *render us cautious in the expression of an opinion, which may differ somewhat from the verdict of the million.* The very extravagance of his admirers, leads to a suspicious examination of his claims to merit, pushed as they are to the very verge of idolatry. It appears that, with many, his adoption of the German idiom in the fabrication of fanciful epithets, and tortuous, knotty phrases, ringing the changes upon a long row of synonymes, is his principal claim to their admiration. But *to us it savors of literary quackery.*"

This, despite its contradictions, is so like good sense, and so unlike any thing we have ever yet seen of PETRONIUS's reviewing, that we strongly suspect his intellect received some foreign enlightenment in the interim between the publication of the *History* and of the *Essays.* We quote it as a phenomenon. But he will change again before long. *

* Sure enough. To-day, Sept. 5th, as this portion of the manuscript is going through our hands, for its last revision previously to being set in type, we meet in the N. Y. Am., of Aug. 31st, the following passage from Carlyle, given as a choice extract of the editors' own, under the head of "Fruits of Desultory Reading." (God bless the man that invented letters!)

"DEATH OF A KING, AND BIRTH OF DEMOCRACY. — Alas! much more lies sick than poor Louis XV: not the French King only, but the French Kingship; this, too, after long rough wear and tear, is breaking down. The world is all so changed: so much that seemed vigorous, has sunk decrepit — so much that was not, is beginning to be! Borne over the Atlantic to the closing ear of Louis, King by the grace of God, what sounds are these; muffled, ominous — new in our centuries? Boston Harbor is black with unexpected tea: behold a Pennsylvania Congress gather, and ere long, on Bunker-Hill, DEMOCRACY announcing, in rifle-vollies death-winged, under her Star banner, to the tune of Yankee-doodle-doo, that she is born, and, whirl-wind like, will envelope the whole world! CARLYLE." * *

Shout, Bedlam! let fresh charcoal smut your wall;
A mate is found will swallow all you scrawl; 965

Ver. 962. — *thrilling* —] I use this epithet, because, like *intense*, it is a favorite expression with PETRONIUS and his kind, whether journalists or magazinists, though on this public occasion the modest newsman contented himself, as we have seen, with a substitute, stronger indeed, but less elegant.

So difficult is it for our smart little critics to do without this cant, that a person "who was formerly engaged in the editorial office of the Journal of Commerce" in NEW YORK, "a member of Dr. SPRING's church," when committing a forgery by writing a letter to one merchant in the name of another, in which he modestly requested the loan of a small sum of money, so far forgot himself in the habit of his trade, as to add, in the expression of a fervent wish to see the former, that he, the writer, had news of '*thrilling interest*' to communicate!" See the *N. Y. Am.* of Oct. 29, 1835.

There are few occasions in life, except in the intercourse between the sexes, where we are made to *thrill*, and preciously few are the books, if any, where the interest of the story is of "an intensity that at times is almost painful." Yet, *splendid* has taken the place of *elegant*, *superb* of *fine*, *magnificent* of *capacious*, *princely* of *generous*, *fairy* of *delicate*, and so on, and so on; why should not *thrilling* and *intense* be allowed to follow in the train of usurpation? * *

963. *And, with a fellow-feeling, fustian sense!*] We have given already, at the close of the third Canto, a specimen of our newsman's grandiloquent style. We now add another *elegant extract.*

"When the *writhing* political bankrupts shall seek to impair the effect of this appeal to the people, by declamations against all banks, and by efforts to drive the Whigs into the defence of the State institutions, and thereby to identify them as a party with banks — the ready answer will still be, "*these banks, hypocrites! which ye now denounce, you yourselves brought into being, endued with power, sent your special agent,* Amos Kendall, *to tamper with and corrupt; to them, you yourselves gave up the custody of the public moneys — married them to the State — and now, when you seek to escape from the adulterous connexion, and cry out divorce! divorce! we tell you, to your teeth, that we, who were guiltless of promoting or consenting to the marriage, will lend you no aid to annul it — much less will we take to our bosom those whom you first debauched, and now denounce as harlots.*" N. Y. Am. Sept. 1, 1837.*

"Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! all you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,

* As the employer, so of course the employed.

"[*Correspondence of the New York American.*]

"BOSTON, July 25, 1838.

"Yesterday I was the observer of a scene which would require a sunbeam for a pencil, and the heavens for a scroll, that sufficient justice might be done the subject." [To wit, "*the Webster Dinner.*"] * *

Alone their motley merits more divine,
Whose eulogy yields sixpence by the line;

And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends." *

Why should not such talents be employed for the good of the country in the House of Representatives? why not in the Senate? Let a meeting be called forthwith, and PETRONIUS be proposed as a candidate for the coming session. Then shall young AMERICA listen to the thunders of a modern Demosthenes, and the whole world shake to the echoes.

But let not AMERICA think that this is all her worthiest son (but one) can do; sometimes he assumes a more modest mein, and rivals RUBETA in the gentler graces of pleasantry. Thus, *May 12th*, 1838: —

"THE WEATHER.

"Winter lingers in the lap of spring."—RITCHIE.

"May, who has been a very cross, fretful, crying child, will enter her *teens* to-morrow, and it is high time that she should be imbued with such a sense of propriety as to eject from her lap that decrepid little wretch, Winter. Let her wipe away her tears, change her dress, and try if she cannot be a more amiable girl, than she has been an infant. She is now making an attempt to smile, let her commence a new career to-morrow, and realize the hopes of the fond circle of her friends."

Sometimes, too, he dares compare with him in wit!

"CARRIED IN THE AFFIRMATIVE. — A daily paper advertises 600 baskets *Ay* Champagne. 'Are you ready for the question? Those in favor of this Champagne will please to say Ay! — the contrary, No!' The Ayes have it."

[*Ed. N. Y. Am.* Aug. 31st, 1838.] * *

966, 967. — *their motley merits more divine*, — *Whose eulogy* — etc.]

—— insani ridentes præmia scribæ. †

Be it observed, however, it is not at the perquisites of open advertisements that we laugh (they are all in the way of fair trade), but at the

* *Hamlet*, Act ii. Sc. 2. * *

† HOR. *Serm.* i. *Sat.* v. 25. CORNELIUS NEPOS, cited by the commentators on this passage, says, "*Apud nos revera*, SICUT SUNT, *mercenarii* scribæ *existimantur*." The *scribes* of the present age, though somewhat different in function, have not a whit degenerated from their Roman prototypes. Our Author might say, with the poet CRABBE, —

"I too must aid, and pay to see my name
Hung in these dirty avenues to Fame;
Nor pay in vain, if aught the muse has seen,
And sung, could make those avenues more clean;
Could stop one slander, ere it found its way
And gave to public scorn its helpless prey."
The Newspaper. * *

Be the same songstress, lying auctioneer,
Rope-dancer, monkey-feeder, pamphleteer,

secret-service money obtained by the insertion of delicate little commendatory notices in editorial type, in a part of the paper where advertisements are *supposed* to be never admitted. We have a quantity of these from the *N. Y. American*, but we shall select only enough to illustrate the text, and shall present them in the order in which their subjects there are named. But first let the reader see, on p. 293, how PETRONIUS insinuates a charge of corruption against his contemporary RUBETA.

"NIBLO'S GARDEN. — Mrs. —— made her first appearance here on Monday night and was highly successful. She unites to a handsome person, great musical taste, *etc.* She cannot fail to add to the varied attractions of this celebrated place of public resort, which has been crowded every evening since it opened. — [Courier.]" [*June* 20th, 1838.]

"[*Communicated.*]

"We request the attention of our readers to the sale of eleven lots which are to be offered at auction tomorrow by, *etc.*, and as the sale will be positive and the lots sold not subject to redemption, a good opportunity is offered to any person who wishes to reside in the most delightful part of our city." [*March* 8th, 1838.]

"A large assortment of splendid fancy articles will be sold at the Auction Store of, *etc.*, to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock. All persons desirous of making handsome New Year presents, should attend the sale." [*Dec.* 27, 1837.]

"NIBLO'S. — *Last night but one of the Ravels.* — This astonishing family perform in two pieces this evening, and the Grand Ascension in the open garden is to be repeated by Madame Jerome and Javelli Ravel, who run up (we might almost say, *fly* up) a single rope to the terrific summit of a lofty tower, erected for that purpose, surrounded by brilliant fireworks! — [Communicated.]" [*July* 5th, 1838.]

"NATIONAL THEATRE. — We understand that the Exhibition of Animals at this house from the Zoölogical Institute attracts crowded audiences nightly. The scene of Mr. VAN AMBURGH, as a gladiator, in the cage containing lions, tigers, and leopards, is said to be one of the most extraordinary displays of fearless intrepidity ever witnessed." [*June* 20th, 1838.]

"THE —— —— MANUAL, or, &c. By ——. — Were this book valuable on no other account, &c. &c. [Comm. Advertiser.]" [*Dec.* 7th, 1837.]

This last is the only one that has an obelisk (†) to mark that it is paid for. But since the month of August, 1838, PETRONIUS has taken it into his head to imitate RUBETA, occasionally, in this apology to decency. Therefore, in future, if any near-sighted person, or one not acquainted with hieroglyphics, should not perceive, or, perceiving, should not understand, the little thing in the corner, he can only blame himself, if he get taken in at an auction, or run the risk of smothering his family at an exhibition not worth a cent; for what business has he to suppose such an editor as PETRONIUS writes all that he appears to write, or approves of every

Down to the page where shines, or lately shone, 970
The messing-mate of princes, princely STONE.

thing he would seem to recommend? — But the venality? The *venality!* You mistake: it is philanthropy, liberality, genuine democracy, regard for the public. What! are not the elements open to all? Be not ashamed then, O PETRONIUS, of thy facility; still lend the sanction of thy high authority to everybody that will pay for it, and glory in this, that thy favors are, like celestial blessings, showered upon all men; *for water is free to all, neither is fire of one possessor; the lovely stars look down on myriads, and the bright Sun himself is but a god of the people.* *

970, 971. *Down to the page where shines*, etc.] "The Knickerbocker Magazine." A long *puff* of this periodical pamphlet, in the very style of the advertisement of the "N. Y. Mirror Magazine," was inserted in the columns of the N. Y. American, (June 30th, 1838,) as a *communication.* Nay, the editor of this journal went so far as to preface the matter in these words: — "The Knickerbocker has full *justice* done to all its merits in *a communication* to be found in another place." Now this very communication had appeared, a few days before, in the *Commercial Advertiser*, and, for aught I know to the contrary, in other journals. It was therefore most certainly a *paid advertisement.* The reader shall judge of the style of this article, which is passed off upon the public, by the editor of the N. Y. American, as a simple literary notice, and one of a fair kind.

"No periodical in this country can boast the number, variety, and character of the contributors, that this our favorite magazine possesses. Take the volume, for instance, which will close with the June number. We find in it, besides a great variety of communications, from writers of established reputation, of entertaining or amusing light reading, as well as of a solid and useful character, articles from the pens of Cooper, the American novelist, Dr. Dick of Edinburgh, the distinguished author of the 'Christian Philosopher,' &c., Prof. Longfellow, of Cambridge, author of 'Outre Mer,' Thos. Campbell, England, Nicholas Biddle, Esq., the popular author of the 'Palmyra Letters,' Mr. Buckingham, the Oriental Traveller, Willis Gaylord Clark, Esq., or 'Ollapod,' Hon. Chief Justice Mellen, of Maine, E. L. Bulwer, the novelist, COL. STONE, of N. York, Galt, author of 'Laurie Todd,' Rev. Mr. Colton, of the Navy, author of 'Ship and Shore,' &c., Herbert, author of 'The Brothers,' and Mrs. Sigourney, with many others of scarcely less merit and reputation. These writers, it should be remembered, are included in only the last five successive numbers, while in those of previous ones, as given in the advertisement of the tenth volume, are the names of more than a hundred writers known to fame

* From *Philostratus.* Μὴ δὴ αἰδοῦ τῷ ἐυκόλῳ, ἀλλὰ σεμνίνου τῷ ἑτοίμῳ· καὶ γὰρ ὕδωρ πᾶσι πρόκειται, καὶ πῦρ οὐχ' ἑνός, καὶ ἄστρα πάντων καὶ ὁ ἥλιος δημόσιος θεός. *Epist.* lxix. (Opera. *Fol.* Olearii. 1709. p. 948.) * *

And modest is he. Who can be so more?

in the United States, as well as in Europe, including most of our popular native, and many eminent foreign, authors. Among these original contributors are the following names, taken almost at random. * * * * *

"We can call to mind several writers who are not even mentioned in the list to which we have referred, large and distinguished as it is, who have established a wide and deserved celebrity, as contributors to the Knickerbocker — such as the author, *etc. etc.* The engravings of the Knickerbocker, although scarcely alluded to by the proprietors, having never been promised but gratuitously given, are worthy of particular mention. Some of these — the 'Scene on the Hudson,' for example, by that gifted artist Smillie — *has* never been surpassed in this country. We remember also, three or four well, *etc. etc.* We should not omit to mention the critical department, which is altogether in keeping with the high character of the work, *etc.* The excellence of material, and the neatness and beauty of the typographical execution of the Knickerbocker, are too well known to require, *etc.* Without derogating, therefore, from the high claims of many of its cotemporaries, we give it as our deliberate opinion that the Knickerbocker is one of the best periodicals in America, and deserves the wide circulation which it has acquired, not only in this city, where it is more generally diffused than any of its cotemporaries, but doubtless throughout the United States — since the strongest recommendations of the work, from the most discriminating sources, have for a long time reached us, [here *the cat was let out of the bag*,] not only from every quarter of the Union, but the British provinces, and in several instances, from distinguished journals abroad."

The author of the "Tales and Sketches," of the "Letter on Animal Magnetism," and of the "Visit to Montreal," has an honorable place, it will be seen, among such names as Mr. CAMPBELL, and Mr. BULWER.

971. *The messing-mate of princes* —] The editor of the N. Y. Comm. Advertiser devoted three several days to three several accounts of a "*fête*" given by the *Prince de Joinville*, to which he had the honor of being invited for want of better company. We cannot refrain from giving, from the last and longest of the three descriptions (June 25th, 1838), two extracts, — one illustrative of his cleanliness of taste, the other of his purity of morals.

"Five hundred two-legged featherless animals, disgusted with their cream, strawberries, and champagne, were bountifully pouring them overboard for the breakfasts of the fishes — while the other two hundred-and-odd of the passengers were too weary and broken-spirited to indulge in the usual jeers on such occasions, or to enjoy the picturesque appearance of so many *cascades*."

* * * * *

"The spacious deck afforded ample room for several sets of cotillions, and, though keeping at a respectful distance, we could not avoid observing the fact that there was more graceful and beautiful waltzing than ought ever to be indulged in any country, or on any occasion. But it must be borne in mind that the pageant was *French*. Nevertheless, we must ever, and on all occasions bear our testimony against the lascivious waltz, however beautiful and fascinating in the eyes of the fashionable world."

Few men he christens rogue, no woman whore,

Ver. 971. *The messing-mate of princes*—] The editor of the N. Y. Comm. Adv. is renowned among his contemporaries for a passionate admiration of titles, pedigrees, and all the appurtenances of rank, and occasionally indulges his American readers with such useful information as the following:—

"'The rumored marriage of Miss ——, the richest heiress in the kingdom, with the grandson of Lord ——, is said to be off, as the family is catholic, and the offspring must be educated as Roman Catholics, by marriage settlement.'

"We have seen this paragraph about a dozen times, in as many different papers — affording a beautiful illustration of *the hardihood with which many editors will put forth sayings on subjects of which they know but little more than nothing*. [Good!] The foundation for the paragraph was in the following mysterious announcement, which went the rounds of the London papers about a month ago.

"'The rumored marriage between the richest heiress in the kingdom and the grandson of a noble duke, is said to be off. By the marriage settlement of the noble family of H—— d all the boys must be brought up and educated Roman catholics.'

"Our journalist, seeing the H—— d, could think of nothing but ——, not knowing that Lord —— has no grandson, and that there is no more catholicism in the —— family than there is in the bishop of London. The party alluded to is Lord ——, son of the Earl of ——, and grandson of the Duke of ——, the family name being ——; and the ——, at least this branch of them, *are* catholics."

In the same paper (*June* 15th, 1838) we have:

"We beg leave to correct an error that seems to be very general among our contemporaries of the press, who will insist on misspelling the name of the young nobleman who accompanies Sir —— —— and Col. ——. It is not the right honorable —— —— ——, Earl of ——, in Scotland, and Viscount —— of the United Kingdom, but the honorable Mr. ——, eldest son of the Scottish Earl of ——, and by courtesy known as Lord ——, of —— Castle, in Fifeshire."

This certainly must be very interesting matter to the good citizens of New York, the greater part of whom have never seen the books of the *peerage*, *baronetage*, and *landed gentry*, of Great Britain. See, too, in the paper of June 21st, 1838, a story told by the Colonel, of a street-adventure in London; how he, the Colonel, picked acquaintance at a shop-window in Pall Mall with a real duke and a real duke's little son; and how the Duke, who was a wag, and found great amusement in listening to the delightful twang and choice expressions which grace our literary newsman's elocution, encouraged his impudence, and permitted him to walk beside him and his little boy (both being "very plainly dressed — the father in frock-coat and white pantaloons, the boy in velvet roundabout and trowsers of French drilling,") till they got actually "as far as Cockspur street," where they "parted with a mutual bow and good morning." Could we be assured that the elegant person known as Col. Stone, and the hero Rubeta, are really one, we should ascribe this hank-

But deals his filth with so unconscious sin,
Our grandams lick it up without one grin, 975

ering after the flesh pots of Egypt to his royal origin; for "blood will out," as the old women say. * *

974 – 977. *But deals his filth* — etc.]

Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes? *

i. e., "There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness." †

This will do for text. Now for the comment. — The admirable PETRONIUS, in his honest zeal for the purity of young women, falls foul, as we have seen, of *certain* novels, which are a class of books that should never be read by very young persons of either sex. Let us see how this conscientious guardian of the public morals conducts himself in his own journal, which cannot but be seen and read by the young of both sexes, who, from a natural curiosity, and also through a want of interest in political scurrility, will be sure to select for perusal all the records of crime and brutality, and every libidinous anecdote, its columns may contain. Passing over a passage we have cut from "an amusing article," to which, in RUBETA's approved style, he calls attention in his own proper columns, (N. Y. American, May 26th, 1835,) and of which this is the most modest portion: —

"My partner never kept time nor tune with me. I am glad of an opportunity to change partners. — Instead of a warm bed, I put her into a cold one; but *if you are a pretty girl, &c., I will not serve you so.* Yours, &c. BOB SHORT:" —

we come to the number for June 13th, 1835. Here we have, on the most conspicuous page (the second), a very delicate passage from Dean SWIFT. *Exempli grat.:*

"I told his Honor that nobility among us was quite a different thing from the idea he had of it; that our young noblemen are bred from their childhood in idleness and luxury; that, as soon *as years will permit, they consume their vigor and contract odious diseases among* ****; and when," *etc.*

This from one who has preached so much about the indecency of the *Herald*, and other small papers, is pretty well. Again, in a very improving story of a fool and a kept-mistress, (Oct. 24th, 1835,) which this judicious gentleman calls an "*exceedingly* clever paper," we have in the midst of "*golden*-bound" opera-glasses, and "*nostril*-CURVES of Greece," and "damp hair hanging in heavy threads," this exquisite passage: —

"Pray who *can* that be?" said I to a friend.

"What a question?" was the reply. "How ignorant you are! Not to know her argues yourself unknown. That is the splendid Miss REAY, — the fair *friend*

* JUV. ii. 24. * * † *Proverbs* XXX. 12. * *

And blushing misses gloat his page along,
Consol'd to feel *the King can do no wrong.*

of Lord Sandwich, who is her *protector*. He has given her *the protection that vultures give to lambs*. She has borne him two or three lovely, *cherub-like* children. He is twice her senior in years, — *has robbed* her of her *best treasure*," — *etc.*

Every one knows what follows the unmarked quotation about lambs, from that silly play, *Pizarro*: it is quite explanatory, and, we confess, very applicable to the case. But, to be serious, why are such tales recommended to the notice of young women? The reader would never guess that PETRONIUS has an answer ready. Hear him, attentively: —

"Such a fact [the vast circulation of newspapers in AMERICA] imposes, or should impose, upon the conductors of the press, a very deep sense of the responsibility of their position, and of the far-reaching consequences of the doctrines or intelligence they may dispense.

"It is not, however, so easy as at first sight may seem, to make up a newspaper, under this conscientious sense of the effects it is to produce.

"To a certain extent it must be a record of passing events, — whatever they be, — and, unluckily, the worst or most ludicrous incidents and details seem to possess most attraction. At least, upon no other hypothesis can it be accounted for, that *newspapers generally vie with each other in finding out and publishing all* THE MINUTIÆ OF CRIME AND VICE. Horrors! too — as horrible as possible — are eagerly sought for; and yet *all such details vitiate taste and feeling, without imparting any corresponding good.*

"So in the summary of what is passing in other countries. Over and above the ordinary political and commercial intelligence, most of the extracts made, relate rather to the frivolities of life than to its higher interests or noble pleasures. Yet *a paper made up only of moral lessons*, in its miscellaneous department, would be praised, — *and starved.*

"There is, unquestionably, great room for improvement in most of our newspapers; and it is in large cities, and with papers of vast circulation, like the Courier, that this improvement may best begin. *A paper of small circulation cannot venture upon the independence*, which rather gives, than follows, the lead of public opinion, — an independence which a paper with such circulation as the Courier, possesses so completely.

"*A paper thus situated, may follow the dictates of right* with the perfect assurance, that, among its many thousands of readers, it cannot thwart the interests or designs of any such number as to *hazard its own prosperity.*" (July 19th, 1838.)

This is about as good an argument for doing wrong as a bawd might advance, that if *she*, honest creature! did not keep a brothel others would, and that it was her only livelihood. But hear him again. A subscriber having rated him pretty roundly for publishing some beastly anecdotes of the mistresses of GEORGE the First, PETRONIUS, after denying, either very ignorantly or very impudently, that there was any thing therein "to administer to, or provoke, impure feelings," goes on to say, (June 26th, 1837,) —

Hence, though he prints HORNE's good advice in full,
The devil a bit he helps to make your trull;

"All that, — without entirely losing the character of a newspaper, which is only another word for a daily record of the affairs of the world, a brief epitome of the history of man, his virtues, his follies, and his crimes, — we *can* [his own *italicizing*, not ours] exclude from our columns, of reference to vice, whether in high or low places, we strive habitually to do."

Now, as we shall presently show, there is not an act of rape, or incest, or bestiality, that finds admittance to his columns, (and he publishes all that are novel, with many of older date,) but what he *could* exclude, simply by letting alone his scissors; for *they are all of them selections from other papers*, gathered from all parts of the UNITED STATES, as well as from foreign countries. These instances principally are "daily records" of *vice in low places*: for the "*high*," take the following "record," from his paper of Thursday, Aug. 25th, 1836.

"ANECDOTE OF CARDINAL RICHELIEU. — This famous minister, and prince of the holy Catholic and Apostolic church, openly affected intrigues of gallantry at court, with the airs of 'a plumed cavalier,' and went out disguised as a layman in quest of nocturnal adventures in the purlieus of the capital. At one moment he was dallying with the famous courtesan, Marion de Lorme, — at another he was making gallant advances to Anne of Austria, *for* SECURING *the succession to the Crown*. Brienne relates the following scene between the Queen and the Cardinal, — it is an historical curiosity: — 'The Cardinal, (says he,) was desperately in love with a great princess, and made no secret of it; respect for her memory forbids me to name her. SON EMINENCE VOULUT METTRE UNE TERME À SA STÉRILITÉ, — *mais on l'en remercia civilement.*"

We could go on to give instance after instance, where this nice person has selected dirtiness of all kinds, for the gratification of his juvenile readers; how even other animals besides man come in for their share of filthy commemoration, — as, for one example, the extract made for the special use of the ladies, (Dec. 13th, 1837,) from the *London Chronicle*, showing the powers, and the want of power, of certain heroes of the king's stud, — how —

"When the Colonel was purchased by George IV., for four thousand guineas, he was then a race-horse of the first class; but as a stallion, though he has ******* some of the finest mares in the kingdom, he has yet produced no race-horse of high value:"

which "record" had the honor of appearing in the same paper with the story of a *rape*, and a day or two after the "record" of a rape committed by a man upon his own daughter: all of which *records* have a wonderful effect in expanding the young idea. We could go on, we say, to make our volume perfectly redolent with filth, but thus much shall suffice in justification of the lines of our text. We are only sorry,

And, if he clips the worst from *Crayon's* best, 980
His paper sanctifies the greasy jest,

that the object of our poem obliges us to add what follows, of the same kind, in the subsequent notes.

978, 979. *Hence, though he prints* — etc.] — "Glutto sorbere *salivam Mercurialem*," * the Author has already shown to be one of the dainty and daily employments of Petronius. — I hope that this pains will not be altogether ineffectual, but that the sense of the community, awakened to the beastliness of these editors, will compel them *all* to reject for ever such indecent notices, which disseminate corruption *more widely than any one other cause I know of.* Nor need the "unfortunate," or "the Unfortunate's Friend," suffer by the restriction: not the crow and carrion more surely come together, than will these filthy mountebanks and their wretched victims. * *

980, 981. *And, if he clips the worst from Crayon's best, —His paper sanctifies the greasy jest,*] In his "review" of the "Beauties of Washington Irving," which appeared in September, 1835, our newsman made the following selection for the ladies, out of the whole volume, (a volume of *selections*,) pithily terming it a "a little Shandyan." We insert the passage entire, because of certain remarks with which we shall follow it.

"The Waltz. — As many of the retired matrons of this city unskilled in 'gestic lore,' are doubtless ignorant of the movements and figures of this modest exhibition, I will endeavor to give some account of it, in order that they may learn what odd capers their daughters sometimes cut when from under their guardian wings. On a signal being given by the music, the gentleman seizes the lady round her waist; the lady, scorning to be out-done in courtesy, very politely takes the gentleman round the neck, with one arm resting against his shoulder *to prevent encroachments.* Away then they go, about, and about, *and about,* — '*About what, sir?*' — About the room, madam, to be sure. The whole economy of this dance consists in turning round and round the room in a certain measured step, and it is truly astonishing that this continued revolution does not set all their heads swimming like a top; but I have been positively assured that it only occasions *a gentle sensation which is marvellously agreeable.* In the course of this circumnavigation, the dancers, in order to give the charm of variety, are continually changing their relative situations; now the gentleman, *meaning no harm in the world, I assure you, madam,* carelessly flings his arm about the lady's neck, with an air of celestial impudence; and anon, the lady, meaning as little harm as the gentleman, takes him round the waist with the most ingenious modest languishment, to the great delight of numerous spectators and amateurs, who generally form a ring, as the mob do

* Pers. v. 112.

Where not an act of lewdness, or a rape,
But crawls in edgewise, and takes current shape.

about a pair of amazons pulling caps, or a couple of fighting mastiffs. After continuing this divine interchange of hands, arms, et cetera, for half an hour or so, the lady begins to tire, and 'with eyes upraised,' in most bewitching languor, petitions her partner for a little more support. This is always given without hesitation. The lady leans gently on his shoulder, their arms entwine in a thousand seducing, mischievous curves, — *don't be alarmed, madam,* — closer and closer they approach each other, and, in conclusion, the parties being overcome *with ecstatic fatigue*, the lady seems almost sinking into the gentleman's arms, *and then* —— *'Well sir! what then!— Lord! madam, how should I know.'*"

The *manner* and humor of this piece being STERNE's, not Mr. IRVING's, and the subject-matter that of a dozen persons, we should ask the editor of the American, did we suppose he ever knew his own mind, for what purpose he introduced it, alone, out of "many beauties," when its sole *merit* is the indecency of its innuendo?

—————— Et tamen alter,
Si fecisset idem, caderet sub *judice morum.* *

As for the literary "beauty" of "The Waltz," even with PETRONIUS for judge, —

"What woful stuff this paragraph would be,
In some starv'd hackney'd pamphleteer, or me!
But let but IRVING own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted sentence teems with thought." †

And now, one word to this *Reviewer of the Week:* —

"Justitia," says a favorite moral writer, ‡ — "justitia sine prudentia multum poterit: sine justitia nihil valebit prudentia." Which, that you may be able to read it, we thus render into the vernacular tongue: — Justice, (observe the word, sir, — it is your darling,) *justice*, Sir Editor, will make for you authority and estimation, though you wrote sillier tales than the present Secretary of the Navy, but not all the fawning which you lavish on the compiler of Astoria will advance you one jot in his good graces, except you time it more felicitously.

982, 983. *Where not an act of lewdness*, etc.] We must go over the

* JUV. iv. 11, 12. * *
† From the *Essay on Criticism*, altered to suit the occasion. * *
‡ CIC. *De Off.* ii. 9. Pearce. * *

Nor is this all thy worth, who stand'st confest
A new Palæmon, risen in the West; 985

revolting register of obscenities, that we may produce that conviction, in the minds of our readers, without which this satire were but an amusement for an hour.

Let us take the extreme dates of our own labors. In 1835, in the month of June, the *N. Y. American* goes into a full detail of the philosophical experiments of the Broadway-shopkeeper of auger-hole infamy. Dec. 12th, it relates the nice attempts of a Broadway-shoemaker on the chastity of one of his customers; the which our newsman was so eager to publish, that he did not even wait till the filthy fiction should be authenticated. As, like the preceding one, the morsel is of too high a flavor for this book, we refer the curious, who may have strong stomachs, to the journal itself. Both these bits of bawdry were extracted, if we do not greatly mistake, from another daily paper. Now, as the nice PETRONIUS is at liberty to select just such patches as he pleases, why did he pitch upon these, if not to gratify that prurient curiosity in his female readers, for pampering to which he falls foul of the penny-presses? — except it be, that it is to indulge his own particular predilections, which, from his violent condemnation of such moral fancies, is more than probable. "*Sic aliorum vitiis irascuntur*," says the younger PLINY of such persons, "*quasi invideant*, et *gravissime puniunt quos maxime imitantur*." *

To come down to the very time that our work is preparing for the press, the spring of 1838. *Let us take the single month of May.* On the 11th of that month, he gives, under the head of "Murders and Suicides *in France*," an account of a prisoner who had been condemned "to imprisonment for five years, for having violated the person of his own daughter;" immediately under which is an account of a *mutilation.* On the 14th, he commemorizes, under a very attractive head, the villainy of a negro, named TOM, committed upon *a deaf and dumb girl!* On the 21st, we have another Broadway-shopkeeper figuring "in a manner too gross and indelicate to give any detail of," (language, by the by, which, taken in connexion with the story, is ten times worse, for a youthful imagination, than the bare detail would have been.) May 23d, under the delicate title of "An Incident," we have a very charming attempt at rape, with full and instructive particulars, showing the young ruffian the way to manage in such enterprises. May 26th, we have recounted a case of wholesale violation on shipboard. And May 30th, appear adultery,

* *Epist.* viii. 22. *Edin.* 12*mo.* 1762. * *

Thy papers fill'd with grammar out of joint,
Essays on words, and lectures on a point;

detection in the act, murder; all being the instructive incidents of a nice little "Domestic Tragedy," so recounted as to give every satisfaction to the inexperienced virgin, without shocking her delicacy by a single nasty word. All these, too, are "elegant *extracts*" from other journals.

Very seriously, however such stories may find a place in books, where their influence must be partial, they cannot, without a violation of principle, be admitted into a newspaper, which is read not only by the adult and vitiated, but by the very young and (as far as may be) very innocent. These latter, especially if females, will directly seize upon such scraps, as the only parts of a newspaper in which they can take any interest. At once, — or, if you please, by degrees, but yet unfailingly, — they are initiated into a knowledge, of which they would be blest indeed, could they, like DESDEMONA, continue ignorant all their life. And now the seed is sown: eradicate its product, if you can. You may sooner root up an oak with your fingers! Nay, you cannot *grow it over*, so to speak, by aught that you may subsequently set in and cultivate; for its roots are in the strongest of the passions, in the only one that is universal, and its branches shall spread, day by day, till their baneful shadow shall, more or less, lie on every pleasant spot in the vast area of the imagination. Is not this an agreeable reflection for us who have sons and daughters, children whom we cherish as the apple of our eye, and whom we strive to keep from the cursed moral taint with which we feel ourselves to be incurably infected? And ourselves, — we, of either sex, who are sophisticate and corrupted by the world, — what advantage are we to derive from these details? for, by the instinct of imitation, by which uniformity is maintained in the mighty mass of human kind, we cannot look on evil without the itch to participate. When we read of errors to which our proper dispositions are prone, we imperceptibly find therein a sanction for our own divergence from rectitude, while the crimes to which these errors lead we disregard entirely, or, with a natural self-flattery, consider as quite impossible in our special case. He, then, whose temper is amorous, befools himself, if he think he reads these anecdotes of whoredom and adultery for the warning of their catastrophe. So far as he is ignorant of his motives, he is a fool, and no more; but he who furnishes the incentive is a pander to the other's passions, and knows it all the while.*

* An observation that is confined to the dirty sheets at which the entire scope of these remarks is directed. In literature such scenes and stories must occasion-

Where idle fools their betters may denounce,
Or beg thy skill to teach them to pronounce,
While thine own grace so softly shades each line,
DOWNING himself might swear it is divine.
But where to pause: to make thy worth all known,
English would fail us, even of thy own.
For art thou not, — thy page at least, — grammatical?
Etymological, precise, and dogmatical?

As we have elsewhere said in this volume, the virtue of one half of the world depends upon its ignorance of the wickedness of the other.

986 – 989. *Thy papers fill'd*, etc. — *Where idle fools*, etc.] The text is partially illustrated in one of the examples given on p. 313, of the flattery of *Palæmon's* correspondents; but the readers of the *N. Y. American* will remember how often they have been amused with discussions on orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, in its columns, where children, who have nothing else to do, beg to know, in the prettiest manner possible, if such things are not so and so; when their literary papa, stroking down his chin, pats their innocent heads, and answers, *They are so, my dears*, or, *My dears, they are not so*, to the great delight of the little darlings, who say to one another, as they scamper off, *Isn't our papa a great man!* * *

994. — *thy page — grammatical?*] Almost any one of the various passages we have cited, for various exemplification, from the *N. Y. American*, will show how truly it merits this epithet; but it will be well to refresh the reader's memory with one more specimen that shall show the full extent of its philological acquirements. It is its *review* of "Horseshoe Robinson." The English of a newspaper is not in itself of much importance; but when it is referred to as a standard (God save the mark!), and its pretensions to knowledge in the matter are allowed, it becomes proper to examine it.

ally have place, as examples and as incidents of the life of man. There too they form but a portion of the narrative, or an illustration in the discussion, and are dressed perhaps with a delicacy that gives no stir to the senses: but here they are isolated pictures, and are presented always in native nudity. Besides, (to return to our strongest argument,) poetry, history, and philosophy do not come before the very young, and novels should not.

Theological, as well as political?
Critical, surely, and hypocritical?
Pharisaical, yet not less Levitical?

"In *Swallow Barn* the author gave, in a somewhat disconnected story, a series of pictures of Virginia life — which presented in admirable relief, its peculiarities. It was in this, rather than in the interest of the story as a whole, that his success *laid*." *Etc.* "The blacksmith, *Robinson*, from whom the work takes its name — *Mildred Lindsay*, and her gallant brother, are finely conceived, and never *falter* in the course of the narrative." * * * — "he has assuredly extracted from the many unsung, and unhonored, but *not less* daring and romantic incidents of the fierce civil war in the South." etc.

"Mr. KENNEDY, for it is no secret that he is the author, has abundantly shown in this work, how fruitful our revolutionary struggle is, in incidents which the pen of genius *may avail of*, for the historical romance — and he has shown too, his ability and fitness to wield that pen." *June 27th*, 1835.

In this correctness and precision of language our newsman probably imitates his pattern, the *National Gazette*, which says of LA MARTINE'S *Pilgrimage*, — "*The work* is an expensive one in Europe, but we suppose *will be reduced*, on the Waldie principle, *to a moiety of a dollar*," — leaving us to wonder how this transmutation, on what is elegantly termed *the Waldie principle*, of paper and calf-skin into coin is to be effected.

995. *Etymological* —]

"By the bye, we wish the English had arranged to give to their young Queen an English name — Victoria is well enough for a line of battle ship — or for a fancy name — but homely Elizabeth, or Ann, or Mary, would sound better to Anglo-Saxon ears."
[*N. Y. Am.* July 26th, 1838.]

What a pity it had not been recommended to her youthful majesty! Perhaps the recommendation, coming from a person of our newsman's well-known taste and sacred love of English, might have prevailed. But we are afraid, dear PETRONIUS, that the ears you speak of are somewhat Norman too; and there might be wicked men to tell you, that *homely Elizabeth, or Ann, or Mary*, is quite as much French as Anglo-Saxon, though we all know that the New Testament was originally written in this latter tongue.

996. *Theological* —] Piety is a profitable investment for the newspapers, and PETRONIUS has not failed to take his share of the stock, — religious notices being important items in the advertising list. * *

Ib. — *political?*] In which character, whether through the boyish impetuosity of his temper, which makes him blind to consequences, or through his paltry maliciousness and womanish spite, which bid him disregard them, (for it is hard to say if boy or girl be more predominant in his composition,) he forgets his duty as a citizen of the UNITED STATES

Logical, ethical, even forensical?
Polytechnical, and very nonsensical? 1000
Comic and tragic, epic, melodramatic,
Vaudevillistic, more than all operatic?

most shamefully, and lends his aid to foster sectional prejudices. Take the following specimen, among the many taunts which this man is constantly flinging out against the south, because his subscription-list looks solely to the north and he knows, as well as I do, that the feelings of jealousy between the Northern and the Southern States of the Union are as strong as prevail, at this day, between ENGLAND and FRANCE. I know very well what I am saying, and do not look to be contradicted.

"THE BIG SHIP. — It being understood that the U. S. Ship *Pennsylvania*, after being launched at Philadelphia, was to be sent round to Norfolk, Va. to be coppered and equipped, the citizens of Philadelphia and the delegates from the city and country to the Convention, have addressed a memorial to the President, requesting that this Monster of the Deep may be completed where she was built — and where, unquestionably, workmen are *at least* as good, though not of as *dark* complexion, [his own Italics], as those at Norfolk, can be procured."

"Possibly, however, Mr. President may desire — by showing his preference to *slave labor* over that of *white freemen*, especially when those freemen have so recently rebelled against the spoils party as to reject *C. I. Ingersoll* as their representative in Congress, — at once *to conciliate Virginia* and *punish Pennsylvania*. We shall see."

[*N. Y. Am.* July 11th, 1837.

If a day should come (which GOD, in his mercy, avert!) when the Union shall be broken up, and State shall be divided against State, that day shall we owe to PETRONIUS and his brethren.*

1002. *Vaudevillistic* —] See, in his journal, the *daily* notices ("unpaid for, we presume — as they come not in the shape of an advertisement,"†) of NIBLO'S *Vaudevilles*.

* Chiefly, but not wholly. Even so respectable a man as Ex-president ADAMS we find forgetting himself in the violence of party-spirit. Witness the letter which the venerable senator addressed to his constituents in this State, Aug. 13th, 1838; where, among other foolish taunts, we find the following: — "the fatal duel — where fell another northern victim, self-immolated to *the peculiar institutions of the South*" [so printed]: an assertion, not only ungenerous, but unjust. * *

† PETRONIUS'S own insinuation against RUBETA: see p. 293, in the notes. The source of his knowledge, or of his suspicions of his fellow-newsman's motives, is very evident. * *

Domestic, yet fill'd up with matters extraneous,
No couple of columns, of all, consentaneous,
A ragwoman's bag even less miscellaneous?
Time fails us half thy forces to review,
Thou double-ramm'd Bœotian! Here, adieu!
Except thou live to choke thyself with spite,
Thy fate from singing-girls I read aright.
Sound, flute and fiddle! lo, PETRONIUS dead!
The FRENCHMAN'S quibble wafer'd o'er his head.
Prick'd out in notes, the syllables declare,
A Mi-re of the noddle stuck him there.
And now for thee, MARGITES! double ass!
Stand up, thou drudge! that jades may see thee pass,

Ver. 1009. *Thy fate from singing-girls I read aright.*] Poets have always enjoyed the prerogative of prophecy. As to the *singing-girls*, see v. 785. * *

1010 — 1013. — *lo, PETRONIUS dead! — The FRENCHMAN'S quibble*, etc.] "The heir of the Duke de Penthièvre died in 1764, a victim to his irregularities, and particularly to his attachment to *Mdlle. Miré*, a lady eminent for her musical talents. The Parisian wits, who laugh at every thing, made the following very ingenious epitaph, composed of five musical notes, which are supposed to be engraven on his tomb:

"MI RE LA MI LA.*" *Percy Anecd. — Humor.*

1011. — *wafer'd o'er his head.*] In the manner of a *bulletin.* * *

1014. — *MARGITES!* —] There was a satirical poem, attributed

* *Miré put him there* (Miré l'a mis là). * *

There was at least some substance in this sort of *Miré;* but PETRONIUS is really to be pitied, in being doomed to die for a mere *Miré* of the brain; for undoubtedly the Poet's prophecy will be accomplished, except, as intimated, a previous dissolution *à la grenouille* should render it nugatory. * *

Who, doing more than other asses do,
Bear'st thine own pannier and thy fellows' too!
How shall I picture *thee?* thy praise to sing
Would need STONE'S *blackguard* and the cant of KING.
Pull up the weeds that skirt some loathsome ditch;
Build thence an altar; smear it o'er with pitch;
The base be mud, or ordure; and thereon
Lay offal thick, to shrivel in the sun:
Its wholesome reek burnt frankincense shall be,
Most meet for infamy, and worthy thee.

to HOMER, which went by this name, from the name of the person against whom it was written. Some writers, among whom is ARISTOTLE, regarded it as a genuine production of the author of the Iliad. See Sect. 7 and 8 of TYRWHITT'S edition of the *Poetic* (Cap. iv. of Cooke); also TYRWHITT'S note upon Sect. 7. **

Ib. — *MARGITES!* —] Of this dirty fellow we will merely take the pains to say, that he is editor of *Waldie's Journal of Belles Lettres*, which he manages with the dashing grace of Mrs. FREEKE.† He has a fellow-feeling for the editor of the *N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*, and cites his literary opinions with great approbation; which is alluded to in the subsequent lines. Of his graces of diction it is sufficient to give this one sample, from his abuse of the *Yemassee*: — "Why should we attempt the grand fiddlestick in our plain republican corn-stalk?"

Conclusion.] It is with great reluctance that the Author consigns to the public his poem in an unfinished state; but accidental causes, at various intervals, have so retarded the completion of these four Cantos, that the subject of the episode, which forms so large a portion of them, would lose much of its interest by further delay. This alone were not

† In Miss EDGEWORTH'S *Helen*, where the lady is described "exclaiming, as she reviewed each of the books on the table in their turns, in the summary language of presumptuous ignorance: — 'Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments; — milk and water! Moore's Travels; — hasty pudding! La Bruyere; — nettle porridge!'"

* *

Thee? Out! thy very name defiles my text.
Bring water, boy. Now, pass on to the next.

sufficient to persuade to present publication, but other reasons, that concern not the public, have added their urgency with a momentum it would be difficult to resist. He therefore submits the poem in all its deficiencies, with a gentle hint, that those persons who shall show themselves dissatisfied, at wanting a place in the present volume, shall be accommodated, to their heart's content, in the next.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

[BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE AUTHOR'S NOTE ON PAGE 283.]

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,

HIS POETRY, AND HIS MISREPRESENTATIONS.

Ipse facit versus, atque uni cedit Homero
Propter mille annos." Juv. vii. 38, 39. * *

I cannot here enter into an argument, to show, what I am sorry to say the age appears too timid to discover for itself, the utter absurdity of that most ignorant and presumptuous innovator, the man who has dared singly to break through the structure cemented by the labors of near three thousand years, and, placing himself in the gap, cry out to the present generation to admire the prospect opened through the broad vacuity. If God should be pleased to spare my life yet a few years longer, I may devote a portion of another work to this object, and vindicate at large the genius of Pope. At present I will merely so far discuss the matter as shall be necessary to justify my own text.

Let us observe, then, that tedious and contradictory Preface, which evinces its author to be almost as incapable of writing pure and perspicuous prose, as he was, till Byron taught him,* of

* In the poems published in 1820–1822, Mr. Wordsworth, departing completely from his own rules, or rather no-rules, has profited by the muse of one who scorned him as a poet. For example: —

"Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge
Across thy long, deep valley, furious Rhone!
Arch that *here* rests upon the granite ridge
Of Monte Rosa — *there*, on frailer stone

inditing tolerable verse. Passing over a passage where Mr. Wordsworth has dared to compare himself to Milton,* whom he calls (though in absolute contradiction of his own doctrines) a "truly divine poet," we extract some lines which he has cited as indicative "of extreme activity of intellect and a corresponding feeling."

——— "A magazine
Of sovereign juice is cellared in,

Of secondary birth — the Jung-frau's cone;
And, from that arch down-looking on the vale,
The aspect I behold of every zone;
A sea of foliage tossing with the gale,
Blithe Autumn's purple crown, and Winter's icy mail!"

And: —

"My spirit is the scene of such wild art
As on Parnassus rules, when lightning flies,
Visibly leading on the thunder's harmonies."

Desultory Stanzas, appended to the Memorials of a Tour on the Continent.

Though we do not exactly understand the phrase *wild art*, especially as applied to a thunder-storm, no more than we can perceive how a *crown* and a coat of *mail* can be at the same time a *sea*,(*a*) yet the above twelve verses convince us of two things; first, — that Mr. Wordsworth is, though a maligner of all good poetry, really something of a poet; secondly, — that he has by his own example, either proved the falsity of his own assertions, or shown that in his maturer day he was become a wiser or more prudent man, and had returned to the bosom of the poetic faith from which he had ridiculously apostatized.

* "Awe-stricken as I am by contemplating the operations of the mind of this truly divine Poet, I scarcely dare venture to add, that 'An Address to an Infant,' [!!] exhibits something of this communion and interchange," *etc.* If the Reader have the works of Mr. Wordsworth, I beg he will read this prattle to a baby, which is to be found at the tail of the first volume of the Boston edition of 1824. If he shall be able to get through the lullaby, without sleeping, he will acknowledge that the modesty of Mr. Wordsworth is, or was at that day, fully equal to his poetical fancy.

(*a*) These absurdities let us very easily into the secret of Mr. Wordsworth's admiration of prosaic verse, and his boastful contempt of any thing like poetical embellishment. He despises, like another fox, what he is incapable of reaching without the risk of disaster. It is only when the Ballad-maker creeps along the ground, that his humble spirit is in any way mistress of herself.

Liquor that will the siege maintain,
Should Phœbus ne'er return again.

"'T is that, that gives the Poet rage,
And thaws the gelly'd blood of Age;
Matures the Young, restores the Old,
And makes the fainting Coward bold."

The brother-rhymster goes on to quote thirty-five lines more, equally good, of this delicious poem, being, as he says, "unable to resist the pleasure of transcribing" it!* It is the same mean and vulgar description of vulgar trifles, connected by patches of meaner and more vulgar thought, which languishes through his own somniferous ballads; a skein of worsted thread unwound, and straightened out to its extent. Next follows the following, what shall we call it? upon ALEXANDER POPE. "The arts by which Pope, soon afterwards, contrived to procure to himself a more general and a higher reputation than perhaps any English Poet ever obtained during his lifetime, are known to the judicious. And as well known is it to them, that the undue exertion of these arts is the cause why Pope has for some time held a rank in literature, to which, if he had not been seduced by an over-love of immediate popularity, he never could have descended." Now it is known to the judicious, that POPE owes all that just celebrity to which he attained, — and which he will retain when Mr. WORDSWORTH lies, with his daisies and daffodils, forgotten, — all to his close imitation of the ancients. As in sculpture and architecture, so in poetry, art had reached its perfection when the English language was yet floating in its chaotic elements; and now that this language has attained an excellence, which, can we but keep it from corruption, leaves nothing to be desired, English poetry can approximate to perfection only in copying the standard of antiquity; and it will maintain a dura-

* Οὗτοι μὲν οὖν οὐ λελήθασιν, says ISOCRATES, speaking of such delicate spirits, ὅτι τούτους ἐπαινοῦσιν, ὧν ἐγγὺς αὐτοὶ τυγχάνουσιν ὄντες. *Panegyr.* Edit. Glasg. 1778. 12mo. p. 3.

tion, precisely in proportion to its nearness to the same, or its distance therefrom.* Hence Pope, whose judgment in poetry has seldom if ever been surpassed, knew very well what to make the stepping-stone of his success, and, treading in the footsteps of Boileau, carried the poetic diction of his native language to a height to which the colder Frenchman had never attained in his. If this art, this power of elevating what is mean or common in itself, by the grace, or strength, or harmony of diction, or by all three united, be not essential to poetry, nay, its very essence,† what then is the author of the *Lutrin*? Mr. Wordsworth has cited Virgil, nor appears to despise him. Would Virgil be what he is, without his diction? Would his pathos, never yet equalled, be alone sufficient to bear him above the heads of all competitors? or is it not his majesty, his lovely polish, his bewitching grace of narrative, which carries us away with him irresistibly, and calls at times the tears into our eyes, with pure excess of love and admiration, as readily as his tenderness? But let us see, by two examples, what is "poetic diction," and whether it be, or, as Mr. Wordsworth would have it, be not, an essential part of poetry. We will take them from the first of satirists, though

* That no narrow-minded person may affect to misunderstand me, I must be permitted distinctly to assert, that, when I speak of a *standard* in poetry, I only consider it such so far as it copies nature without degrading art, doing (to employ a familiar illustration) precisely as a skilful painter of portraits, when he embellishes a likeness without at all diminishing the truth of the expression. The servile adoption of ancient *fashions* in literature, or the mixing up, with the images which belong to every age and people, of the exploded fables of a barbarous and debasing mythology, I am as far from recommending as I should be for reviving that era of refinement on the stage, when the representatives of Hector strutted magnanimous in Gallic breeches.

† Johnson says of Pope, that it would be very difficult to make any definition of poetry in which his compositions should not be included. Had Pope flourished in the present century, he might have been in poetry what Byron was, though I am not so easily persuaded, that, had Byron lived in the time of Anne, he would have shown that perfect mastery of his art, which sets Pope, in correctness and finish, above all the poets of Great Britain.

not the greatest of poets ; and they shall not be selected. They are those which occur to us at the moment of writing.

Utque lacus suberant, ubi, quanquam diruta, servat
*Ignem Trojanum, et Vestam colit Alba minorem.**

Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ,
Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.†

Is there any one so dead to beauty, that does not see that by this periphrasis, in either case, the poet has given dignity and interest to what in itself is nothing ? Substitute mere *Alba* for the first, and simple *Thebes* for the second, and the power of *poetic diction* is at once seen by contrast.‡ This circumlocution, which in prose were affected and displeasing, presents us in verse a picture wherein we at once trace the consanguinity of poetry and painting, and acknowledge with delight the features common to them both. Yet poetry and prose are one, according to Mr. WORDSWORTH ! Hear him : — "I have previously asserted, that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no respect differ from that of good Prose. I will go further. I do not doubt that it may be safely affirmed, that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition." [! !] I wish I could continue the quotation ; for the Ballad-maker goes on to show, pretty plainly, that he does not know what he is talking about. (See page lxxxii. of Vol. 1st of his Poetical Works. Boston edition.)

To go back in the order of his pages, — he says, that *by the IDIOT BOY and the MAD MOTHER, he had endeavoured to trace the maternal passion through many of its more subtile windings*, and, "in the stanzas entitled WE ARE SEVEN, the perplexity and obscurity which in childhood attend our notion of death, or rather our utter inability to admit that notion." In both

* JUV. iv. 60, 61. * *

† *Id.* xv. 5, 6. * *

‡ It is in such points as these, for instance, that we assume the poets of antiquity to be patterns for modern bards.

these cases, one may stare at the presumption of this man of childish mind, who seems really to believe, that circumstances so common, as those he has there made matter of, have failed to be noticed by *everybody*. The elegance of the diction, we allow, is quite beyond the ability of *anybody:* —

"Burr, burr — now Johnny's lips they burr,
As loud as any mill, or near it;
Meek as a lamb the Pony moves,
And Johnny makes the noise he loves,
And Betty listens, glad to hear it.

"Away she hies to Susan Gale:
Her Messenger 's in merry tune;
The Owlets hoot, the Owlets curr,
And Johnny's lips they burr, burr, burr, —
And on he goes beneath the Moon."

The Idiot Boy [de nomine facti.]

Upon my word, I do not know which be the more admirable, the sense or the style.

Next we come to a most wilful, or ignorant, and in either case disgraceful, misrepresentation of DRYDEN and of POPE. "To what a low state knowledge of the most obvious and important phenomena had sunk, is evident from the style in which Dryden has executed a description of Night in one of his Tragedies, and Pope his translation of the celebrated moonlight scene in the Iliad. A blind man, in the habit of attending accurately to the descriptions casually dropped from the lips of those around him, might easily depict these appearances with more truth. Dryden's lines are vague, bombastic, and senseless." Luckily, he quotes them: —

"CORTES *alone, in a nightgown.*

"All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead:
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head:
The little Birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping Flowers beneath the Night-dew sweat:
Even Lust and Envy sleep; yet Love denies
Rest to my soul, and Slumber to my eyes.

"DRYDEN'S *Indian Emperor.*"

Now, the description is not indeed minute, because the occasion did not require it to be so, and the conceit in the fourth line is rather absurd; but that the passage, taken as a whole, is *bombastic and senseless*, I think simple and sensible Mr. WORDSWORTH would not easily be able to show.* He goes on to say: — "those of Pope, though he had Homer to guide him, are throughout false and contradictory. * * * they still retain their hold upon public estimation, — nay, there is not a passage of descriptive poetry which at this day finds so many and such ardent admirers. Strange to think of an Enthusiast, as may have been the case with thousands, reciting those verses under the cope of a moonlight sky, without having his raptures in the least disturbed by a suspicion of their absurdity." *Those verses* the candid critic has taken care not to quote; but we will do it for him: —

* Perhaps Mr. WORDSWORTH prefers his own descriptions of night.

"Through all her courts
The vacant city slept; the busy winds,
That keep no certain intervals of rest,
Moved not! Meanwhile *the galaxy displayed*
Her fires, that like mysterious pulses beat
Aloft!" *Vaudracour and Julia.* (Vol. i. p. 214.)

This is neither *vague*, nor *bombastic*, nor *senseless*. The poem whence it is taken occupies but ten pages, in 12mo; yet, in the next page but one after that where the above intelligible piece of simplicity occurs, we have the following lines: —

—— "for no thought
Uncharitable, no presumptuous rising
Of hasty censure, *modelled in the eclipse*
Of true domestic loyalty, did e'er find place
Within his bosom." (p. 216.)

Our limits will not admit of additional citations, but we would engage to fill, out of Mr. WORDSWOTH's poems, a small volume with similar instances of fustian, and complete absurdity; nonsense so unintelligible, that you should hardly know whether you were reading English or Dutch. Yet Mr. WORDSWORTH is the poet of simplicity! — and entertains a prodigious indignation against the rant of DRYDEN, and other mighty names.

Eheu,
Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam! (*a*)

(*a*) HORAT. *Sat.* i. 3. v. 66. * *

" As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heav'n's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light."

What is there *false and contradictory* in this description? O, a note in WAKEFIELD's pedantic and impertinent edition of the translated Iliad, told Mr. WORDSWORTH, that "HOMER says nothing about the *vales*, which had better been omitted on this occasion." Moreover, the poet, in that exquisite couplet,

" O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head,"

would seem to apply to the stars an effect which could only be produced by the moon, and which stars could not under any circumstance whatever give rise to.* And it is these two blemishes, which no man, whatever he may assert, can persuade himself to think any thing but inadvertences, on the

* An edition in 12mo is before me, printed in EDINBURGH, for ALEXANDER DONALDSON, 1778, which reads, in the second line of the above distich, *tipt*. If this be the way that POPE wrote it, one of the errors disappears at once; for, on regarding *shed* as a participle, the couplet can apply no longer to the stars. The sense, then, will be such as will show a nicety of observation, only rivalled by the exquisite skill with which its results are laid down. The verdure of the trees, in such a scene as HOMER paints, would yield indeed a *yellower* [observe, not yellow] lustre, while the summits of the mountains would be *tipt with silver*. Note too the epithet *dark*, which envelopes the body of the object in shadow, while its top alone is seen illuminated by the rays of the planet. By Heaven! the scene is before us! such as we have viewed a thousand times. But, stay! perhaps the moon does not shine in Mr. WORDSWORTH's country, as she does in GREECE and in AMERICA, and as she did in ENGLAND when POPE looked on her horns. It is a great pity.

part of a poet who certainly wanted nothing less than good sense and observation, it is these two unfortunate oversights which are to swallow up every beauty in the whole fourteen lines! it is these which are to make the lines "*throughout* false and contradictory"!

As for the *absurdity*, we think it must be in the brain of the critic; while the so many and so ardent admirers are likely to continue as many and as ardent as before. There is a softness, a mellowness, so to speak, about the whole scene in the translation, that gives it the very coloring of moonlight, and it will so be felt by everybody. If you exclude the phrase "refulgent lamp of night," which is neither necessary, nor can enhance the beauty or the lustre of the object, the whole passage is perhaps such, as will not readily be again read in any poet.*

There is no way so sure of seeing motes in the sunbeams, as to darken the room, and let the light find admittance only by a crevice. Such a preparation Mr. WORDSWORTH made, when he looked for floating specks in the noontide-radiance of POPE. By a like process he discovered that THOMSON was more lucky than wise.† Accordingly, he admires the *Castle of Indolence*

* The chief blemish in the piece is that which disfigures the whole of the translation, not only of the Iliad but of the Odyssey, to wit, the insertion of unnecessary epithets, merely to fill up the lines. But here too POPE "had HOMER to guide him;" and when we consider the labor of translation, a labor, even upon the Iliad, so ungrateful, we can hardly blame the poet for adopting, to facilitate his task, an expedient for which he had the example, not only of his copy, to justify (I should rather say, to excuse) him, but that of all the ancient poets at times, and that of every critic who has framed his rules after their works. VIDA, from whom POPE borrowed so much of the *Essay on Criticism*, directly sanctions it. In his original poems, POPE seldom, if ever, is guilty of this weakness. I do not believe that a single instance could be adduced from the Dunciad.

† "Wonder is the natural product of Ignorance; and as the soil was *in such good condition* [owing to the labors of DRYDEN and of POPE!] at the time of the publication of the Seasons, the crop was doubtless abundant. Neither individuals nor nations become corrupt all at once, nor are they enlightened in a moment. Thomson was an inspired Poet, but he could not

far more than the *Seasons* *; and, as a proof of the correctness of his own ideas of poetry, he engages that, "in any well-used copy" of the latter poem, you shall find the book to *open of itself* at the episodes.† No doubt: and we can tell Mr. WORDSWORTH why. Because, thou

——— "framer of a lay
As soft as evening in *thy* favorite May,"‡

the majority of the world cannot appreciate the graces of so elegant a poet, any more than the Rhymer of Rydal Mount can; but THOMSON is a celebrated poet; therefore he must be read; therefore he is read; but, as the rude and stolid mind cannot penetrate his sense directly, nor catch at once the beauties of his song,§ it turns to what it may peruse without

work miracles, *etc.* Having shewn [how, pray?] that much of what his Biographer deemed genuine admiration must, in fact, have been blind wonderment [!!], — how is the rest to be accounted for? — Thomson *was fortunate in the very title of his poem*, which seemed to bring it home to the prepared sympathies of every one(*a*): in the next place, notwithstanding his high powers, *he writes a vicious style;* and his *false ornaments are exactly of that kind which would be most likely to strike the undiscerning.*" Poet. Works, Vol. i. (*Bost. ed.*) "Supplement to the Preface," pp. xlix, l.

* "In the Castle of Indolence (of which Gray [no mean critic in matters of poetry] speaks so coldly) these characteristics, ["the true characteristics of Thomson's genius as an imaginative Poet;" doubtless, according to Mr. WORDSWORTH, what GRAY would justly have termed blemishes, — being those flat and insipid passages which approximate the nearest to the rhythmical prose of the poet of Rydal Mount,] these characteristics were almost as conspicuously displayed, and in verse more harmonious and diction more pure [!!]. Yet that fine poem was neglected on its appearance, and is at this day the delight only of a Few! [no doubt]." *Suppl. to the Pref.* p. li.

† Supplement, &c. p. l. * *

‡ The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favorite May.
Engl. Bards and Sc. Reviewers. * *

§ Mr. WORDSWORTH was quite of a different opinion. See, in this Appendix, the conclusion of the next but one preceding of the Author's notes. * *

(*a*) So far from this is the fact, that no title could have been more ill calculated to attract notice.

tedium, and, by the aid of gratified concupiscence, gets through the drowsy fable of *Musidora*, or, incited by that youthful vanity, which sees in the love-fortunes of another the pleasant shadows cast before its own, dances through the insipidities of "old Acasto's line."

After DRYDEN, POPE, and THOMSON, the reader will not be surprised to find GRAY among our judge's poetical culprits. Yet was GRAY the master of a lyre, which, if we read the strains of the exalted THEBAN without making any allowance for our necessarily imperfect appreciation of them, certainly rivals the poet's to whose key he tuned its chords.*

* — "to illustrate the subject ['that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose, when prose is well written,'] in a general manner, I will here adduce a short composition of Gray, who was at the head of those who, by their reasonings have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt Prose and Metrical composition, and was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction.

"In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas! for other notes repine;
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain.
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain."

"It will easily be perceived, that the only part of this Sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in Italics; it is equally obvious [equally so, indeed], that, *except in the rhyme*, and in the use of the single word 'fruitless' for fruitlessly, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines *does in no respect differ from that of prose* [!!!]." Pref., &c. pp. lxxx, lxxxi.

Did Mr. WORDSWORTH believe that his readers' heads were furnished with nothing else but noses, and that he could lead them about as he pleased? For the rest, we take the liberty to advise the grammatical critic that *fruitless* is not put for *fruitlessly*, but, with a figurative meaning, qualifies the pronoun *I*, and "is so far" *not* "a defect."

We pass a most unjust, because one-sided, retrospect of Dr. JOHNSON, and come to this modest declaration of the Ballad-writer, — "that, if he were not persuaded that the Contents of *his* Volumes, and the Work to which they are subsidiary, evinced something of the 'Vision and the Faculty divine'; and that, both in words and things, they will [would ?] operate in their degree, to extend the domain of sensibility [towards Ponies, Owls, and Idiots], for the delight [of children], the honor [of butterflies], and the benefit of human nature [in the nursery]," *etc. etc.*, "he would not, if a wish could do it, save them from immediate destruction," etc.*

We now return to the "Preface to the Lyrical Ballads." The writer cites these two stanzas: —

> "I put my hat upon my head
> And walked into the Strand,
> And there I met another man
> Whose hat was in his hand;"

by Dr. JOHNSON; and

> "These pretty Babes with hand in hand
> Went wandering up and down;
> But never more they saw the Man
> Approaching from the Town;"

from the "*Babes* in the Wood." This latter, he says, "we admit as admirable, and the other as a fair example of the superlatively contemptible." Now, for my own part, I think the Doctor's the better of the two, as his is humorous, and, what it was meant to be, a capital burlesque parody, while the other is merely vulgar, and trivial. Let it not be supposed that we are no admirers of ballads. On the contrary, we will be bound to say, that Mr. WORDSWORTH cannot relish PERCY'S Reliques, where really not insipid, more than we have done: but we have not taught ourselves to run after simplicity till it shall have dragged us through all sorts of mire, and then to declare that our spattered boots and trowsers are elegant attire, and the fit costume of a man of taste. We do not see

* *Suppl. &c.* p. lxvii. * *

why the same ear cannot at one time relish *Alice Gray*, and at another listen with delight to the *Tutto è sciolto* of BELLINI *; but to call *Yankee Doodle* true music, and to represent MOZART and ROSSINI as vitiators of harmony, is not in our capacity, and is wholly *Wordsworth*.

Lastly, comes the "Appendix" on "Poetic Diction." Dr. JOHNSON's elegant lines on the Ant and the Sluggard, are represented as a "hubbub of words"! † and, after invidiously noticing an inadvertence of COWPER's, in calling a church-bell, "church-going bell," ‡ as "an instance of the strange

* We select for example these two pieces, because they are the most popular, each in its kind, of the two sorts of music with which we mean to compare ordinary ballads (or *Wordsworthian verses*, to use the ridiculous expression of Blackwood's Magazine,) and refined poetry. Everybody can understand the former little song, and enjoy it more or less; but it requires some knowledge of music, and a delicate ear, to appreciate, or even to hear with patience, the composition of a skilful master, while, as that knowledge is increased, and this ear progressively refined, the enjoyment derived from it becomes rapturous beyond any intellectual pleasure we know of. It is precisely so in poetry. All the world can read a ballad, but study and a nice taste are needed for the thorough relish of a well-wrought poem, and in both these qualifications we more than suspect Mr. WORDSWORTH to be wholly deficient.

† We refer the reader to the passage (p. cx); for it is a fair, or, rather, a foul specimen of Mr. WORDSWORTH's disingenuousness, certainly of his ignorance. We cannot here enter into an argument to show why in certain cases prose, especially the prose of Scripture, has the advantage over verse. Nor were it necessary; for the reason is evident to any person but ordinarily well-read in criticism.

‡ His critical acumen did not help him to discover, that, in the ode he had admiringly cited of COTTON's, the versifier, where he says,

"And thaws the gelly'd blood of Age,"

forgot that jelly, though it may be melted, cannot be thawed.

Be which as it may, it does not speak much for the strength of Mr. WORDSWORTH's argument, or for the generosity of his character, that he should have laid so much stress upon a mere oversight. That we have ourselves noticed, in passing, his own errors of a like sort, is because, as we have done with PETRONIUS and RUBETA, we would attack him in derision with his own weapons, although to use them has soiled our hands and turned our stomach.

abuses which Poets have introduced into their language, till they and their Readers take them as a matter of course, if they do not single them out expressly as objects of admiration," (an instance I will engage to cap with dozens out of any volume of his own poems,) the poet-critic quotes this stanza as *beautiful*, and "throughout admirably expressed": —

> "Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
> Convey to this desolate shore
> Some cordial endearing report
> Of a land I must visit no more.
> My Friends, do they now and then send
> A wish or a thought after me?
> O tell me I yet have a friend,
> Though a friend I am never to see."

And here, being through the critical stuff of Mr. WORDSWORTH, we conclude our remarks upon his prefaces by asking, first, of Mr. WORDSWORTH's readers, whether they do indeed think that vulgar objects cannot be described without vulgarity of thought or language?* adducing as examples, among many of modern times alone, the *hair* of Mrs. FERMOR in Pope, the *choristers' desk* of Boileau, and the *parrot* of Gresset†; and

* It was said of VIRGIL, that he even scatters dung about with dignity. Did Mr. WORDSWORTH ever hear of this commendation? Or does he think that dirt cannot be spread but with unclean fingers?

† The solemnity of the *Rape of the Lock*, of the *Lutrin*, of *Ver-Vert*, is indeed burlesque; but that does not invalidate our position. Decency may be observed without the affectation of gravity, and the very purpose of ornament is to enliven and give interest to objects in themselves dull and petty. Let it be permitted me to observe, that the very scenes in the Dunciad which are reprobated, as mere scenes, by all critics, are more than half redeemed by their exquisite polish as poetry.

> "List'ning, delighted, to the jest obscene
> Of linkboys vile, and watermen unclean."

These are two lines, which just occur to us, from one of those very scenes. Is there an ear familiar with good poetry, that does not perceive at once the perfection of the distich? You may read it one thousand times, yet find nothing to abate your pleasure in it. But is it *poetry?* Faith! I do not know what poetry is, — no more than BOILEAU did, or Dr. JOHNSON.

secondly, of Mr. WORDSWORTH himself, why, in abusing almost all the poets that precede him in GREAT BRITAIN, he excepts from the category of poetical damnation the names of SHAKSPEARE and MILTON ? Was it because they are the only poets of whose *genius* there is no dispute in ENGLAND ? But, alas for the Ballad-maker's argument ! are not those parts of *Paradise Lost* where MILTON fails in his "poetic diction," are they not all, without exception, flat, dull, and prosaic ? And, inversely, is not every part that is admired, an instance of a happy application of the extreme of *art* ? Prove it otherwise, if Mr. WORDSWORTH, or his thousand admirers, can ! As for SHAKSPEARE, it is his moral wisdom, his wit, his power of expression, which, still more than his fidelity to nature,* have made him one of the first of poets ; and to not one of these qualities, be assured, has Mr. WORDSWORTH any claim.

"J'ai ri," says the judgment of BOILEAU, — "j'ai ri de tout mon cœur de la bonne foi avec laquelle votre ami soutient une opinion aussi peu raisonnable que la sienne. Mais cela ne m'a point du tout surpris : ce n'est pas d'aujourd'hui que les plus méchans ouvrages ont trouvé de sincères protecteurs, et que des opiniâtres ont entrepris de combattre la raison à force ouverte. Et pour ne vous point citer ici d'exemples du commun, il n'est pas que vous n'ayez oüi parler du goût de cet Empereur [Caligula], qui préféra les ecrits d'un je ne sçai quel poëte aux ouvrages d'Homère, et *qui ne voulait pas que tous les hommes ensemble, pendant près de vingt siècles, eussent eu le sens commun.*" Dissert. sur la Joconde.

And now, having shown up Mr. WORDSWORTH's ideas of his predecessors, it will be but fair to let him defend his aspersions by means of his own verses ; for, surely, it was only by contrast with his own muse that the Westmoreland harper discovered their inferiority.

* Yet SHAKSPEARE had been ashamed to follow Nature in the trivialities, the details of her minor economy (so to speak), where, and where only, Mr. WORDSWORTH delights to observe her, — just as the boy of seven years will hang about the dishcloth of the cook, and thrust his nose into her jellybags, which the grown man never thinks of, and would deem it impertinent to describe and dilate upon to others, inasmuch as they are matters with which everybody is supposed to be sufficiently familiar.

The reader has seen how beautifully the able disciple of Mr. WORDSWORTH describes her dolls.* Here is the original of the picture : —

> "Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts
> Strange and uncouth; dire faces, figures dire,
> *Sharp-knee'd, sharp-elbow'd, and lean-ankled too,*
> *With long and ghostly shanks,* — forms which once seen
> Could never be forgotten."
>
> Book First of the *Excursion* (Vol. iv. p. 28);

a poem which, according to the "kind of *Prospectus*" the author has thought proper to prefix to it, ought to be the most prodigious composition that the brain of man ever conceived. *Favete linguis:* —

> —— "Urania, I shall need
> Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if such
> Descend to earth or dwell in highest heaven!
> For I must tread on *shadowy ground*, must *sink*
> *Deep*, — and, aloft ascending, breathe in worlds
> TO WHICH THE HEAVEN OF HEAVENS IS BUT A VEIL [!!].
> *All strength, — all terror*, single or in bands,
> *That ever was put forth in personal form;*
> JEHOVAH — WITH HIS THUNDER, AND THE CHOIR
> OF SHOUTING ANGELS, AND THE EMPYREAL THRONES —
> I PASS THEM UNALARMED. Not Chaos, not
> The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
> Nor aught of blinder vacancy — scooped out
> By help of dreams, *can breed such fear and awe*
> *As fall upon us often when we look*
> *Into our Minds, into the Mind of Man*, [!!]
> My haunt, and the main region of my Song."
>
> Preface to the Poem. (Vol. iv. p. ix.)

A piece of information altogether new to us, and the only novelty that is to be found in the whole nine books, which are, most emphatically, the *ridiculus mus* to the *montes* of the Preface. By the by, it is well for Mr. WORDSWORTH that he is Mr. WORDSWORTH, or this presumptuous language held towards the Deity, which really startled us, and startles still,

* See page 283. * *

and which would have put ÆSCHYLUS himself to the blush, had been stigmatized as *blasphemous fustian.*

> "*Jehovah — with his thunder, and the choir*
> *Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal thrones —*
> I PASS THEM UNALARMED."

Good God! Everybody has heard, that

> "*Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.*"

But we will set this aside, and consider the passage merely as presumptuous from vanity. What idea must WILLIAM WORDSWORTH have of his own powers when he sets them above MILTON's? for it is to MILTON he refers, when he says,

> "So prayed, more gaining than he asked, the Bard
> Holiest of Men. — Urania, I shall need," *etc.* (as above):

the author of Paradise Lost having opened his seventh Book with an address to this fancied Muse. But again, (to set even his vanity aside,) I know few boys, of healthy mind, that would not be ashamed to speak such nonsense as takes up the entire passage. Let us transpose it to the natural order.

Not Chaos, nor the darkest pit of lowest Erebus, nor aught of blinder vacancy, scooped out [elegant expression!] *scooped out by help of dreams, can breed such fear and awe as fall upon us, often, when we look into our minds, into the mind of man,* [a most ridiculous proposition,] — a world *to which the heaven of heavens is but a veil* [absurd, senseless, bombastic, and indecent]. Therefore *I must tread on ground which is made of shadows* [or, *shady:* which does the poet mean?], *must sink deep into these same shadows, and then mount aloft till I get into the mind of man, which is the place I haunt and the country I chiefly sing about, or in.* But devil a bit am I daunted; no! *All strength, all terror, single or in bands, that ever was put forth in personal form,* etc., etc., *I pass them unalarmed.* Why should I be alarmed, I, who have the soul of MILTON, and can moralize upon a jackass?

His *boat** talks more sense to Mr. WORDSWORTH than any critic I have yet read : —

> " Out — out — and, *like a brooding hen,*
> Beside your sooty hearth-stone cower ; "

(brooding hens, be it observed parenthetically, have a great fancy for hearth-stones, especially when sooty ;)

> " Beside your sooty hearth-stone cower ;
> Go, *creep along the dirt*, and *pick*
> *Your way with your good walking-stick*,
> *Just three good miles an hour.*"

This is exactly the Poet, and it is astonishing to see how even " a little boat," after having accommodated his imaginary bottom for a little while in the air, can catch its master's polished and delightful manner. This, we say, is exactly the Poet. For example : —

> " In March, December, and in *Júly*
> 'T is all the same with Harry Gill ;
> The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,
> His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
> At night, at morning, and at noon,
> 'T is all the same with Harry Gill ;
> Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
> His teeth they chatter, chatter still ! "
>
> *Goody Blake and Harry Gill* (Vol. ii. p. 24).

Where, moreover, a remarkable instance of great poetic power is to be observed in the bold license of rhyming *July* with *truly*. That the reader might catch the sound at once, we therefore accented *Júly* as the poet, no doubt, meant to have it read.

* " *There 's something in a flying horse,*
And something in a huge balloon ;
But through the clouds *I 'll never float,*
Until I have a little boat,
Whose shape is like the crescent moon."
Vol. ii. p. 117. *Prologue to Peter Bell ;*

that famous story of a little ass, which stood four days in *as sweet a pasture as was ever seen*, even by Dapple, " nor ever once did break his fast," being engaged in watching his drowned master, where he stuck in a pond with his head uppermost.

And again, in another kind of rhyme, (for we shall do more for him than he did for POPE, and give ample specimens of his powers) : —

> "O blithe New-comer! I have heard,
> I hear thee and rejoice :
> *O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,*
> *Or but a wandering Voice?*"
>
> To the Cuckoo (Vol. ii. p. 6).

Can any thing be finer ? "O cuckoo!" How tender! how affectionate! how coaxing! "O cuckoo!" *Lusingando*, as musicians say.

> "O Cuckoo! *shall I call thee Bird?*"

The devil! how could the cuckoo resist him ? "Shall I call thee *Bird* ?" *Bless thy five wits!* *

> "Or but *a wandering Voice?*"

There, there, there, is perfection! there is simplicity! there is nature!

> "Or but *a wandering Voice?*"
>
> Quid mirandum homini cœlo divinitus æque
> Concessum! Mortale genus tua numina sentit,
> Quisquis es ille, Deus certe! qui pectora vatum
> Incolis, afflatasque rapis super æthera mentes.†

No! nothing can be finer! It is only the same author that can at all rival it : —

> "*O nightingale! thou surely art*
> *A creature of a fiery heart* : —
> These notes of thine — *they pierce and pierce;*
> *Tumultuous harmony* and *fierce!*"

Could the merest child, — could *John Waters* himself, — PETRONIUS'S *John Waters*, — could *he* have perpetrated more wretched foolery ? Were my youngest boy, who is yet but five, to pen such stanzas, I believe I should flagellate him, were it only to set in operation a music more natural and more reasonable. Let us taste again the delicious morsel : —

* *K. Lear.* A. iii. Sc. 4. * *

† VIDÆ *Poet.* i. 545. * *

"O Wordsworth, O! thou surely art
A creature of a fiery heart: —
These notes of thine — they pierce and pierce;
Tumultuous harmony and fierce!"

Most fit was this great poet, this second Milton, to revive the legend of the Prioress's Tale in Chaucer.*

"This Abbot, for he was a holy man,
As all monks are or surely ought to be,
In supplication to the Child began,
Thus saying, 'O dear Child! I summon thee,
In virtue of the holy Trinity,
Tell me the cause why dost thou sing this hymn,
Since that thy throat is cut, as it doth seem.'

"'My throat is cut unto the bone, I trow,'
Said this young Child, 'and by the law of kind
I should have died, yea, many hours ago;
But Jesus Christ, as in the books you find,
Will that his glory last, and be in mind,
And, for the worship of his Mother dear,
Yet I may sing, O *Alma!* loud and clear.'"

With children for his judges, Mr. Wordsworth would be the first of poets. He is peculiarly the child's versifier. One might say of his innocent rhymes, in his own felicitous language,

"That way look, my infant, lo!
What a pretty baby show!"
(*The Kitten, &c.* p. 310 of Vol. i.)

Some of his little ballads being not unmusical, and even graced at intervals with a touching simplicity, we are induced to read on, but, when we come to the end, behold, they turn out to be merely nothing, and we wonder at the premature dotage which could induce a man to void such stuff upon the public, imagining, that what seemed of consequence to himself

* In his own mind Mr. Wordsworth has nothing, and he is incapable of managing material of an elevated nature found elsewhere. See how miserably he fails in the *White Doe of Rylstone*, where a tolerably good poet would, from the same materials, have woven a most touching tale.

must necessarily be so to all others. See "The Beggars," * (Vol. ii. p. 48), which begins with this characteristic stanza: —

"She had a tall Man's height, or more;
No bonnet screen'd her from the heat;
A long drab-colored Cloak she wore,
A Mantle reaching to her feet:
What other dress she had I could not know;
Only she wore a Cap that was as white as snow."

We could go on adding proof to proof of our assertions. The only difficulty is which to select from the midst of the monstrous heap. Like PHILOSTRATUS on the parts of his mistress, — *Ταῦτ' ἐπαινέσω; καὶ μὴν ἐκεῖνα ἀμείνονα. Ἐκείνοις δῶ τὴν κρίσιν; καὶ μὲν ἀνθέλκει με ταῦτα.*†

We have now come to the end of the "Poetical Works of William Wordsworth," and we observe, in conclusion, that, to regard him no longer as a poet, but simply as an author, the calibre of his mind may be easily measured in the *Essay on Epitaphs*, which his enormous vanity induced him to republish at the close of the fourth volume; a tame piece of inanity, without even the graces of style which might cover, for a first reading, a want of matter. It conveys to me, as his poems also do, the impression of a mind *weak and contracted, but*, saving in the article of literary envy, *not unamiable.*

* This ballad we cite, as an instance of the trifling character of most of Mr. WORDSWORTH's compositions, not of that charming simplicity which occasionally dots them, and of which there is an example in this same volume, viz.

"Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, *etc.*" p. 15.

† *Epist.* lxv.

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* *

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Contributors to the "New-York Review."
Mr. James Fennimore Cooper.

Mr. George Dearborn.
Mr. Charles Dickens.
Thomas Downing.
Mr. Wm. Duer.
Mr. Dwight.

Rev. Dr. Manton Eastburn.
Miss Maria Edgeworth.
Mrs. E. F. Ellet.
Mr. Ewing, of Ohio, (Sen. U. S.)

Flaccus.

Mr. David Hale.
Messrs. Harper & Brothers.
Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hawks.
Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne.
Mr. Henry W. Herbert.
Historical Society of New York.
Mr. Charles F. Hoffman.
Lord Holland.
Mr. Ball Hughes.
Mr. Leigh Hunt.

* The names in *Italic type* are fictitious designations, in some cases assumed by the persons themselves to whom they relate, in others assigned to them by the Author. * *

Mr. Washington Irving.
Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli.

General Jackson.
Mons. J. Janon, (the critic of the *Journal des Débats.*)

Mrs. Frances-Kemble Butler.
Mr. Charles King.

Miss L. E. Landon.
Mr. Leavitt.
Mr. J. G. Lockhart.
Mr. Richard Adams Locke.
Mr. Long.

M.
MARGITES.
Matthias.
Miss ———.
Mr. Mitchell, (the translator of Aristophanes.)
Molcus.
Maria Monk.
Mr. Clement C. Moore.
Mr. Nathaniel F. Moore.
Mr. Thomas Moore.

Mr. M. M. Noah.

Mr. Daniel O'Connel.
Mr. Laughton Osborn.
Mr. Robert Owen.

Mr. John Howard Payne.
Frances Partridge.
Mr. James K. Paulding.
PETRONIUS.
Mr. Tyrone Power.
Mr. William H. Prescott.

Mr. Preston, (Sen. U. S.)
Mr. Joseph Price.

Dr. David M. Reese.
Father Richards.
Mr. Leitch Ritchie.
Mr. Roscoe.
Signor Rossini.
RUBETA.
Signor Rubini.

F. W. S.
Parson S———.
Mr. Daniel Seymour.
Dr. John Augustine Smith.
Mr. Robert Southey.
Mr. William L. Stone.
Old Suffolk.

Mr. Thomas Noon Talfourd.
Signor Tamburini.
Mr. Arthur Tappan.
Tartar.
Mrs. Trollope.

Mr. W———.
Mr. Adam Waldie.
Mr. Ward.
Mr. Walsh.
Dr. John Ware.
Dr. John C. Warren.
John Waters.
Prof. Wayland.
Mr. James Watson Webb.
Mr. Daniel Webster.
Mr. Noah Webster.
Mr. Robert W. Weir.
Mr. N. P. Willis.
Mr. Secretary Woodbury.
Mr. William Wordsworth.

The reader will oblige himself, as well as the Editor, by making the following corrections before entering on the Poem.

Page	29,	*line*	17,	*for*	152 – 157,	*read*	177 – 182.
"	47,	"	9,	"	260 – 261, of Canto iii.,	"	246 on page 158.
"	"	"	—,	"	715,	"	714.
"	68,	"	20,	"	35,	"	34.
"	95,	"	34,	"	Vol. 1,	"	Vol. 2.
"	108,	"	28,	"	246th verse of Canto iii.,	"	246th verse on page 158.
"	134,	"	24,	"	756, Canto iv.,	"	757, Canto iii.
"	149,	"	41,	*after*	Vidæ Poet.,	"	i. 177.
"	162,	"	32,	*for*	258,	"	258 on page 157.
"	164,	"	6,	"	FRETILLE's caution,	"	FRETILLE's emotion.
"	165,	"	18,	"	635,	"	631,
"	"	"	30,	"	543 – 549,	"	543, 549.
"	179,	"	25,	"	498,	"	493.
"	"	"	27,	"	498,	"	493.
"	184,	"	29,	"	708,	"	720.
"	191,	"	41,	"	472,	"	478.
"	209,	"	14,	*annex* **			
"	214,	"	21,	*after*	man,	*insert*	when he saw the beggar.
"	241,	"	19,	*for*	713,	*read*	714.
"	267,	"	45,	"	707,	"	714.
"	271,	"	2,	*after*	thus,	*put a comma.*	
"	281,	"	20,	*for*	246 of Canto iii.	*read*	246 on page 158.
"	"	"	37,	"	246 of the preceding Canto,	"	246 on page 158.

There are, doubtless, many other errors in the course of the volume; but they are such as will occur in the first edition of almost any work of equal size, and, as they must be detected at a glance, they need no enumeration. Such, for examples, are the word "craven," p. 62, line 20, — for *cavern*; "Fauxbourg," p. 136, line 32, — for *Faubourg*; and "Vergine," p. 180, lines 14, 21, 26, — for *Virgine*. **

THE

CRITIQUE

OF THE

VISION OF RUBETA.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH,

IN ONE ACT.

By AUTODICUS.

Well. Oh, it's a most precious fool! Make much of him. I can compare him to nothing more happily than a drum; for every one may play upon him.

Y. Kno. No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

BEN JONSON'S *Every Man in his Humor.*

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED FOR THE TRADE.

1838.

CRITIQUE

OF THE

VISION OF RUBETA.

CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA.

RUBETA.
ASTER.
UNIO.
ÆRANOVA.
SPUTASENNO.
VOLPONE.

MELINDRERA.
ALETHE.
JUGLARESA.

The place of Action is at Manhattan ; the time, such as would be taken up in the representation of the drama.

THE CRITIQUE

OF

THE VISION OF RUBETA.

SCENE I.

A Room in the House of Melindrera.

MELINDRERA. ALETHE.

MEL. Take it away! Don't let me see it! Take it away!

AL. But, my dear Aunt —

MEL. Take it away, Alethe! Don't you hear me? Take it away! I would as soon see a man in my bed-chamber, or a tom-cat, or a male rabbit. Why, my dear, will you make me speak so often, when you know so well the extreme sensitiveness of my delicacy?

AL. But, my dear Aunt, if you would but consider a little, and put on your glasses —

MEL. And, my dear niece, if you would but consider, yourself, a good deal, and use your natural vision, you would see, and reflect, how improper it is for so young a lady, — though there are but fifteen years between us —

AL. Twenty, Aunt, and six months.

MEL. Well then, six months. You are so very exact in dates! I believe you do nothing but read your grandmother's Bible just midway between the Old and New Testaments. You would know, I say, Alethe, that it is highly improper, in

so young a woman, to speak in commendation of such a book. Why, niece, when I was of your age, a few years ago, I never presumed to open a book, written by a man, till I had consulted the rector —

AL. Who put into your hands *Tom Jones*. Ha ! ha ! — But do not be angry, Aunt. I know very well that Tom Jones, Peregrine Pickle, and all that sort of books, are thought very decent, by the very men who censure the coarseness of the *Vision:* and doubtless there is something in that. Have you ever read the *Vision?*

MEL. Read it? Read it, indeed ! What do you take me for ? Read the *Vision of Rubeta?* Hand me my salts ! Read the Vision of Rubeta? Why don't you ask me if I am yet a maid? Read the Vision of Rubeta? I would not even touch the filthy compound of indecency, stupidity, ribaldry, blasphemy, and — and — and blasphemy. Read the Vision of Rubeta? Is my name Melindrera? Reach me my salts !

AL. But if you have not read it, Aunt, how do you know it is indecent, and stupid, and ribald, and blasphemous ?

MEL. The press says so.

AL. What press ?

MEL. Child, you worry me. The press, — the daily press.

AL. And know you not that the creatures of the daily press are the chief themes of the satirist, — "shown no quarter," as my husband says ; their venality, their falsehood, their ignorance, their hypocrisy, their licentiousness, their effrontery, all exposed, and set in the most glaring colors ? They would be more honest in criticism than they are in politics, if they did indeed speak well of it. But let me undo the parcel. I have brought the book for your sole amusement. 'T is the town-talk ; everybody reads it.

MEL. But I am not everybody; and you know that I never — Don't open it! I shall faint if you do, Alethe; I will never forgive you.

AL. But, Aunt, you should at least be able to say you have seen it. It is quite the rage now; and everybody of any fashion is expected to know something about it. Let me show you the cover. There; there is no harm in the cover, you know.

MEL. Good Heaven! is the child mad? Alethe! you are ruined. Look there. Why, there is a naked man on the back! Shame to my eyes, that I should ever have looked upon it. I — I — shall go into hysterics. Take it away! take him away! A naked man!

AL. A naked man? why, Aunt, this is Thalia, — the comic muse.

MEL. And, if she were all the Nine, what need has she to be exposed in that immodest manner? I am now convinced; I am sure the book must be indecent and blasphemous, or it would never have a naked woman on the cover.

AL. But, Aunt, this is only demi-nude. It is merely her upper parts, as you see, that are exposed.

MEL. And what right have her upper parts to be exposed? Alethe, you talk indecently; you are corrupted, yourself, by this wicked book.

AL. Do, dear Aunt, let me explain the figure, and you will see that it is all very proper. But first, observe, on the other side, this mask of a satyr. That explains itself.

MEL. It does, indeed, with a vengeance. Why, Alethe, are you distracted? here are horns on his head. You, a married woman, and — horns on his head! Take it away. I never saw so wicked a book in my life. Naked women, and — horns! This is downright profanity.

Al. Why, Aunt, they are the horns of a satyr. My husband explained it to me all.

Mel. Your husband 's a fool. He will tell you next, I suppose, that horns are elegant ornaments, and beg you to get him a pair. Naked women, and horns on his head! And I do not believe that it is a woman, after all. Let me look at the abomination. Monstrous! it has no bosom. A man! a naked man! a man with a stick and pudding in his hand. Burn the filth. Give it to me. As I am a maid, it shall no longer pollute my parlour.

Al. Indeed, Aunt, you must pardon me. My husband would rather you should burn any book in his library.

Mel. Child, how can you be so incorrigible? Your husband is ruining you. Ah, had you, like me, chosen to lead the pure and holy life of a maiden! Your husband corrupts you, niece. His library! Why, the man reads Pope, and Dryden, and Don Juan. The Vision is fit for him.

Al. Well, Aunt, I see I need not try any longer to convince you. I was going to show that this *stick* and *pudding* are the pastoral crook and the comic mask, emblematical of the origin of comedy and of the character of the muse; but —

Mel. Put it up, for Heaven's sake; the bell rings.

Al. And what then, Aunt? I am not ashamed of it; and I cannot consent to hide any book I dare to read. If you please, I will take it home; but — it is too late. Unio!

Unio *enters.*

Un. My dear Miss Melindrera! Ah, Madam, you too? I am doubly happy.

Mel. Pray be seated, Mr. Unio. When did you leave Boston, Sir?

UN. Yesterday afternoon. I have been in your town only a few hours; and my first visit is paid, as in duty bound, to one of my oldest friends —

MEL. (The savage! I never saw him look so ugly.)

UN. — where I am happy to find more than I expected. And how have you been, Miss Melindrera? Well? Well, that 's well. But delicate as ever, I suppose. And you, Madam? And my friend, your husband, is he as hearty as ever? Eh! you have *Rubeta* here! Well, the pleasure is now triple. This is a newer friend than either of you, ladies; but, — forgive me the ungallant speech, — his face is scarcely less welcome.

MEL. *His* face? There, Alethe! did I not tell you? my niece has been endeavouring to persuade me, Sir, that it is a woman!

UN. What woman? Where, Miss Melindrera?

MEL. On the cover. I am astonished, Sir, that you and others can have so depraved a taste.

UN. Taste in what, Madam? in relishing this book? in liking Rubeta? Upon my soul, and as I am a Christian, I think it the best satire in modern times. The fact cannot be disputed.

AL. Thank you, Mr. Unio. Aunt looks horror-struck. We were just discussing the matter; or rather, I was endeavouring to persuade Aunt to consult her own reason, and judge for herself. I am happy to have found so able an auxiliary. Do convince her how wrong she is to take for guide the falsehood of its enemies, whose reputation depends on the suppression of the book.

UN. With the greatest pleasure in the world. And I think I could do it very easily, recollecting, as I must, that your Aunt is a person particularly well disposed to listen to reason.

But I saw my old acquaintances, Aster and Æranova, this morning, who both mentioned they should be here about this time. Had we not better wait to speak of it till they come? Out of a diversity of opinions we may gather the truth.

MEL. A plagiarism from Solomon. "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety." Proverbs, eleventh chapter, fifteenth verse.

AL. (That has put my Aunt into a good humor. You can now bring her to reason.)

UN. Well, Madam, shall we have liberty to discuss this subject when our friends come in? For I do assure you, that, good or bad, the work is unique in America, and therefore deserving of examination.

MEL. Very well, Sir; provided you are not too free, I can have no objection. But I do abhor indelicacy. Till these gentlemen come, and others too, whom I expect, and whom you little look for, we will talk of more domestic matters.

SCENE II.

A Street.

ASTER. ÆRANOVA.

AST. Well overtaken, my worthy enemy. Though we bear arms in politics, we have none in social encounters.

ÆRA. Except to join together; as, for example.

AST. Well said, Æra. I see the poet was in his senses, when he bade Rubeta

Leave "pleasantry to him that clomb the moon."

ÆRA. Not more so, than when he bade

Aster, "who 's sense, play critic once a week."

And you acted on the suggestion. You made him a handsome return for his courtesy, barring some thrusts, which, between ourselves, Aster, you must allow were hardly fair.

Ast. Why, what the devil could I do, man ? The book is indecent, you must allow.

Æra. Psha, you 're joking.

Ast. May I die of leanness, if I be.

Æra. What ! more indecent, — if you must use the word, — than any other satire, of any note, before it ?

Ast. A thousand times. Pope is a fool to our poet in nastiness ; and as for Gifford, and Byron, they, you know, have nothing in them whatever, that chastity revolts at.

Æra. But a devilish deal that immodesty would embrace. Come, come, Aster ; you have not lately been reading either, or your edition wants gender sadly. Gifford has ten coarse expressions for our poet's one. I will instance but two phrases : — " Stinks in the nose of all succeeding times " ; and, " Spunge on dirty wh— for dirty bread." You will find no such vulgarity, of sentiment or language, in the poet of Rubeta. On the contrary, I would engage, for any wager, to prove to you that he has not a dozen words — *words* even — of his own choice, in all the matter of his large volume, that can be rejected as coarse or indelicate. And when you come to look again at Gifford's virulent attack on Peter Pindar, you will acknowledge that the two cannot be compared in this question. Gifford always reminds you of his primitive profession ; the author of Rubeta can never, I think, be found less than the gentleman.

Ast. Well, we will give up that point ; for, I confess, I have not read Gifford these twenty years. But what say you to Byron ?

Æra. Byron cannot at all come into the comparison, —

and, by the by, I should have said the same of Gifford, — for this reason : Byron, in his *Bards*, is a mere satirist, a satirist such as we mean, when we speak of Juvenal and of Persius ; the author of Rubeta is, — and you read it on his title-page, — a writer of the burlesque epic, which calls for humor, and *will*, from its very nature, verge at times on indelicacy. Take our poet, where he may be compared with Byron, in the latter half of the fourth Canto for instance. There he is merely the satirist ; and there, if you find him any more gross, nay, if not less so, than even Byron himself, I will eat him, his book I mean, to-morrow.

Ast. But what say you to Pope ?

Æra. Worse and worse, my dear fellow. Pope is absolutely outrageous. What ! do you recollect the squirting match, Eliza's cates, Jove's double seats, and all the other odious and beastly impurities of that still inimitable poem, — impurities, which required, as Pope himself acknowledged by intimation, all their author's exquisite skill, to render them at all tolerable, — do you recollect *these*, and pretend to say that Pope has not a tithe of the indecencies of Rubeta ? You should have reversed the position, and said, that, though occasionally *broad*, — there is the word, my dear Sir, — our author has not a tithe of the indecency of Pope ; and had you added, of any other author in his line, saving Boileau, you would have said but justice. No, Aster ; as immeasurably beneath Pope, as our author is in satire, — and who is not ? — so immeasurably is he above him in decency. He is, for an equal number of lines, and in a parallel style, not coarser than Byron, nor so coarse as Gifford, while he is far before both these poets as a satirist. But I am out of breath.

Ast. And argument too, perhaps. But there is Sputasenno ahead of us, gazing with his mouth open, at Colman's window. Did you read his stuff ?

ÆRA. Sure; I never saw a poor devil so outwit himself. What! did he think the people would not see through so shallow a falsehood as that? Egad! they looked it through directly, and saw his bottom — gravelled.

AST. Ha, ha, ha! Do you know the cause of his abuse of the Vision?

ÆRA. I suppose, because he had not a place in it, among people of more character.

AST. Out, entirely. Guess again.

ÆRA. Well then, his partner and chief, the Colonel of the big sheet and little matter, might have taken the author's queer compliment to his elocution as irony; for, you know, the poor Colonel has a voice that runs the middle scale between the semitones of a virgin of seventy and the notes of a starved kitten.

AST. That is better. But you are out entirely. Guess again.

ÆRA. Let me see. Hum! I have it. His brother Epes is present editor of the *Mirror;* and I suppose the little man's exacerbation was a sacrifice of honesty on the altar of fraternal affection.

AST. Bravo! But you are only parcel-right. Did you never hear of a certain thing, yclept a tragedy, which is now under press by certain printers and publishers, whom the satirist has described as "gatherers of garbage"?

ÆRA. Eh! I begin to wake. *I see land,* as the Greek said.

AST. Yes, Johnny's brother has himself a tragedy in type, — God help the press! and John's rage, to find Willis allowed what is his due, and passages cited from the latter of a character to which Epes's hobbling muse could never hope to aspire, may be easily imagined; for the little creature is as spiteful as it is silly. We called it *pricked sweetmeats,* when we were at school.

ÆRA. Ha, ha, ha! Some more of that.

AST. I must *climb the moon*, first. But, to talk soberly. You recollect, that in the note to this passage, if I repeat it rightly, —

> "Much did he laud *Theresa's* tragic lay,
> Much too John Bailey's buskins of a day,
> Yet had no word of grace for Willis' play;
> Not for *Bianca!* though her baldest line
> Were, for such brows, a wreath almost divine," —

the satirist tells us, that some anonymous scribbler had been suffered maliciously to defame Willis in the journal of Petronius, without receiving correction from the latter. Now, this piece was signed "*S.*", if I recollect rightly, and I have little doubt that it was written by John Sputasenno.

ÆRA. By all that 's malignant, this is too good. Why, the dirty wretch! I had little idea of what was in the wind, but amused myself simply with the downright absurdity of calling the Vision *stupid*, and warning everybody *not to buy it;* a caution which did more to sell the poem than even your own critique; and when, the other day, I read in his journal that egregious falsehood, in a maliciously garbled extract from the Boston Daily Advertiser, stating that the publishers were to derive no profit from the book, — as if any man would publish, even for his own brother, without a view to personal benefit, especially such a book, — I thought the ridiculous and mean were at their highest, or lowest, whichever you please; but this beats any thing of the kind I have ever heard.

AST. 'T is true, nevertheless. But here he comes, close upon us. How amiable he looks!

ÆRA. Like a lobster with a plug in his claw.

AST. Or a school-girl eating pickles.

ÆRA. Or an ape fed on mustard.

AST. Or a pie-woman caught in a shower.

SPUTASENNO *comes up.*

ÆRA. We have been watching thee approaching, thou glorious defender of insulted delicacy! Welcome to our arms.

SPUT. Why, what the devil is the meaning of all this? Why do you address me in that fustian, Æra? and you, Aster, what are you taking snuff so fast for?

AST. I was thinking of your attack upon the Vision. We had been talking of it, and we were agreed, that a more ingenious and ingenuous thing had never been written. Wiley sold ten copies of the poem on the mere strength of it. Ha, ha, ha!

ÆRA. Ha, ha, ha!

SPUT. You are merry, gentlemen.

ÆRA. How can we help being so, my dear little acidity? You look, for all the world, like a pot of *pricked sweetmeats*, put in the sun to ferment. Ha, ha, ha!

AST. Ha, ha, ha! Don't get frothy, man,* or you 'll foam over. Come, come, my dear fellow, you must not pass us in that mood. We are going to the old prude's yonder, — at least I am. Turn about and walk with us, and we will talk you into better humor.

ÆRA. (Better leave him as he is; he will suit her exactly.)

SPUT. I am engaged to go there myself. I will meet you in half an hour; when I hope, gentlemen, you will be more civil.

ÆRA. Not a whit. Why, my little man, we are only merry. Come with us now; and before you shall have taken the few steps we have yet to go, we will convince you we are your best friends.

* Clapping him on the back.

Sput. Well, Sir, here I am to the right about. Let us hear your argument.

Æra. It is interrogatory. How could you insert such an abominable untruth as that in your paper ?

Sput. What ?

Ast. Don't affect ignorance. About the *Vision.*

Sput. It was none. I think it the stupidest book I ever read —

Æra. — that you did not understand. Look you, John ; the least said about that, the soonest mended. You may as well attempt to kill Hydra, as to harm one of the thousand heads of the Vision ; and, as you are no Hercules, nor yet an Iolas, you stand a famous chance of bruising your own toes, or burning your fingers. Here 's the prude's : let us in.

Sput. Stop one moment, gentlemen. How does it happen, that neither of you, with the high opinion you affect to entertain of this book, has entered upon its defence, but each has rested contented with once extolling it ? Surely, when you have been both so generously treated, it is little you can do to vindicate its author from *our* scurrility.

Æra. I will answer that question. The fact is, Sputa, that Aster and I are neither of us desirous of seeing the book succeed any more than yourself : it exposes too much of the dirtiness of our craft for us not to suppress it, if we can. But, though we are willing to see others tell lies about it, we do not choose to publish them ourselves. And that is the difference between us.

Sput. Then you are the worst of the two parties ; for you are false friends, and we are open enemies.

Æra. Such as Indians are.

Ast. We are much of one color I am afraid. Let us ring.

SCENE III.

"*The Bower on College-green.*" *

RUBETA. VOLPONE.

RUB. Well, Volp, you 'll not forget ? you 'll take the blame yourself, if anybody should suspect me ?

VOLP. Be sure I will. But who will suspect you ? Only give it some flaming signature, and the article will take readily.

RUB. What shall it be ? eh, my little Pony ? Let me see. Hum ! *One of the attacked.*

VOLP. Bah, man ! that will betray you at once. You must affect some disinterested motive, — if there be such a thing in creation. Call it — *Pro Bono Publico.*

RUB. The very thing. Ah ! Eh ! My dear Volp ! my lovely Volpone ! I 'll put it down directly. People are so easily gulled by any professions of zeal in their service, they 'll take it all for Gospel. I 've done it a thousand times. *Pro Bono Publico.* There it is, Volpy !

VOLP. Yes, that looks honest and generous. (The fool ! they will scent it at once.) Now let us hear the piece. "Read it," as my lord Ogleby says, "read it, *Ruby*, with good emphasis and good discretion."

RUB. "To the Editors of the Commercial Advertiser. Gentlemen" —

VOLP. What a libel ! No matter. Go on.

* Rubeta's dwelling, so called in the "Vision," where the hero, in his farewell to the sisters, speaks thus : —

> "Ah ! might the soul unbar her cage at will,
> Then should his spirit mingle with you still,
> Despised for you the bower on College-green,
> Couch in your laps, and doze with you unseen." p. 177.

RUB. — "Gentlemen — Hem! — I had just finished the reading of 'Rubeta,' the satirical poem of which you speak in last evening's paper, and I honor your judgment in relation to the book and its author."

VOLP. Capital! (The ass!)

RUB. "It is throughout a vulgar, obscene, and profane exhibition of malignity, which can inspire no other sentiment than loathing and disgust in the minds of all men of any pretensions to character or decency."

VOLP. Good! that the poet will feel (as I do). It 's a great lie —

RUB. True, on my salvation.

VOLP. Stick to it, Rub;

"Be the same hypocrite thou still hast been,
And match the Devil himself in pious sin!"

RUB. Sir! Mr. Volpone! you don't mean to insult me, by quoting that villanous ribaldry against me?

VOLP. Not at all, man; but why do you think to impose upon me? Let us be fair. You know you were lying — I mean, exaggerating; you know you were, Ruby.

RUB. Exaggerating, exaggerating, if you please, Pony, — exaggerating — then, Volpo. That is only a play of the fancy, you know; a — a — a play of the fancy. I never lie, — except in bed. He, he! that 's a good one. Why don't you laugh?

VOLP. "I never lie" — anywhere. But go on with your stuff.

RUB. "As you and your paper constitute the theme of the venom" —

VOLP. Theme of what?

RUB. Theme of the venom: the — er — er — the thing that the toad spits at.

VOLP. Go on.

RUB. — " the theme of the venom of this nameless toad " —

VOLP. *Toad.* Stop there ! that is elegant ; that will take ; that 's worth a dollar : *Toad.* At him again.

RUB. " I am glad that you exhibit the contempt which self-respect inspires " —

VOLP. What ?

RUB. " The contempt which self-respect inspires."

VOLP. Oh, I see ! Quite a novel idea. Proceed.

RUB. " By promptly treating the author with merited scorn."

VOLP. (A curious way to show contempt, by railing like a fishwoman ! This will be rare sport to the poet, — and to the public, or I mistake.)

RUB. Why are you silent ?

VOLP. I was praising you internally. But go on.

RUB. " But apart from the outrage upon decency and public morals, inflicted by such a compound of filthy and blasphemous language " —

VOLP. Stop there. Ha, ha ! that is too good. Shut it up ; I will hear no more after that. " *Blasphemous* language ! " This will serve your point (if ridicule and public scorn are the object).

RUB. Surely, it will. That *blasphemy* is a great weapon. I have stabbed half a dozen with it already.

VOLP. (Yes, I remember that to your sorrow, though you have forgotten it.)

RUB. Nothing goes down so well with our religious community. Let them only hear that *that* is in a book, and they will shun it as they would Satan. *Filthy and blasphemous.* I think that will do, myself. It will damn, — Heaven and

Dr. Spring forgive me for using the word! — the author completely.

Volp. You say well; it will damn its author completely, (and in more worlds than one, or I have not read my Bible rightly.) But, how can you tell such a — fable, Rub? Why, you know, my old lad of the Vision, there is no blasphemy in the book whatever, save your own, which is quoted for reprobation, in the notes.

Rub. What of that! I have as good a right to accuse him of it, as he has me. *Tit for tat*, you know.

Volp. (Vulgar beast!) Yes; and, no doubt, it will fret him amazingly.

Rub. Sure.* He 'll sweat like a horse.

Volp. (If he be fat enough, and laughter will make him do it.) Good bye. Are you for Melindrera's?

Rub. Yes, — will join you there in a minute. I stay only to touch this piece off a little more. *Pro Bono Publico:* is n't that good?

Volp. Be sure you put in plenty of lies.

Rub. Sir?

Volp. Oh, I was only joking. And hark you, Rub,† it would be well, if you were to prefix a few remarks of your own to your own piece, saying that you only "yield to the urgent solicitations of the writer," etc.

Rub. I will! I will! Capital! that will make it complete.

Volp. (And you the laughing-stock of the whole city.) Good bye, till I see you at the prude's.

Rubeta *alone.*

Rub. That Volp's a good creature. He no more remem-

* Rubbing his hands in great glee.

† Looking back, as he is about to close the door of the room.

bers the basting I gave his silly poem, than if it had been written a hundred years ago instead of ten. *Urgent solicitation!* Excellent thought. Let me see. Hum! * — There, that will do; that *must* do. *Ut vium veniam, aut facias:* I will either find a way or make one, as Pindar says: for if that rascally poem, — why was it not mere rhyme! — should succeed, *Rubeta's occupation 's gone.* I dare not hang myself, nor cut my throat, nor swallow arsenic, nor have I the courage to pistol the author; and I should pine with shame were it to live. I have not been able to sleep soundly since it was published.

RUBETA *has turned his face to the fire and back to the door. Enters* JUGLARESA, *softly, and stands behind him.*

RUB. It is the most brilliant production, — curses on it! — that has appeared in America, — beyond a doubt. Everybody of sense says so. But it cannot live against our power; ours, who tread on the neck of kings? Impossible! it cannot, it shall not live! If I perjure my soul ten times over, it shall not live!

JUG. "*Thy name shall live, while towers the Hôtel Dieu!*"

RUB.† Who 's that? Out, Mephibosheth! — Mephistophiles, I mean.

JUG. Not quite so bad as that; only the "diffident" Juglaresa, and your humble servant.

RUB. Out, woman! I know you not. Who let you in?

JUG. Come, come, Colonel, no more foolery; we had too much of it together in Providence.

* Writing.

† Turning round, and seeing her.

Rub. What! "does the devil speak truth"? Did you indeed deceive me?

Jug. Be sure I did, and should be happy to do it again, only our time 's up. The Vision has dished us both.

Rub. And you have come here to insult me. Get out of my den — out of my house, I mean.

Jug. Your "piggery" and "snuggery"? Ha, ha! Do let me congratulate you. I have come on purpose.

Rub. Impudent trollop! Get out. Congratulate me?

Jug. Yes, on the ruin of your reputation. You are known through all the States, by this time, as a fool, and — very apochryphal.

Rub. Get out! I 'll raise the house.

Jug. Colonel! you 're damned.

Rub. Out, vixen! Or let me out.

Jug. Neither.* Colonel, you 're damned.

Rub. What do you mean, woman? You would not keep me here? (How her eyes glare!) You are mad — you 're — you 're — would you ravish me?

Jug. The Lord forbid!

Rub. Let me out, then. Do let me out, won't you? My dear, nice, modest little Juglaresa, do let me out, and I 'll somnambulize you as much as you please.

Jug. The Lord forbid that too!

Rub. (My God! she 'll eat me up. What shall I do?) Will nothing move you? I 'll raise the house, then; I will. Let me out.*

Jug. Colonel! you 're damned.

* Placing her back against the door.

† Seizing her arm, and struggling with her.

RUB. Rape ! murder ! fire ! rape !

He struggles with her. JUGLARESA *suddenly slips from him, trips up his heels, and, as he falls on his back, opens the door, and escapes.*

JUG. Colonel ! you 're damned.

RUBETA *alone.*

RUB. You lie, you young hag ! Rape ! murder ! stop thief ! I must help myself up, I see. So much for having my den built apart. No matter ; my pantaloons are not torn ; and I 'll take care that mad woman makes no more attempts upon my person ; I will buy one of Hannington's big dogs to-morrow. How strong the vixen was ! she were pretty though, if she did not grin so. What a lie I told about her modesty ! Bless me ! we shall be late at Melindrera's.

He brushes his clothes, adjusts them, and, putting on his hat, leaves the room. His voice, for the rest of the scene, is heard without.

RUB. Ah ! you are come, my dear ! just as you were near losing me for ever. I am going to Melindrera's. If any particular message should come for me, you know where to send. Good bye, my love.

A voice is heard to answer.

Good bye. Take care of yourself, my dear. Button up your coat. Had you not better take your cane ?

RUB. Curse the cane ! Heaven and Dr. Spring forgive me !

SCENE IV.

The parlour in Melindrera's house.

MELINDRERA. ALETHE. UNIO. ASTER. ÆRANOVA. SPUTASENNO.

MEL. Oh, gentlemen! four against two are too great odds. You and my niece have had it all to yourselves. Wait till Volpone and Rubeta come, and you will no longer boast of victory.

AL. Rubeta? Dear Aunt! Do you expect him here? What pleasure!

MEL. Yes, and I assure you that the mere sight of him will convince you you are wrong, and that the book is slanderous.

AL. The mere sight of him? Why, Aunt, not even his friends, I am told, can deny that his portrait in the illustrations is one of the best likenesses ever given of a distinguished person.

MEL. You talk nonsense, Alethe. What should I know of the illustrations? which, no doubt, are as indelicate as the book itself. I mean, that in the very physiognomy of Rubeta you will read such strong good sense, such genuine humor, such manly honesty, and such dignity of temper, that you will see at once a refutation of your poet's calumnies.

AL. Why, my dear Aunt, all those qualities are depicted with a cunning hand in the lithographs; are they not, Mr. Aster? But who is this?

VOLPONE *enters.*

MEL. Ah, Mr. Volpone! Most happy to see you. My niece, — Mr. Volpone. Do not stay to pay compliments,

Mr. Volpone. Convince this lady, and these very obstinate gentlemen, whom I see you know, that the Vision of Rubeta is the paltriest trash that ever was put between boards.

Volp. Madam, there is no need of conviction at all. You have only to look at my copy. It broke in the back by merely falling out of a third story window to a rough pavement. It is a positive fact.

Mel. Dear me, you are so pleasant, Mr. Volpone! But seriously?

Volp. Seriously then, Miss Melindrera, I think with my friend here, Sputasenno, it is the most *unredeemedly stupid* stuff —

Ast. — you never read, Sir. Confess, Sir, how much did you read of it?

Volp. Like my friend here, Sputasenno, as much — as I could "gather from a very cursory examination": for who needs to read a page of such a book to see all its folly?

Sput. Just so. And any line will show its indecency.

Mel. Gentlemen, I honor your decision. It is the only way that books should be judged of. For what right have people to expect, that you should disturb your quiet intellects, and consume your precious time, to explore ten pages, when you can get the whole pith of a book in any one? Not to say, that the very first mention one sees of shoes and stockings, and other parts, still more objectionable, of wearing apparel, should induce him, if a modest person, to lay the volume down at once, as shockingly indelicate.

Ast. Certainly, madam, I am entirely of your opinion. I remember hearing of a virtuous lady, who always shut her eyes when she tied her own garters.

Mel. Oh for shame, Mr. Aster! I vow, you are too rude; you are, indeed. Alethe, love, that fire-screen.

Ast. I beg pardon. But will you permit me to ask Mr. Volpone, or this gentleman, to read us the part they find particularly stupid ?

Mel. But not indelicate, for Heaven's sake ! I have been too good-natured already, in allowing the book to lie on my table. Stupid, but not indelicate ; not indelicate, remember ! Alethe, untie the ribands of my cap.

Sput. That condition, Mr. Aster, will render it impossible to comply ; for I know no part in the book that is not intolerably obscene. I only saw the plate where the rat figures, and *there* was an object in the corner — an object — I would not mention it for worlds ! but — an object — it had a handle — an object —

Mel. Oh heavens ! — What a horrid impiety !

Volp. Yes, madam, perfectly *blasphemous*, as my friend Rubeta says. (What asses !)

Al. Well, Aunt, as I have looked a little further than these two gentlemen, suppose you trust to my discretion, and permit me to read a passage which shall be neither indecent, nor blasphemous, nor stupid —

Mel. Not for worlds ! you are married. Close the book. Not for worlds ! Your husband has ruined you. Close the book, — the indecent, ribald, impious — Hand me my salts, dear Alethe.

Volp. Gentlemen, I am so seriously of Miss Melindrera's opinion, that, if the book be opened again, I shall incontinently vanish, I shall indeed.

Mel. I thank you, dear Mr. Volpone ; you are always delicate and clear-minded. Mr. Volpone, you may hold this screen. Use it as a fan, if you please. I am so heated. Alethe, my salts again.

Al. Who is this, Aunt ?

Mel. Ah, Colonel Rubeta !

RUBETA *enters.*

AST. (The hero himself! He looks frightened.)

ÆRA. (As in the print, where the *Devil* gallops over him.)

MEL. Walk in, Colonel. What is the matter, Sir? you look disturbed.

RUB. I thought, madam, that young lady was — was — a —

MEL. My niece, Sir. Colonel Rubeta; the first name in Manhattan!

RUB. Oh yes — I see — your niece — very well — I thought — Yes, madam. Hope your ladyship is well — I hope, Miss Niece, you are well.

AL. Thank you, Uncle, perfectly so.

MEL. Alethe, you forget yourself. Be seated, Colonel. We have been expecting you. There, now you are cooler, and composed. There, Alethe; I told you, you would find in this great man's very face a refutation of that shameless book.

RUB. What book? Eh! you have the Vision there!* Good night, madam; I 'll go out.

MEL. By no means, Sir, we are equally divided. My niece and those three gentlemen are indeed against you; but Mr. Sputasenno, Mr. Volpone, and myself, are for you; and you are yourself a host.

ÆRA. (So Caution said of him to his mama: —

——————— "Is not thy son a host?
Not more thine own, than Levity's proud boast.")

RUB. Well, madam, since you are so pleased. I see Mr. Aster here. He has paid more incense to the would-be satirist, than any other, save that gentleman — Mr. Unio, of Boston, I think. Mr. Aster, will you please prove, if you can, what you said of him?

AST. Faith, Sir, I said so much, it would take me till mid-

* Springing up, and oversetting his chair.

night. I proved, I think, before you came, that the book is the best satire in modern times. Mr. Unio thinks the same. Æranova does not find it indelicate. What would you have ?

Rub. Not indelicate, Mr. Æranova ?

Æra. Not more so, Sir, than any other satire of equal compass.

Rub. But do you deny it is personal ?

Un. He will hardly deny that, Sir ; for it is its very essence, and chief excellence.

Rub. Sir ! Mr. Unio !

Un. Ay, I talk intelligibly, I hope. What we look for in a satirical poem, is sprightliness and vigor. How are these to be gained ? Not by dwelling on abstract vices or follies. I will be bound to say, that this has never been the method with any satirist of any note. Though the names of the characters may have been suppressed, or others substituted, yet the characters themselves, in all their individuality, were constantly before the mind of the poet. His figures were chalked according to their model, and, when he filled up the outlines, the colors on his easel were chosen and mixed to correspond with the complexion he copied. To add names to the portraits, that is, to give specification to the characters, is but to follow out the *Old Comedy*, which presented the objects of its mockery under their proper designations, and in their proper guise. Was this licentious ? Then is Boileau licentious ; then are Pope, Byron, Gifford, intolerable. The very best satires, in every age, are, from Juvenal down, those which abound the most in personalities ; and it is worse than affectation, it is mere hypocrisy, to censure the very act which gives us the most pleasure ; the more so, when it is the very act we should all imitate, had we the courage to dare, and the wit to perform it. Out upon such prudery ! nor, if we have to name " damnation " —

Mel. Mr. Unio ! I vow, Sir, — you shock me ; you do indeed ! Fan me, dear Mr. Volpone.

Un. I beg pardon. — Nor, if we have to speak of such a thing, let us *mollify it with a phrase.*

Mel. I hope you will, Sir, always nullify it in my presence. I do abhor indelicacy ! You may come nearer, Mr. Volpone.

Un. Well, madam. I will end my argument. — Provided the characters of the satirist be lawful game, let him place them before his mental vision in a bodily shape ; and, if that shape be an object of dislike, contempt, or hatred, so much the better.

Rub. Enough, enough. You confuse my head so much with your argument, — of which I cannot make out any sense, — that I will give it up, for the sake of quiet.

Un. You are exceedingly considerate, Sir.

Volp. (To himself.)

Rub. I always am. But how will you defend the indecency ?

Un. By flatly denying that it exists.

Rub. How ? Then is Mr. Aster guilty of falsehood.

Un. Not necessarily so. But he will excuse me, if I tell him, he is guilty of misrepresentation. He probably spoke from his knowledge of the book, which could not have been complete. I, who have read it over, text and comment, twice, say without hesitation, that I know of no burlesque epic poem, save the Battle of the Frogs and Mice, which has less. No, Sir, not the Rape of the Lock, nor Boileau's Lutrin, themselves, in proportion to their extent. The Rape of the Lock, notwithstanding its subject, and though addressed to a lady, has two or three quite obscene allusions and double meanings, — I speak according to your own notions, observe ; I am not so

fastidious ; — and the chaste Boileau, when he comes to the wig-dresser's wife, cannot spare his merriment, but indulges in a dialogue which, it is a wonder, does not shock certain pure readers. Our author has freedoms in his text, but only such as are allowable in a work of satire and of humor ; and all the indecency in his notes happens to be extracts from your papers. The very passage for which I honor him — Here, I must turn to it. Here it is, — page 379 : — " I hope," he says, speaking of certain advertisements, " I hope that this pains will not be altogether ineffectual, but that the sense of the community, awakened to the beastliness of these editors, will compel them *all* to reject for ever such indecent notices, which disseminate corruption *more widely than any other cause I know of.*" It is this very passage which has enraged all of you, and it is for this, and others like it, that I honor him, and wish his book success.

Al. Thank you, thank you, Mr. Unio ; for I feel your vindication of the Vision as a compliment to myself. Thank you ; and pray go on.

Un. I have nothing to add, Madam ; nothing, but what is as well known to these gentlemen as it is to ourselves ; nothing, except that the calumnies of its enemies can never crush the Vision, as the timidity of its friends has not retarded its success. When it shall have circulated a little longer, and two or three editions effaced certain marks of carelessness and haste in its composition, the whole United States will be proud to honor an effort which certainly is in itself no little glory, and be happy that, as Greece boasts of her mock-heroic poem, Italy of her two, France of hers, and England of hers, so America may lay claim to a like distinction. But what is all this ? Eh ? can it be possible ? *La Somnambula !*

JUGLARESA *enters.*

RUB. Impudent creature! How — how dare you follow me into this place?

MEL. What do you want, young woman? Who are you?

RUB. Turn her out!

AST. No, no! I pray, don't. Let her deliver herself.

ÆRA. For Heaven's sake, not in this company!

VOLP. It may be Mary Monk! Who may tell the consequences? Think of "Holland's Countess." *

UN. Poh, poh! gentlemen, how you jest! It is only the somnambulist.

AL. The somnambulist? Do you hear, Aunt? Do let her stay.

MEL. Speak, young woman: what do you want in this company? But don't say any thing indecent!

RUB. Who sent you here?

JUG. Your wife.

RUB. Vixen! 'T is false.

JUG. Not the "Vision" truer.

MEL. Suffer me, Colonel. What do you want, young woman? I again ask you. Who are you? Where do you come from? Answer. But do be modest.

JUG. I come from Providence. —

VOLP. What *blasphemous language!* The Lord forgive her!

JUG. — I am the omnipotent and omnituent Juglaresa, yokefellow of Rubeta in the mighty and inexplicable science, and whose poles have hitherto been, to the edification of philosophers, in affinity with his, as "the great Capon" —

MEL. She is too indecent! she must go out.

RUB. Yes, turn her out! she blasphemes. Turn her out!

* See "The Vision of Rubeta," Canto II. verse 60.

JUG. — as the "great Capon" taught me; though now, as you all behold, they repel each other. —

ÆRA. Being charged with a principle of the same nature.

JUG. — I am come to assure the Colonel of what I told him before. He is *damned* —

RUB. Will nobody stop her mouth?

JUG. — for the Vision is in everybody's hands, they tell me, and a new edition will soon be called for, with new illustrations.

RUB. Oh *Thayendanegea!*

The Colonel falls into a state of somnambulistic *syncope. The company gather round him, with various action, according to their respective characters.* JUGLARESA *slips away in the confusion.*

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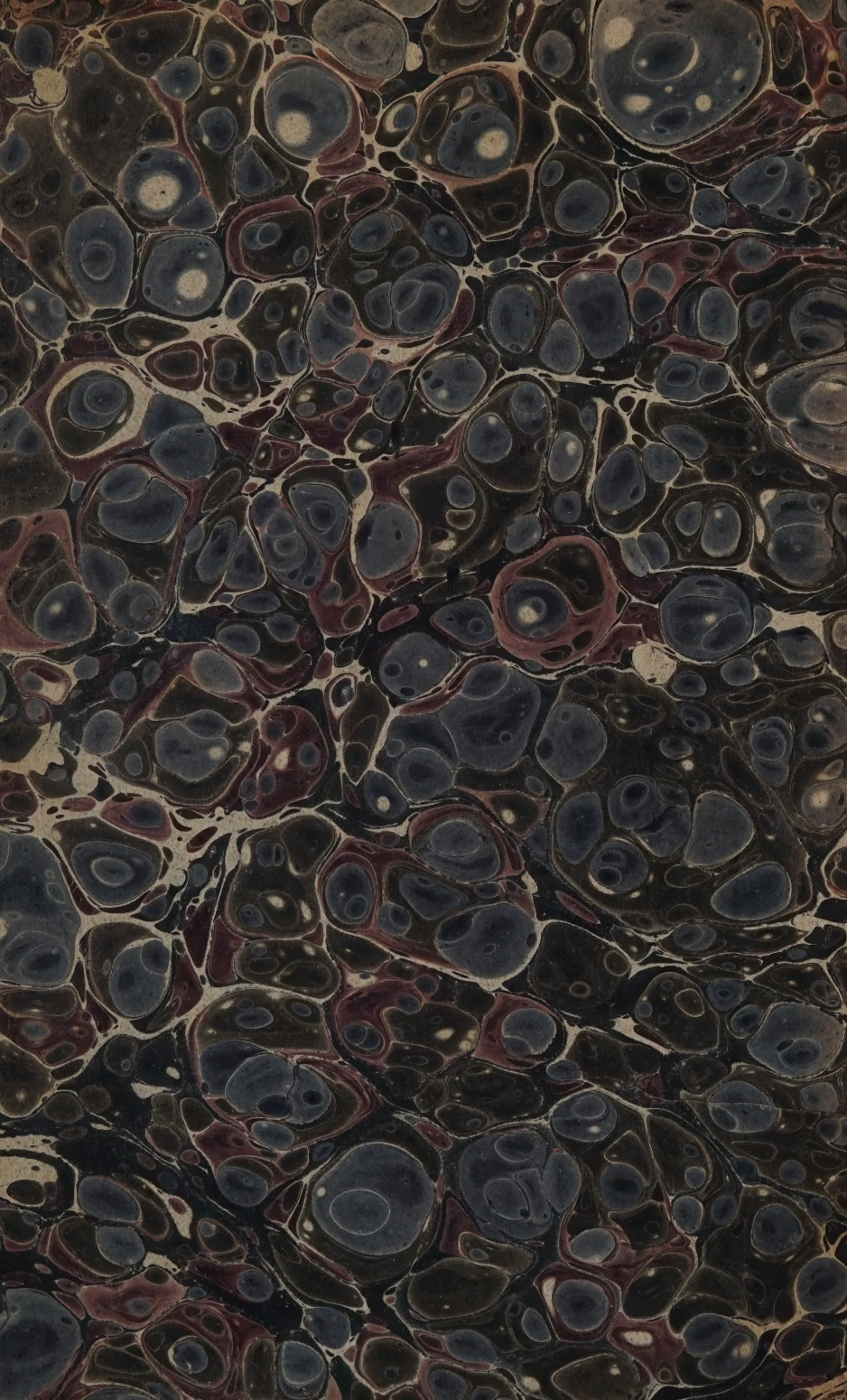

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